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POLITICAL RELIGIONISM.

BY A SOUTHRON.

1. *A Letter to the Hon. Henry Clay, on the Annexation of Texas*; by William E. Channing, D.D. Boston. 1837.
2. "TEXAS." *Quarterly Review*, June, 1838.

It is unfortunate for mankind, that the literary character is not associated in glory with other professional classes of society. The latter pressing more immediately upon the attention of men, are stimulated by personal interests and remunerated by early honors; while the former, habituated to seclusion, produces its rich fruits in concealment, which are neither appreciated nor gathered until a late period of life. Indeed the utility of their labors is not always capable of immediate application, and is not unfrequently undervalued by the passing generation. Thus Milton and Shakespeare felt springing within them the germs of immortality, and overlooking the opinions of the age in which they lived, wrote for posterity. It was when the mind of Kepler, awake to celestial harmony, was filled with the enthusiasm of genius, and when he felt that the age in which he lived would not appreciate the value of his discoveries, that he exclaimed: "I have stolen the golden vessels of the Egyptians, and I will build of them a tabernacle to my God. If you pardon me I rejoice, if you reproach me I can endure it; the die is thrown. I can wait one century for a reader, if God himself waited six thousand years for an observer of his works." Genius is immortal, and not unlike the actors in the Grecian games, the torch of science has been passed from hand to hand, in all ages, by the "great lights of the world." Genius creates an intellectual nobility which is conferred on literary characters by the involuntary feelings of the public; and it is the noble prerogative of genius to elevate obscure men to the higher classes of society. But this fame is not unfrequently posthumous, and the Grecian virgins scattered garlands throughout the seven islands of Greece, upon the turf beneath which were supposed to lie the remains of the blind old bard, who wandered in penury and obscurity through life, or only sung passages of his divine poem at the festive board of his contemporaries.

The small cities of Athens and of Florence attest the influence of the literary character over nations; for, the one received the tribute of the mistress of the world, when the Roman youth crowded the walks of her philosophy, and the other, after the revival of letters, dispensed all the treasures of literature to the admiring nations of Europe. Those who govern mankind cannot at the same time enlighten them; they merely regulate their manners and their morals: but the literary class, standing between the governors and the governed, light up with the divine ray of intellect, and give shape, and character, and beauty and utility to the whole framework of society. And to descend from classes to individuals, how often do we behold gifted men, master spirits, springing up, and with pregnant inspiration, from the depths of their solitude, impress-

ing their own upon the character of a whole people? Intelligence is progressive and cumulative, however nations may relapse into barbarism; and each departing age pours its increasing treasures into the lap of its successor. The link of mind is never broken. In every age and clime, however stormy and tempestuous, the divine intellect, like the electric flame springing into life from the dark bosom of the clouds, rolls its voice over the chasms of darkened ages, and lights up every summit which lifts its head from amid the surrounding gloom.

Far along,
From peak to peak, the rattling crags among
Leaps the live thunder! Not from one lone cloud,
But every mountain now hath found a tongue,
And Jura answers through her misty shroud,
Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud.

Every father spirit in the intellectual world has his gifted sons; and it is wonderful with what rapidity the germs of intellect expand in fruitful soils. How often is the creative spark struck forth in a moment, and after the lapse of ages caught and kindled into a living blaze. There is a singleness and unity in the pursuits of genius through all time, which produce a species of consanguinity in the characters of authors. Men of genius, flourishing in distant periods or in remote and inhospitable countries, seem to be the same persons with another name, whose minds have in the intervening time been constantly improving, and thus the literary character long since departed, appears only to have transmigrated. In the great march of the human intellect, each still occupies the same place, and is still carrying on with the same powers his great work through a line of centuries. Sometimes indeed it happens that some useful labor is lost for a season, some one of the greater lights is apparently struck from the system; but another Kepler arises to point out the discord in the celestial harmony, and some future observer discovers in the vast fields of space, the fragments of the lost planet, and restores the broken chord. In the history of genius there is no chronology; the whole book is open before us; every thing is present, and the earliest discovery is connected by a thousand links with the most recent. Many men of genius must arise before a particular man of genius can appear. Aristophanes, in his comic scenes, ridiculed the Grecian mythology, and Epicurus, following in his footsteps, shook the pillars of Olympus. The skeptic mind of Wickliffe overshadowed the genius of John Huss—and Luther, girding himself with their armor, caused the institutions of Europe to tremble to their foundations. Cicero, in his sublime morality, startled the warriors of Rome with a lesson of unwonted mercy. He wished them to spare their enemies even "after the battering ram had smitten the walls." And Beccaria, catching this amiable spirit, opposed the voice of humanity to the rooted prejudices of ages. We might extend our illustrations of this sublime truth indefinitely, and we could with equal facility trace the immense, we had almost said the frightful influence of men of genius over the destinies of mankind, since the invention of printing and the revival and cultivation of polite letters. We might in-

dicate trivial and remote causes, sleeping for ages, and suddenly springing, by a happy combination, into stupendous results. The same law obtains in the intellectual and in the animal kingdoms. The submarine labors of the coral animalculæ, and the seeds floating on the bosom of the deep, have planted in the depths of the ocean large and fertile islands. How extensive then, and how incalculable are the consequences of human action, and how resistlessly and absolutely is it swayed by men of genius?

Although not a genius of the first order, nor one of those great lights which seem destined to shed perpetual lustre over the history of man, the author of the letter to Mr. Clay, on the subject of the annexation of Texas, William E. Channing, fills no little space in the public view, and is not without distinction in the republic of letters. His enlarged intellect has borrowed easy and graceful proportions from his moral virtues. He is a consecrated vessel, set apart for the service of the Deity, and for the propagation of wholesome truths to erring man. His is a ministry of peace and good will. And he has brought to the service of his master a talent, which has not been unimproved, neither has it been buried; he is a shining light, and in ready obedience to the heavenly prohibition, he has not hid it under a bushel. In the prominent power of his intellect, he strikingly though distantly resembles that characteristic of Milton's mind, which he has so beautifully illustrated, and that is the faculty of impregnation. His excursive and active genius travels over the whole field of literature; he gathers every choice plant in the gardens of wisdom, and they flourish with unusual vigor in the fertile soil into which they are translated. A graceful purity of style adorns the solid structure of his reasoning; and he has richly earned the distinguished title of the American Atticus.

It is to be lamented, that powers such as this instructive writer possesses, should, from the general neglect of literary merit in this age of utilitarianism, be forced from their appropriate and legitimate sphere, and directed to questionable, perhaps unhappy results. Few minds in this age, and more particularly in this country, where the labors of intellect are so little appreciated, and so slowly rewarded, possess the moral firmness and the persevering steadiness which lead to a solid, but slow and distant, reputation through a life of toil. Few such can resist the seducements of those instant but fleeting and precarious honors, which are snatched amid the hazards, and struggles, and excitements of political discussion. In a government like ours, in which each individual is constantly reminded of the deep stake he has in its welfare, and of his immediate agency and influence in its administration, the tendency to descend from loftier stations to mingle in the conflicts of the arena, is irresistible to the many, and seldom checked by those who have the sagacity to perceive the moment when their interposition may decide the controversy. Such is the resistless operation of this spirit of interposition, such is the longing of the impatient mind for early distinction, that all classes yield to this petty ambition. It invades the holy precincts of the sanctuary, and the priest not unfrequently becomes the agitator.

A sound and healthy state of public opinion is of slow and cautious growth, and we should accurately distinguish between this salutary agent and that feverish and artificial excitement which is produced by associations and combinations. "Public opinion," says an able

writer,* in his review of Miss Martineau on slavery, in the November number of the Messenger, "public opinion is of very slow, very temperate, and very judicious formation. It is the aggregate of small truths, and the experience of successive days and years, which, heaped together, form a general principle, which is of instant conviction in every bosom. It only requires to receive a name in order to become a law; and a law, which is precipitately imposed upon a people, in advance of the formation of this sort of public opinion, will soon be openly abolished, or become obsolete in the progress of events. For my own part, I am satisfied with the existing laws, until the convictions of the majority and the progress of experience shall call for their improvement. I have no respect for those who set themselves up for makers of public opinion; and as for the 'hell broth,' so compounded, I know not any draught which would not be more wholesome, than that which makes the body politic a body plethoric, and leaves no remedy to the physician but the cautery and the knife."

It is a subject of deep regret, that we so frequently find schemes and associations, calculated to create this spurious kind of public opinion, promoted by some of the distinguished members of the clerical order. Overzealous in the service of their master, they prepare for the fanatic and enthusiast perilous employment; and unrestrained by the stern rebuke of the Redeemer, they seem prone to imitate the chief of the apostles in their readiness to smite with the sword those who, in their excited imaginings, are the enemies of religion. The great evil of the present day, and that which threatens the existence of the Union, as well as the peace and security of the southern states, is "POLITICAL RELIGIONISM." And it is on account of the infusion of this fanatical and destructive spirit into the strictures of the American divine, upon the character and morals of our people, and upon the domestic institutions of the south; it is because the British reviewer, misled by these invectives, has assailed the character of our government, and proclaimed the licentious tendency of republican establishments, that we feel impelled to notice the publications placed at the head of this article.

The "Letter of Dr. Channing to Mr. Clay" contains grave charges, upon which the British reviewer, in the article "TEXAS," frames a specious argument to prove the perishable nature of our free institutions. But we can neither admit the truth of the charges made by the divine, nor the solidity of the argument labored by the monarchist. The letter states in substance:

1. That the revolt in Texas was sustained by the southern states, and the admission of Texas into the Union was demanded in order to create a new market for slaves, a new field for slave labor, and the accession of political power in those states, which subsist by slave-breeding and slave-selling, and furthermore to perpetuate in the old and to spread over the new states the horrors of slavery.

2. He appeals in behalf of the slave to the interposition of the British government; declares that England has a moral as well as a political interest in this question, and pronounces "an English minister unworthy of his office who would not strive by all just means to avert the danger."

* Not a few of our reflections upon the nature and condition of the Indian on our frontier, and upon slavery in general, will show that we have read and remembered the "Review of Miss Martineau on Slavery." We could not receive light from a purer source, for that publication is universally regarded as one of the ablest productions of the American press.

3. He charges his countrymen with a lawlessness and corruption of public morals, which is well calculated to disgrace them in the estimation of mankind; and paints with so gloomy a pencil, that his British reviewer, the avowed enemy of all republican institutions, exposes the picture in triumph to the friends of legitimacy in Europe, as the impartial testimony of a ripe scholar, a native citizen, and an anointed priest.

The discussion of these subjects, in the articles under consideration, is so intimately interwoven with the whole subject of slavery in the south, of southern crime and southern policy, that we will confine our attention principally to that theme. With the Texian controversy we have no concern. But before proceeding to discuss this agitating topic, we will make a few remarks upon the loose morality and lawlessness of those hardy pioneers of the wilderness, for whose excesses the nation is held responsible, and by the standard of whose morals the whole American people is judged. Under the imposing title of a citizen possessing high talents and still higher moral character, the British reviewer introduces Dr. Channing to the world holding the following extravagant language:

"We are corrupt enough already. In one respect our institutions have disappointed us all. They have not wrought for us that elevation of character which is the only substantial blessing of liberty. Government is regarded more as a means of enriching the country, than of securing private rights. We have become wedded to gain as our chief good. That under the predominance of this degrading passion, the higher virtues, the moral independence, the simplicity of manners, the stern uprightness, the self reverence, the respect for man as man, which are the ornaments and safeguards of a republic, should wither, and give place to selfish calculation and indulgence, to show and extravagance, to anxious, envious, discontented strivings, to wild adventure, and to the gambling spirit of speculation, will surprise no one who has studied human nature. *A spirit of lawlessness pervades the community, which, if not repressed, threatens the dissolution of our present forms of society. Even in the old states mobs are taking the government into their hands, and a profligate newspaper finds little difficulty in stirring up multitudes to violence.* When we look at the parts of the country nearest Texas, we see the arm of the law paralyzed by the passions of the individual. The substitution of self-constituted tribunals, for the regular course of justice, and the infliction of immediate punishment in the moment of popular phrenzy, are symptoms of a people half reclaimed from barbarism. I know not that any civilized country on earth has exhibited, during the last year, a spectacle so atrocious as the burning of a colored man by a slow fire in the neighborhood of St. Louis! And this infernal sacrifice was offered, not by a few fiends selected from the whole country, but by a crowd gathered from a single spot. Add to all this, the invasions of the rights of speech and of the press by lawless force, the extent and toleration of which oblige us to believe that *a considerable portion of our citizens have no comprehension of the first principles of liberty.* It is an undeniable fact, that in consequence of these and other symptoms, *the confidence of many reflecting men in our free institutions is very much impaired.* Some despair. *That we must seek security for property and life in a 'STRONG-ER GOVERNMENT,' is a spreading conviction.*"

The reader shrinks with abhorrence from this loath-

some picture, and is startled to learn that it has been sketched by the hand of a countryman. From the tenor of the whole letter of Dr. Channing, it is manifest that he designs to attribute this national depravity in a great measure to the slaveholder and the frontier-man. We will confine our remarks therefore to these two points, and endeavor to prove that the border-men of the south-western states are no worse than those of other nations, and that the other evils of which he so loudly complains, have been produced mainly by the northern fanatics, and are the first fruits of political religionism.

Man is a frail and rebellious creature, and the sternest sanctions of the law have in all ages been required for the maintenance of peace and order. But all the force of the laws has, under every frame of government, been found insufficient to repress the spirit of insubordination. The stormy impulse of the passions, and the hope of impunity, still impel daring and wicked men to violate the law of the land, and to commit the most detestable and atrocious crimes. But, that either in our cities or upon our frontier, there is a greater degree of crime or more profligacy than is to be found in similar classes in other countries, or that our people are more demoralised than those of other nations, has no foundation in fact. We are the descendants of the European, we are the children of sin, and we have brought with us into this country the frailties and the passions of our nature and of our forefathers. But our great cause of complaint is, that we are falsely charged with surpassing profligacy by the friends of a stronger and more artificial frame of government, upon the testimony of our own writers, who libel their kindred; and this unusual depravity is attributed to the licentiousness promoted and inculcated by free institutions. And it is to be deeply regretted that there are to be found among us those, who in their fanatic zeal to extirpate slavery in the south, exaggerate the failings and the vices of their countrymen, and thus furnish with perpetual argument the enemies of republican institutions. The heart has been made sick with details of crime and violence on our southern and western borders; and they have been diligently dressed and served up, as precious morsels, as a rich feast for our European friends. The outrages of the pioneers, the border morals, lynching, and frontier regulations, are the same in all new countries. And the classic and well stored mind of Dr. Channing treasures many a salutary lesson drawn from the flight of the Roman eagle, sweeping onward in his resistless flight from point to point in a constantly advancing frontier, to the uttermost boundaries of the haunts of men, until he had looked down upon a submissive world, and folded his unwearied wing beneath the shadow of universal dominion.

The fields of Northumberland, and the cruel inroads of the Percies, live in Scottish minstrelsy, and the observant eye of so ripe a scholar has traced the destructive progress of the freebooters of the border, by the light of the torch, and the red stain of the brand, that have marked the progress of rapine on the frontier of civilization. We can readily appreciate the sympathies of a good man, we can excuse the complaints of an apostle of peace, when the melancholy lessons of history are repeated in his own age and in his own clime; but we must be cautious to consult the lessons of experience, and take counsel of the ripe understanding, before we proclaim to the world, in the fervor of a heated imagination, the enormities of border license. Let us la-

ment the stern necessity, but restrain the current of indignant feeling, lest we exaggerate the extent of evils which loom up in deceptive magnitude through the mists of prejudice, and seem the more formidable because of their propinquity.

The annals of England and Scotland will furnish to the learned divine, as well as to his British reviewer, a tale of blood and license far surpassing the sad but unfrequent excesses on our frontier. When civilization sends forth her pioneers to open and tame the wilderness, the quiet, peaceable and orderly, remain at home; the frontier-man is the bold, and hardy, and reckless adventurer, who alone is fit to contend with the stubborn forests and the savage tribes who tread them in solitude. Is it to be a matter of wonder or of regret, that society purges off and throws among them the dissolute outcast or the exile of crime? The pilgrim fathers were a different race, not thrown upon the frontiers of an ancient or established people, to push the march of civilization, but stern men, whom the profligate tyranny of the Stuarts, and the intolerant ravings of fanaticism, sent forth to people the inhospitable shores of the new world with the sturdy and unbending spirits of the old. With no love but for freedom—with no hope but in God! their lonely barque was freighted with the consecrated emblems of liberty, and turning to the setting sun, they sped onward, to throw the illimitable waste of the ocean a barrier between themselves and their oppressors. Stern and indomitable spirits—pious and practical professors of the doctrines of the meek and merciful Redeemer—incapable of submission to oppression, and too few to shake the foundations of a throne laid deep in the recesses of time; they gathered up the fragments of their broken fortunes, and “wandered from their fathers’ houses into these ends of the earth, and laid their labors and estates therein.”

Such were the Pilgrim Fathers; and but that their graves are voiceless, they would teach to their descendants salutary lessons of patience and forbearance; they would point to their own protracted sufferings in the old world for melancholy examples of intolerance and fanaticism. They planted in this country the germ of civilization, which in our day has burst forth in wild luxuriance, and stretched its branches to the four winds of heaven. There have gone forth from among their descendants a host of turbulent spirits. These pioneers are the links which bind civilization with barbarism, the city with the wilderness. They are a rude and unpolished generation, carrying with them the elements of order, disarranged by their contiguity to savage and lawless multitudes. Crimes peculiar to the situation and character of a people are committed everywhere; and if these unsettled classes perpetrate enormities which curdle the blood of a more refined people, these latter indulge in excesses appropriate to themselves, which, although less shocking, are no less destructive to the morals and happiness of mankind. And if the “negro perish by a slow fire” on the plains of Missouri, the flames of a sacked convent, in the midst of the cities of Massachusetts, attract attention to the cries of unprotected woman and helpless infancy. If Texas be the field of blood, Boston has sent forth and protected the midnight incendiary. If the laurels of San Jacinto be stained with purple, the monument of Bunker Hill has disclosed its pallid form by the lurid glare of the torch in a night of

ruthless rapine and sacrilege, which would have disgraced the darkest age of feudal barbarism. If an enthusiast and agitator pluck down ruin on his press, and perish by a bloody death, himself red with the blood of his brother, in the town of Alton, fanaticism burns and plunders the living, desecrates the altar, and violates the dead on the heights of Charlestown. And if it were the populace which projected the crime and hoodwinked justice, it was the legislature of Massachusetts which sanctioned, aye, and still sanctions the act by withholding retribution. Crime prevails wherever man is a dweller. It is by no means extraordinary, that as man recedes from the centre of civilization, and reaches the uttermost limit of the social circle, the salutary restraints of the law should be more feebly felt, and deeds of violence and disorder should more frequently occur than in the bosom of society. We are not of the number of those who form our estimate of the morals or character of a people, by the conduct of those who scarcely feel the bonds of society. Such as they are, were those, two generations ago, who now dwell in peace and concord, revelling in all the luxurious refinements of polished and humane association.

To the west, to the successors of these border-men, who carry with them the germ of civilization, do we confidently look for the security of the republic. They throw open the wilderness; the fastnesses of the forest retreat before them, and the valleys which now ring with the yell of the savage, will soon teem with abundance. The landed proprietors have always been, and still are, the bulwark of established institutions. Upon them, in the hour of danger, falls the burden of defence. Their staid habits and steady virtue tend to check the march of corruption and commercial wealth, that mortal foe to the only sentiment which sustains republics. We look to the wilderness for protection from the cities. In our happy country, and under those excellent institutions which breathe a spirit of equality, this commercial spirit may be counteracted; for, the main pillars which sustain it in other countries have been thrown down by our sagacious forefathers. Entail and primogeniture have ceased to create and to perpetuate a privileged class. In every age, from the palmy days of Rome and Athens to the stormy revolutions of Paris, centralism has been fatal to the best interests of a people. As our empire expands over the great western frontier, the large commercial cities of the Union will cease to overshadow, to corrupt, and to control the Union. Our north-eastern brethren, hardy and intelligent, are consumed with this commercial cancer. If, with Franklin, they have diligently investigated the practical truths of material philosophy, they recognise him as the founder of a trading people, they adhere with the religious observance of the Spartan to his mercenary precepts, and have superadded to them parsimonious habits and wary cunning. A prying curiosity into the concerns of their neighbors, is another leading trait in their character, sketched by the same hand; and to this bias in their nature, we may attribute, in a great degree, their blindness to their own Vandalism, in the sacking of a convent, and their deep solicitude to deliver their southern brethren from the horrors of slavery, even with the aid of foreign interposition. Let us not be understood to undervalue the enterprising activity, the love of freedom, the moral

rectitude, the intellectual acumen of the New Englanders. We would willingly do them no injustice. But when in their intemperate zeal, they proclaim freedom to the slave, and denounce the slaveholder, even from the sanctuary; when they exhibit their southern brethren to the eyes of the world as the most profligate and unfeeling of mankind, surely it may not be amiss to invite their attention to those defects in their own character, which should be amended, before they become apostles of reformation.

By what right do so many of our northern and eastern brethren demand and attempt, by all the powers of combination and association, the abolition of slavery in the southern states? They have permitted themselves to become the agents of foreign agitators; for this fanaticism is of foreign birth, and originated in England, with the very people who introduced and planted slavery in our soil. Her example is no precedent for us; for, the structure of our government, the fundamental law of the land, and our peculiar position, present insuperable obstacles to the march of this foreign enemy. An immense empire, belting the globe with territory, may indeed abolish slavery, indemnify the owner, and preserve public tranquillity in a few small and distant islands of the ocean. In our country there is no such power vested in the government, even if the scheme were practicable, or its consummation desirable. To supply the absence of such authority, the powerful engine of public opinion is used. All the elements of society are disturbed, public and private right is invaded, and the integrity of the Union is threatened by this destructive agency. Ministers of the gospel, messengers of peace and good will to man, have abandoned their appropriate functions, and like another Peter the Hermit, preach a crusade of blood and folly.

Whether we direct our attention to the desperate struggles of the different sects for ascendancy, among a new and unsettled people in the great valley of the west; or whether we observe the jealous zeal with which some professors of various denominations, instead of rebuking the evil passions of mankind, abase themselves to court or color public opinion, with an assiduity which would shame the obsequious courtiers of Dionysius or Canute; we are brought to the melancholy conviction, that there are churchmen still animated by worldly ambition, and that religion, in many of its teachers, has degenerated into a wild spirit of proselytism. How often have we heard the voice of the priest, anointed only to bless mankind, swelling the fanatic outcry, and diligently employed in the manufacture of a spurious public opinion, which like the pestilent simoon, is to overwhelm with indiscriminate ruin domestic tranquillity, private right, public faith, and federal compact? Upon what principle do the clergy claim this right of interference with the domestic polity of the land? Is it under the exploded claim "*jure divino*?" Or do they take their stand with Dr. Channing upon "God's moral and eternal law?" From the high ground taken by some of the clergy in relation to slavery, one might suppose that they deem themselves special messengers—"one would infer that they had just descended from a forty days' communion in the mount with the Deity, beaming with celestial radiance," and empowered to revise and correct the

domestic and political establishments of man, "blasting their opponents with interdicts, and opening sluices and removing mounds for the sweep of devastation." Verily, they know not what they do. And it infuses not a little vexation into the southern feeling on this subject, that it is impossible to make these northmen comprehend the true character of southern slavery, the frightful mischief they promote, or the imminent danger of prompting the undisciplined passions of the dark man.

Slavery was already existing in most of the states at the time of the first confederation, and was distinctly recognised and protected under the federal compact, at the time of the adoption of the present constitution. In fact, two-fifths of the slaves became an integral portion of the basis of federal representation. This being the case, by what authority or under what pretence is it, that other people, incapable of comprehending the true character of the domestic relations of the south, and who are parties to this fundamental compact, presume to interfere? It is a crime. Is it committed, because a limited jurisdiction enables them to assail the south in this most vulnerable point with impunity? Our sagacious forefathers, well knowing the oppressions which spring from the union of religion with civil authority, have in most of the states declared the clergy unfit to represent the people. They were anxious to erect every possible barrier between the church and state; the union of which had always been fatal to the purity of each. When was this clerical body, thus disfranchised, made the expounders of constitutional law, or authorised to declare how much of the federal compact is opposed to and abrogated by the law of the gospel? Indeed the civil disabilities of the clergy were intended by our pious ancestry, not so much for the security of republican institutions, as for the preservation of the purity and simplicity of religion itself. Whenever the high priest descends from the altar to bedraggle his robes in the vile mire of an electioneering progress, from that moment religion falls into contempt with the mass of the people, and its ministers become the most profligate and the most contemptible of mankind. Already many of the northern clergy have shaken, if they have not entirely lost, the confidence of the southern people; and we are shocked from day to day with startling evidences of abatement in that respect, which a pious people always extend to a worthy ministry who command and merit their esteem.

And if the question of slavery fell peculiarly within the province of the clergy, and might be safely agitated, why should many of them labor so constantly and so disingenuously to mingle this question, in all its local incidents, with national politics, ecclesiastical agitations, and treaties of war and peace with foreign states? Why does Dr. Channing invoke the interposition of European powers, and recommend a dissolution of the Union rather than slave states should be created in Texas? In this land we have few time-honored associations, little reverence for ancient establishments, and with a clear vision, we are accustomed to judge everything by its merits. Our government secures to us freedom of religious opinion, and under this generous rule, the different sects are left to repose in security, or to contend with each other for the ascendancy;

but the moment their ministers mingle in the discussion of political and social questions, and from priests become agitators, their doom is sealed; and unless we greatly mistake the signs of the times, the horns of the altar have already been severely shaken by the intemperance of some of the priesthood.

If a pure motive impelled the northern and eastern agitators, they would sometimes hearken to the remonstrances of the southern people who seem to be objects of their benevolence, and pause to observe the result of their past efforts. After years of agitation, slavery still exists. But the machinations of agitators have already redoubled the rigor of the criminal law and domestic police in the slave states, against the unhappy objects of their mischievous philanthropy; their super-serviceable efforts in the cause of humanity, have been sealed with the blood of the red and of the black man, to whom they have preached discontent, insubordination and resistance. Yet are they deaf to the voice of their suffering victims, and blind to the consequences of their own action. Is the white man massacred amid the horrors of insurrection? these enthusiasts proclaim the butchery to be the inevitable result of oppression, and they vindicate to themselves the merit of a prophecy which they have aided to fulfil. Are the rebellious slaves subdued and executed under the law which they have been stimulated to violate? the cruelty of the white man who punishes, lends fury to the enthusiasm of these agitators.

We feel no disposition to retort upon our adversaries, by instituting inquiries into the time and manner of abolition in the northern and eastern states—into the time allowed to sell the few slaves that remained among them into southern bondage, before their law of emancipation took effect, or into the trifling cost of this movement. But we undertake to assert, without fear of contradiction, that whenever the generous south can be satisfied that it can be done with safety to themselves, and that the objects of their benevolence would be benefitted, and not accursed by the change, one hundred planters in any one of the slaveholding states can be readily found, who will contribute most cheerfully to effect the abolition of slavery, double the sum it cost any state north of Mason's and Dixon's line to carry out the same design. Some of those states whose citizens are the most active friends of abolition, permitted slavery until the period arrived, which in their own cool judgment, enabled them with perfect safety and trifling loss to abolish it. We are yet to learn that New England surpasses the south in generosity. And if our eastern brethren will permit us to enjoy the privilege which they have exercised, we will most assuredly imitate their good example, and abolish slavery whenever the poverty of our soil and our true interests shall demand it. Although the plans of these agitators had not then been reduced to that system and perfect organization which have since characterised them; yet, by the aid of letters, pamphlets, papers, and tracts, they produced the insurrection in Southampton, in the state of Virginia. Indeed, the character of the tracts secretly distributed among the negroes, threw suspicion upon many of the ministers of religion, and reflecting men have long since been convinced, that the religious instruction imparted to slaves is so defective in its character, as to corrupt their fidelity, to increase

their discontent, and to abase their morals. Wherever their religious culture, under this imperfect system, has been most assiduous, there was less merriment, less singing, less dancing, but not less lying, drinking, stealing, and disobedience. The calm philosopher, the sedate and orderly christian, has long and anxiously watched the progress of gloomy bigotry throughout the land. The gloomy and ascetic doctrines inculcated among these unreflective beings, resulted in their greater depravation. For religion can never be blended with any system of worldly policy, without becoming utterly corrupt. She is the daughter of the skies, and refuses to intermarry with the sons of the children of men. In this regard all religions are alike. They have all, in their turns, scourged mankind, whenever they became the instruments of worldly men, or were connected with political schemes or establishments. And whether a crusade be led by Peter the Hermit, or the northmen, whether its object be to expel the Saracen or to redeem the captive—to extirpate Islamism, or abolish slavery—it is equally offensive to God and destructive to man.

The gospel duties are permanent, uniform, and universal, in their character; the duties of the clergy of all denominations are pointed out by this invariable law; yet the clergy of the north and of the south, even of the same churches, derive opposite lessons and duties upon the subject of slavery from the same divine law. Thus, the Reverend Dr. Channing is the indignant champion of the Indian and the negro, while the Reverend Dr. Schermerhorn reaps golden fruits from the treaty which robs the aborigines of their dearest rights. The catholic missionary teaches the Indian the observance of the ten commandments, and the slave obedience and subordination; but he does not interfere with their innocent amusements; nor does he harrow up the angry feelings or stimulate the truculent and revengeful temper of the red or the dark man, by teaching the white man's oppression. Hence the popularity of that mission in the south-western states, although its ministers profess a creed exposed to the prejudices of three centuries of obloquy. The Methodist and Baptist churches, also, if we have been correctly informed, have acquired no little share of public confidence by an official declaration of their opposition to this fanatical and destructive crusade. We have already observed, that the exclusion of the clergy from political preferment, and their civil disabilities, are not only a safeguard to the public, against the abuse of a wholesome but powerful influence, but is the surest protection of the clergy themselves, and of the purity of morals and religion. Remove these civil disabilities, and let these reverend gentlemen imitate the example of Dr. Channing in the discussion of agitating political topics; let them unite with foreign reviewers in decrying our morals and proclaiming the lawlessness which only exists in their heated imaginations, and if they do not themselves become the victims of a just indignation, they may at least rest well assured that when the day of tribulation comes, the ruins of the altar will crumble amid the ruins of the republic.

Abolition of slavery in the southern states, and the admission of slaves to the rights of freemen, constitute the wildest scheme that ever entered the brain of visionary enthusiasts. The color, the character, the capacity of the negro, the condition and morals of the free

negro in the free as well as in the slave states, bear melancholy testimony to the truth, that if the colored population are to *remain among us*, the safety of the white man, and the happiness of the black, as the weaker party, require that the blacks should be retained in slavery. We will not presume to fathom the designs of Providence, we will not attempt to indicate the peculiar destiny, or the similarity of the children of Ham to the descendants of Abraham; but it is manifest that the distinctive character of the Israelite, does not so effectually cut him off from a full communion with the human family, as does the prejudice arising from color separate the Anglo-Saxon from the African. No matter whether this prejudice be implanted for wise and holy purposes, or whether it be the curse of the age, it exists, its roots are deeply planted, it is a part of ourselves, and he is but a shallow observer of man, a blind and bigoted philosophist, who will overlook or despise this pervading and resistless feeling, originate whence it may.

The only hope for the African slave is in his removal from the house of bondage to the land of his forefathers. The unqualified advocates of slavery and the abolitionists occupy the two extremes of this much vexed question. But the scheme of colonization is the juste milieu. This is the broad platform upon which the friends of this unhappy race may meet in soberness and safety. The morals and misery of the free negroes in the northern states, the perpetual and bloody conflicts between them and the white man in New York, New England, and Philadelphia, show that to them freedom carries no healing on its wings, and liberty, that blesses all, has no blessing for them.*

*As an evidence of the beneficial results of the friendship of the abolitionist for the slave, we submit to intelligent readers the subjoined extract from a Boston paper:

POLICE COURT. *Degraded condition of a colored female, abducted by the Abolitionists.*—A case came off yesterday which may be fairly used to advantage by the opponents of the Northern Abolitionists. A well dressed, intelligent and high spirited mulatto woman, named Lucilia Tucker, was brought up by officer Glover of the West Watch, and charged with being a common night-walker, and the evidence was absolute that, for the last ten days at least, she had openly led a lewd and dissolute life. She was originally a slave, and two years ago came on here, in the family of her owner, a gentleman belonging to Natchez, who put up at the Tremont House. As soon as it was known to the Abolitionists that she was here, a plan was laid to get her away and secure her; and, under some friendly pretence, she was enticed to visit, and was not permitted to return to her master's family. The abduction made some stir at the time of it, and the master had to leave the city without her. In speaking of it, yesterday, she said, "I always had a good home in Natchez, and I did all I could to get back to my master, but they would not let me go any where till it was too late. Then I was left to shift for myself, and I would have done any thing to have got the means to return to Natchez."

Court. It is apparent that these people have been the means of bringing you to shame and degradation, although they probably supposed that they were doing God's service and saving you at the same time. They have unfortunately done you a great wrong.

Lucilia. I am fully aware of it; and do not expect to be better off, unless I can get back to my good old home, where I had every thing comfortable that is required.

Court. I hope you will find means to do so; but your late conduct has been a public and gross offence against our laws, and the least that I think of is to sentence you to two months labor, in the House of Correction.

Lucilia. Me in the House of Correction! What have I done, that I should go to such a degraded place as that? I should never

Denied the protecting care which the interest, if not the feeling of the owner, extends to the slave; subjected to all the prejudice of color; with some of the rights of a freeman, and all the sentiments of a slave; they constitute an intermediate class, having no bonds of common interest, no ties of sympathy to sustain them; too indolent to labor, and too insolent to serve, they are the most depraved and unhappy race under this government. It has been the constant practice of northern writers to dwell upon the oppression and cruelty of the task-master of the south, and the ill usage and sufferings of the slave; but those who are familiar with their domestic institutions well know, that where the agitator is unknown, there is not upon the face of the globe a people doomed literally to earn their bread in the sweat of their brow, who are more cheerful, contented and happy. Examples of fidelity and devotion to their masters not unfrequently break forth upon an admiring world, and but that the agitator is wilfully blind to all such cheering views upon the broad waste of slavery, his restless eye might dwell for a season upon them. In that dark hour of danger, when the pride and the chivalry and the beauty of the south were smitten on the waters by the angel of death, a slave was found coolly and diligently laboring to construct a raft of the fragments of the ill-fated Pulaski, to "try and save his master." Such owners are no tyrants, and such a slave has no taskmaster. Cast him loose from his bondage, and this estimable but humble being becomes that most wretched of the human family—a free negro.

Redeemed from slavery by the mild influence of the laws, by the generosity of their owners, or by the persuasive force of a wholesome public opinion, and translated to the shores of Africa, these men will be as superior to the native races, as the whites are to them. And the prejudice of color being thus removed, the natives may be civilized and enlightened through their agency. They can there blend by intermarriage, without the aid of Mr. Tappan. They may plant the cross amid the sterile sands of the desert, and be the heralds of salvation to a benighted people. We feel little inclination to offend the moral reader by any attempt to expose the ridiculous and revolting scheme of amalgamation; let its projectors be classed with those fanatical advocates of temperance, who would substitute buttermilk for wine in the Lord's supper. It is by colonization alone that the descendants of Ham can be redeemed. There are at present but few spots on the African continent settled for this purpose, and their growth is feeble and sickly, as were the colonies of Jamestown and Plymouth on our own shores. But the little fountains that now well up in the desert may multiply and blend, and roll on until they sweep onward, not unlike their own Nile, in one resistless and

be able to hold my head up again after being there; and I will never go there. I would rather cut my throat from ear to ear, first. Yes, I'll die—I'll murder myself, sooner. Keep me here in Boston, away from my own home, and send me to the House of Correction! I'll never, never submit to such a disgrace. I defy all the officers in court to attempt it; and if they want to see a dead woman, they will start with me for that place.

The officers now removed her in a most violent paroxysm of indignation, and uttering imprecations loud and deep on the heads of those who had ensnared her away from her own home.

[*Bosl. Post.*]

fertilizing stream. How long was it before the early colonists of America toiled up the summit of the Alleghany, and from another Pisgah looked down upon the land of promise? Yet as they descended, in little more than one generation of the children of men, empires have arisen and cities have peopled the wilderness.

The first fruits of abolition we have already gathered, and the branch which bore them is of the tree of death. In its destructive progress abolition would more speedily effect a revolution, but when its wild fury shall have been exhausted, its stormy depths will settle down into a sullen and stagnant pool, not unlike the sluggish waters which sleep upon ruins in the valley of Siddim, containing no living thing within their bosom. Colonization, with its mild and wholesome influence, operating slowly but effectually, will lead the children of captivity forth from the house of bondage to the homes of their fathers, in a clime peculiarly fitted for their habitation. The strong arm of the Deity is no longer stretched forth visibly to chastise and subdue with famine, and pestilence, and fiery plague; but the inconveniences and evils of slavery press with a constantly accelerative force, and may ultimately compel the white man to strike away the fetters of the captive. Although the bars of the prison door may not be again thrown back, and the bonds of servitude forcibly torn asunder, yet, under the blessing of heaven, and with prudent counsels, the good jailer may himself relent, and invite the captive to come forth. But should the abolitionists succeed in their turbulent efforts, in the hour of departure which they prepare, every "lintel and door-cheek will be sprinkled with blood, but not as a token to the red right arm of the archangel that the inmates are to be consumed."

It is not the discussion of this exciting and alarming topic to which the south objects; but they do object to making their slaves a party to the controversy. They object to the artificial formation of a spurious public opinion through the agency of associations acting directly upon the slave and stimulating him to rebellion. For they think with Milton: "Who knows not that Truth is strong, next to the Almighty; she needs no policies, no stratagems, no licensings, to make her victorious." She disdains all combinations, clerical or political. Like the mighty eagle, Truth soars with steady flight and unblenching gaze into the higher heavens, while those timorous companions of her early flight, dismayed and paralyzed by apprehension, can never penetrate those abysses of light in which she floats in solitude, undazzled and unalarmed.

Have these misguided enthusiasts been taught no salutary lessons by the calamities which their interference has heaped upon the red man? Whithersoever they turn, their embrace is death. They have taught these denizens of the forest to resist the settled policy and pledged faith of the federal government in their removal, without which they die. Even in the sanctuary we have heard exhausted all the powers of rabid eloquence—we have seen priests, with all the fanatic raving, but without the inspiration of the Pythoness, depicting in glowing colors to the savage the loss of his home, of his hunting grounds, of the graves of his forefathers, the fields of his bloody trophies, and the bones of his warriors; but they overlook the sufferings of this weak and uncultivated people in contact with the re-

sistless white man on his frontier march, their poverty, their starvation, their necessities, their pillage and murders, and the retributive vengeance, which the strong never fail to visit mercilessly on the weak. How much of these eloquent complaints of politicians and religionists only exist in the fervid imaginations of the declaimers, and how little is there which the understanding approves? We can readily comprehend the reluctance with which the civilized man abandons the comforts of home; but to the roving tribes it is but a change of hunting grounds. With little exception, they have never known a fixed abode. The awful truth constantly presses upon us, that the Indian on the borders of civilization must either be *subdued to inferiority* among a people with whom he can never blend, or he must be *removed or exterminated*. To sympathise with the sufferings of this unhappy race, to feel a chill of horror upon observing the closing scene in the destinies of this doomed people, this decayed branch of the tree of civilization lopped off in the depths of hidden ages, and perishing in the wilderness,—these are feelings which a christian may safely indulge, while, with a heart filled with gratitude for the blessings heaped upon himself, he may beseech the great Arbiter of human fortunes, that he will so guide this free and favored people, that they may avert the degradation and debasement which have overtaken the red man. To teach resistance to the Indian by dwelling upon the oppression of the white man, is to exterminate the lingering remnants of these vagabond tribes, until there will be none left to lift up his voice on the margin of the king of waters, to bewail the untimely fate of his people. The genius that has so beautifully told the melancholy tale of the "Last of the Mohicans," may yet be employed to sketch the instructive history of the last of the red men. It is impossible that these tribes can live in contact with civilization, and retain their independence; neither can they be incorporated among us any more than the negro. Indeed they are one degree further removed than the black man from the pale of civilization. They have to encounter the same invincible prejudice of color, which is unhappily stronger on the point of contact than elsewhere. In the sweat of his brow has man been doomed to eat his bread. The necessity of labor, that first law of humanity, that everlasting canon, the destiny of man since his fall, these people stubbornly resist. No persuasion, no force can subdue them to this stern law, which is the porch of civilization. They will perish in the vestibule rather than enter the temple of civilization through the narrow gateway of labor. From the early settlement of these colonies they have been hovering on the borders of civilization; and notwithstanding all the efforts of missionaries, and the attractive order and beauty of civil institutions, they still remain the same uncultivated barbarians.

But there are considerations connected with the decrees of a superintending Providence, in the government of man, from which the reflecting mind may borrow many salutary lessons in relation to the fallen races of the human family. Sacred and profane history unite in teaching us the awful truth, that national debasement invariably follows national crime. It is a fixed canon in the institution of the world, that no creature can depart from its appropriate function, from the law

of its foundation with impunity. In moral agents, endowed with understanding and free will, Justice the Avenger, punishes every departure from the prescribed rule of action. Individuals, it is true, sometimes appear to escape the punishment due to crime; but let us not forget, that divine justice may be disarmed by prayer and repentance, and that for the wicked there is retribution beyond the grave. But national degradation is the inevitable consequence of national crime. During the latter part of the eighteenth century, when the powers of darkness seemed for a season to have prevailed upon the earth, there arose indeed unbelieving men, who found it necessary in their attacks upon the social institutions of man to proclaim the savage state as a state of nature. But the christian philosopher well knows, that the sublimest of the works of the supreme architect did not come thus rude and unfinished from his hands, and the traditions of all ages, as well as revelation itself, assure us that civilization and science are the primitive and natural condition of man. Thus all the traditions of the east, from which we derive every ray of light, characterize the first ages of man as a state of perfection and light; and even fabulous Greece confirms this truth by commencing the golden age with the origin of things. It is no less remarkable, that this people has not connected the savage state of man with any one of their ages, not even with the age of iron; so that all that is related in her annals of primitive men, who frequented forests and fed upon acorns, and thence advanced gradually to a state of civilization, contravenes the current of her own tradition, or else refers to particular tribes or colonies of degenerated men, returning tardily to that civilization which is the true state of nature. Has not Voltaire himself declared, (and his authority on this subject is everything,) that the "motto of all nations has constantly been that the age of gold first appeared on earth?" Now as all nations have unanimously protested against a state of primitive or original barbarism, that protestation is entitled to much weight.

It is impossible for us to look back into the abyss of time, and discover at what period the aborigines of this country were debased beneath their primitive condition. And indeed it matters not at what time any branch was lopped off from the parent trunk. Concede to us a fall of the human family from an original and more elevated condition, and there will be no doubt of the cause of that degradation, which can be nothing but crime. The moral principle of a people thus degraded has been corrupted, and the consequent anathema has been entailed upon their generations. This depressing force is cumulative in its action, and by perpetually pressing upon the descendants, reduces them at last to what we term the savage state. And this is the degraded condition of fallen man, that Rousseau and his companions call the state of nature.

It has been the common error of the clergy in all ages, to transcend the limits of moderation and truth in the fervor of their zeal. Upon the first discovery of this continent the same exaggerated statements of the character and virtues of the Indian were published by these pious men that we now hear; and in the excess of their philanthropy, similar appeals were made to the interposition of foreign power. In South America, from the bosom of deserts bedewed with their blood,

and fruitful of their labors, the clergy flew to the courts of Rome and Madrid, invoking the interposition of both the secular and spiritual authorities to check the merciless avarice which labored to reduce the Indian to hopeless slavery. Animated with a charity transcending the precepts of the gospel, the enthusiastic priest exalted in order to preserve him; he extenuated every vicious propensity, he exaggerated every virtuous quality in the Indian character to such an extent, that Robertson, in his History of America, cautions his readers not to confide too fully in the narrations of the clergy, on account of their partiality to the aborigines. Another source of inaccuracy as to the character and condition of this people may be found in the philosophy of the last age, which misrepresents the savage state, to underprop its frivolous and malignant assaults upon the social state. Thus the clerical enthusiast and the infidel philosophist unite to deceive us. But it will require little investigation to expose the errors as well of the religionists as of the irreligious. We have only to contemplate the savage to perceive that he has none of those high qualities in behalf of which our sympathies have been so enthusiastically exerted, and that in his present debased condition he can never blend with the white man, or prosper in his vicinage. Look upon him but for an instant, and behold the anathema graven not only upon his heart, but upon his frame of body. He is an ill favored mortal, lusty and ferocious, over whose countenance the light of intelligence casts but a feeble and glimmering ray. Smitten by a terrible power, the two great characteristics of human grandeur, forethought and perfectibility, have been obliterated in the savage. To gather the fruit he fells the tree; he slaughters the oxen bestowed upon him by the Missionary to till his lands, and with the fragments of his plough he builds the fire to roast his food. For three centuries he has dwelt within sight of civilized man, and has obtained from him nothing but powder to destroy his brethren, and intoxicating spirits to destroy himself. And still relying upon the undying avarice of the white man to supply him with these destructive agents, he has never dreamed of manufacturing them for himself. As substances abject and repulsive in themselves are susceptible of still further debasement, so the inherent vices of humanity acquire a darker character in the savage. He is a robber, he is cruel and lascivious, but he is so in a different manner from us. To commit crime we violate our nature, the savage follows his: with the appetite for crime he feels no remorse. While the son murders the father to relieve him from the ennui of old age, his wife will destroy in her womb the fruit of his brutal passion to escape the duties of a nurse. He snatches the bleeding scalp from his living foe, he tears the flesh from his body, he roasts it, and devours it amid songs of triumph; if he can procure ardent spirits, he drinks to intoxication, to madness, to death, insensible alike to the reason which restrains man by his fears, and to the instinct which repels the animal by distaste. He is manifestly a doomed being; smitten for his crimes by an avenging hand in the innermost recesses of his moral conformation, so that he who regards him with an observant eye, trembles as he views.

But if we wish to tremble for ourselves with a salutary fear, if we desire to find objects for our overween-

ing charity in the beings who surround us and who are connected to us by the most endearing ties, let us reflect, above all let the compassionate clergy reflect, that with all our morals, our sciences, and our arts, we are degraded as far below the primitive condition of man as the savage is debased beneath ourselves. Let us not rend the mantle of our charity by fruitless and destructive efforts to stretch it over the obdurate and distant savage, while there are so many among us requiring the aid of the Samaritan. Let us be moderate even in our virtues—the over-zealous priest degenerates into the intolerant bigot and brawling politico-religionist. Let him imitate his Master in the meekness and retiring simplicity of his character. Let us have no fiery tracts thrown abroad like brands; let us have no associations, no combinations, no letters, no pamphlets reviling our southern brethren, no interference with their domestic relations. It is time that the clerical order should be excluded from the political arena—let them visit the sick, and the prisoner—let them console the afflicted, bind up the broken-hearted, bury the dead, and teach the living by example rather than by precept to observe the law, to respect established institutions, and above all to abstain from bearing false testimony against their neighbor. Let the church stand apart from the state.

Such being the melancholy debasement of the Indian people, with whose rise and progress we are wholly unacquainted, but whose awful degradation alone indicates the extent of the crimes they have committed in their generations; it is the first duty of philanthropists who wish to restore them to their former dignity to adopt such measures as the condition and character of these tribes seem to require. If it be true, as we have supposed, that the cause of all the evils which afflict both the Indian and the white man on the borders, is their juxta-position; if it be impracticable for these opposite races to blend harmoniously either from some unknown invincible difficulty, or from some unconquerable repugnance or prejudice; if in the march of civilization the inferior people must give way or perish before the advance of the more powerful; then there is no other mitigation of the sufferings of the Indian than his removal from the vicinage of the white man, and the interposition of such space or such barriers as will abstract from the Indian the opportunity of plunder and rapine, which he never fails to seize, and for which the white man as surely retaliates. From these reflections, it is manifest that the government has adopted and steadily pursues that policy towards the aborigines, which is wisely adapted to the character and condition of that people, and which is well calculated to restore and maintain peace on the frontier. And there is as little doubt, that much of the sufferings of that unhappy people during the last five years has been occasioned by the interference of their northern friends, whose incessant clamor about the rights of the Indian, and the wrongs inflicted by the white man, has incited the former to rebellion, and has stained the hammocks of Florida with the mingled blood of these hostile races. The march of civilization is onward in self-defence. Like the ocean she can never repose, action is essentially necessary for her preservation; to pause is to fall a prey to those savages who prowl around her borders. When Rome was in advance of

the nations of the earth, they fell back before her eagles to the fastnesses of impenetrable forests; but when reposing upon her laurels she became corrupted and debased beneath the martial virtue of the barbarian, the tide of civilization rolled back before the overwhelming torrent of Gothic barbarism, until Alaric pressed forward amid the ruins of the western empire to inscribe his name on the trophies of the Cæsars. Such is the melancholy history of social man, such is the fate of nations. Civilization gradually refines and enlightens, and no sooner is man thus improved, than a corrupt will leads him to abuse his transcendent gifts, and Justice the Avenger of crime, degrades him to a level with the savage. The day perhaps is not far distant, when we shall be enabled to trace the primitive purity and perfection of man in a state of nature—and the gradual debasement of the corrupt nations of the children of men, as well as the merciful dispensations of Providence in raising them from time to time from this state of degradation, and in preparing them slowly for admission once again into the pale of civilization. We ourselves are debased very far below the primitive condition of man, and it is impossible for us to fathom the designs of Providence in relation to us. But as national crime invariably induces national debasement, our rapid advances in the paths of licentiousness proclaim that we can arrogate to ourselves no exemption from the decrees of avenging and retributive justice. The day may be, probably is, distant, although it seems to be a law of nature that whatever is destined to be durable is slow of growth. But our growth has startled the nations of the earth. Yet the destinies of mighty empires are not speedily wrought out; the designs of providence are surely but slowly and steadily matured.

There is in the increasing depravity of our people much cause to apprehend, that Providence will cease to bestow upon us those signal benefactions which have marked our early progress; but the calm observer is neither startled by the unfaithful picture and boding augury of the American divine, nor alarmed by the prophetic aspirations of his British reviewer. We flatly deny the justice of imputing the excesses of city mobs, or the depravity of border men, to the great body of the people. And we confidently assert that notwithstanding the military despotism and rigorous laws of other nations, and the comparative impunity of rioters in this country, there is scarcely a nation of Europe in which there is not more bloodshed and outrage by irregular action of the populace in one year, than there has been in the United States since the declaration of American Independence. We advance a step farther, and question whether in the whole current of history from the institution of governments, to the present day, there has been a people of equal extent of territory and of equal population, whose annals, with the exception of the burning and sacking of the convent in Massachusetts, have been stained with as little popular outrage. It would seem then, that Dr. Channing is mistaken in the apprehension or the desire for a "*stronger government*;" and that his tory reviewer should have attributed, not our supposed unparalleled depravity, but our unexampled purity of national character, our unprecedented growth and prosperity, to the ennobling influence of republican institutions.

The language of Miss Martineau was thought sufficiently unjust and extravagant, when she charged the south with having purchased Florida, because it was a refuge for their slaves: but the native divine, as if to show the extent of the privilege of speech in a free country, has accused the same vilified people of seeking the admission of Texas into the Union as a market for slaves which they breed for the purpose, and as a means of unjustly extinguishing the claim of Mexico, to lands for which they have purchased scrip from the Texan government. We have already said that we had no concern with the Texan controversy. But supposing the accusations of Dr. Channing to be strictly true, have we no cause to complain of his exclusive kindness and sympathy for the Indian, the negro, the Mexican and the Spaniard, and his deep and solemn denunciations of his Anglo-Saxon countrymen? His benevolent heart overflows with tenderness for the stranger and the savage, and seems to be sealed against the white man. His charity appears to water abundantly the sandy desert and the remote wilderness, but it stagnates into a pool of bitterness at the approach of his fellow-citizens. Are the waters of refreshment still reserved for Ishmael, the son of Hagar, the dweller in tents and the robber of the desert, whose hand is against other men to the end of time? Why not imitate the pervading love of his Master, and when his affections are thrown abroad upon the ocean of life, let the circle which they form, continue to extend its waving ripple until it is swallowed up in its immensity? He is so wholly engrossed with the real and imaginary wrongs of the dark and the red man, that he is insensible to the virtues of the whites. Did not the slaughter of the Alamo, exact retributive justice? Was there no gallantry displayed in the action of San Jacinto? Were no laurels purchased in the defeat—no magnanimity displayed in the treatment of the ruthless Santa Anna? The Mexican hordes led on by this bad man waged a war of extermination; their hands were red with the sign of death with which the compatriots in arms of the Texans, had been sealed; yet they were treated with kindness and mercy.

We have the greater reason to complain of Dr. Channing, because he speaks *ex-cathedra*,—the sanctity of his lawn is invoked to give weight to his testimony. He is an American citizen, supposed to be elevated by the character of his function above the influence of party or local feeling; he professes to be consumed with love of country, and to be steadfast in his faith as to the stability of our institutions; and yet he mingles freely in the discussion of the most agitating political questions; he advocates schemes which have already shaken and which still endanger the Union; to check the growth of slavery in the south, he invokes the interposition of a foreign government, and he supplies the friends of "stronger governments," and the enemies of republics, with endless arguments to inveigh against the demoralizing tendency and frail texture of republican institutions. The reveries and libels of foreigners we might safely despise, though we well knew that the trumpet of Miss Martineau had been filled with the voice of the northmen, for they spoke in a tone to awaken the sleeper and to startle the deaf. Let us not conceal the humiliating truth. These men, in their mistaken zeal, become the most dangerous

enemies of the cause of freedom, of the peace and prosperity of our common country, and labor in that most destructive of all earthly missions to shake the faith of our people in the strength and stability of their institutions. And these boding dreams, these hallucinations of minds heated with intemperate zeal, furnish a goodly and perpetual repast over which the enemies of republican establishments gloat with rancorous rapture.

The policy of the government in relation to the removal of the Indians, being definitively settled, let us reflect a moment upon the fatuity of those agitators who seek to resist the action of the executive by inciting the Indian to rebellion, for such is the only result of their interference. The accumulation of Indian tribes on our southern and western frontier, where the slave population is most dense, both of which classes the northern fanatics constantly feed with discontent, concentrate a force hostile and formidable to the white man; and in the event of foreign interposition, which these enthusiasts openly invoke, the Mexican, the Indian, and the Negro, fortified with all the sympathies of their northern brethren, are prepared to assail the Anglo-Saxon of the south. Are these fit allies for the northmen? The British power is invoked. Is this allegiance to the Union, or fidelity to confederates? The great family of European nations has already been shaken to its centre, thrones subverted, and the superstitious observances of centuries dissipated by the first-breathings of free principles which our French allies of the revolution introduced among them. To weaken our institutions at home by domestic strife, to arm the cold, calculating fanatic north, against the impatient and fiery south, to repel the working of our principles abroad, is the policy of those nations; and they are not a little indebted to those churchmen who delight in evil auguries, and who exaggerate the licentiousness of our people as if it were the greatest of public virtues.* And when one so distinguished as Dr. Channing volunteers his testimony, it is seized upon with avidity, and published to the world, not as the revilings of a prejudiced foreigner, but as the impartial declaration of a native citizen, a vessel of election, an oracle of truth, one anointed of heaven.

The language of European writers in relation to our civil and political establishments, betrays that degree of ignorance which is the mother of fear. The true character of the colonists and the nature of their institutions have never been properly understood by the people of England. Negligent to observe the progress of the human mind in the new world, the inquisitive speculations of its inhabitants upon the natural rights of man, and their extraordinary enterprise in the de-

*But for the unusual length to which it would have extended our article, we would have invited the attention of the public to other consequences of a serious character, which flow from these exaggerated statements of the lawlessness of our people and the weakness of our government. They have already occasioned difficulties, by many deemed insuperable, in the settlement of the outrage at Schlosser on the Canada frontier. Our own writers have so frequently published to the world the unbridled licentiousness of our people, and the inability of the civil authorities to restrain them, that foreign nations justify an invasion of our territory, and the capture and cutting out of a boat, upon the grounds assumed by Mrs. Trollope, Dr. Channing, and Miss Martineau. But a full exposure of all the consequences of these imputations upon our moral and national character would require a volume.

velopment of the plenteous resources of the country ; when the long suppressed energies of this youthful but adventurous people burst forth into successful action, the disciplined European, trammelled by hereditary prejudices and observances, regarded it as a transient ebullition of feeling worthy only of derision. They mistook it for the mountain torrent that would pass away with the storm that gave it birth : they knew not that it was the stream of human opinion, which the accession of every day would swell, and which was destined to sweep into the same oblivion the resistance of conservative bigotry and powerful oppression. The uncompromising love of freedom which induced the early colonists to abandon the homes and the graves of their fathers, and to subdue a wilderness in order to escape oppression ; the dangers to which in their infancy they were exposed from the vicinage of a murderous foe, and the hardships incident to their new situation, naturally inspired them with an energy of character and a loftiness of soul, unknown to their European kindred. The restraints of the feudal tenures had been left behind them, and they were warmly attached to the soil upon which they trod ; they were the "freeholders of the land, and the rent day had no terrors for them." The equality introduced by the abolition of the law of entail and primogeniture, the general diffusion of useful and practical knowledge, the deep stake each individual had in the government, could not fail to infuse into their bosoms that love of liberty, that independence and elasticity of character, that jealousy of power, which has led to the establishment of a frame of government which is at once a blessing to mankind, and the hope of the nations. If we revert to the continent of Europe, we will discover that the principles upon which our government is framed, had long been recognized, although no people had carried them into practical operation. History is an immense collection of experiments of the nature and effects of the various forms of government. Some institutions are experimentally ascertained to be beneficial, some others to be indubitably destructive to human happiness. The philosophers of Europe had, for a century preceding our revolution, listened intently to the testimony of ages, and of nations, and collected from them the salutary principles which regulate the mechanism of society, and recognise the unalienable rights of the citizen. The nature and excellence of free institutions had been reduced to demonstration, yet these convincing arguments influenced the councils of no government, and awakened to resistance no oppressed people. It was at this propitious period when all Europe presented the repulsive spectacle of a liberal theory opposed to a barbarous practice, when the germs of free institutions had taken root in the understanding and were entwined with the affections of man, that our forefathers escaping from the oppressive and time-honored establishments which pressed them to the earth, sought at the extremity of the ocean, a clime, in which they might substitute for established formulas the pure and voluntary worship of the Deity, and where they might erect political institutions originating in compact, springing immediately from the will of the people, and reposing upon the rights of man. Deeply impressed with the injustice and the absurdity of the various constitutions which chance had scattered over the world, the com-

prehensive intellect of our revolutionary fathers was exerted in erecting a stupendous and imperishable fabric, which reposing on the immutable basis of popular right and general happiness, should exclude the defects and combine the excellences of the multiplied political establishments known to man. Antiquity could consecrate to them no rule which reason did not respect ; and they shrunk from no innovation to which reason conducted. Guided by the polarity of reason, they stood out from the shore, and leaving the ancient landmarks far behind them, they sought by a bolder navigation to discover in unexplored regions the treasure of public felicity. And they found it. Notwithstanding the vaticinations of men of evil augury and timorous apprehensions ; notwithstanding the eagerness with which these sickly dreams of a distempered fancy are repeated, by those who can neither appreciate nor admire our government, as if they were the breathings of holy prophecy ; we, the American people, unseduced from our allegiance, unshaken in our confidence in the excellence and permanency of our institutions, feel, and are thankful that the Ark of the Covenant is among us. If not more favored, at least more thankful than the chosen people of Jehovah, we will not proudly exult, but meekly bow down in gratefulness for blessings, such as heaven in its mercy has seldom vouchsafed to man. "Ask of the days of old," exclaimed the indignant prophet when he rebuked the repining Israelite, "ask of the days of old, that have been before thy time, from the day that God created man upon the face of the earth, from one end of heaven to the other end thereof, if ever there was done the like thing, or it hath been known at any time."

Let us assure Dr. Channing that we are not the depraved people he has imagined us, and that in the whole book of recorded time, he will scarcely find a people equally numerous who are less depraved. And as the British reviewer bases all his prophetic aspirations of our speedy ruin upon the unfounded charges of the learned divine, the framework of his argument falls, because the foundations are hollow and unsound.

There is in France a school of philosophers and politicians, who have been appropriately denominated **THE MYSTICS** ; they are not unfrequently led by clergymen, and constitute, in that crater of political convulsions, the **MOVEMENT** party. At the very head of this band of agitators is the celebrated politico-religious demagogue, the Abbé de la Mennais. Reformation of abuses by the calm and peaceful agency of wholesome public opinion, has no attraction for them. The whirlwind of revolution is the only agent fitted to their rash designs and heated imaginations. And this morbid desire for revolution does not seem to be entirely prompted by that love of change or excitement, or by that ambition which usually impels men to subvert existing establishments ; no, they are **FANATICS**. They anticipate stupendous results from the action of enthusiastic associations forcing public opinion into rapid and straitened currents, and overthrowing in its resistless progress every barrier. By an agency independent of, and transcending all law, they expect through a long chain of revolutionary convulsions to effect a certain social revolution, which is to consummate the happiness of the human race, by abolishing every vestige of slavery, and introducing a happy millennium

of universal equality. Let us not incline to ridicule this fanaticism as too wild and destructive in its character to engage the attention of reflecting men. It has its attractive as well as its dark aspects; it is to all appearance a mingling of heaven and earth. There is widely disseminated among us, particularly in the northern and eastern states, a peculiarity of mental character, in which a strong native sentiment of religion is blended with a powerful tendency to skepticism and infidelity. In the delirium of hope, these men divert all those aspirations which properly belong to a future state, towards speculations upon the perfectibility of mankind on earth. Unbelievers of ardent and imaginative temperaments are very prone to fall into this fanatic trance; for, when incredulity draws an impenetrable veil over the future, it is perfectly natural that men should become the dupes of these gross delusions. And why should this astonish reflecting men, when the distinguished divine, who has become the apologist of Kneeland, the blasphemer, boldly sustains Tappan, the agitator?

We will invite public attention to a few more extracts from Dr. Channing's libel upon our character and government, and hasten to conclude. "We are a restless people," says Dr. Channing, "prone to encroachment, impatient of the ordinary laws of progress, less anxious to consolidate and to perfect than to extend our institutions, more ambitious of spreading ourselves over a wide space, than of diffusing beauty and fruitfulness over a narrower field. Henceforth we must cease to cry peace, peace. Our eagle will whet, not gorge its appetite on its first victim; and will snuff a more tempting quarry, more alluring blood in every new region which opens southward. To me it seems not only the right, but the duty of the free states, in case of the annexation of Texas, to say to the slaveholding states, '*we regard this act as the dissolution of the Union.*' We will not become partners in your schemes of spreading and perpetuating slavery, in your hopes of conquest, in your unrighteous spoils. A PACIFIC DIVISION in the first instance seems to me to threaten less contention, than a lingering, feverish dissolution of the Union, such as must be expected under this fatal innovation. We shall expose our freedom to great peril by entering a new career of crime. We are corrupt enough already," &c. "Still I am compelled to acknowledge an extent of corruption among us, which menaces freedom, and our dearest interests. That the cause of republicanism is suffering abroad, through the defects and crimes of our countrymen, is as true as that it is regarded with increased skepticism among ourselves. Abroad, republicanism is identified with the United States, and it is certain that the *American name has not risen of late in the world.*" Deeply as we revere the function of the priesthood in its appropriate exercise, a love for truth and justice to our common country, compels us to pronounce these extracts a gross libel on the American character and government. In the just indignation which every man who respects the national character must feel for this unwarrantable and unfounded abuse by a christian divine and native citizen, there is little inclination to complain of the *Io triumphes!* which the British reviewer pours forth abundantly over the moral degradation of a people, who, before the publication of Dr. Channing, had persuaded themselves that they were the purest,

and happiest, and most intelligent of the sons of the children of men. It is from publications of this kind, that the enemies of republican institutions in the old world derive those atrocious calumnies, which represent us to the nations of the earth as the most turbulent and demoralized of people. The article of Dr. Channing had probably reached Europe when M. Lackanal read to the French Academy of Moral and Political Science, the following extract from his work on the United States, to which we append a few observations by a Paris correspondent:

"According to M. Lackanal, in the United States, 'nothing is easier, than divorce—nothing more secure from judicial process and social disgrace than insolvency.' His account of our negro slavery, and the condition of the free colored people, rivals at least that of Miss Martineau. 'The Central or Federal Executive power is without means of enforcing the laws of Congress with the States, who resist whenever they please. With every American, individualism or personal independence is at its height. No American entertains the least veneration for the law, or respect for the magistrate; he creates both one day; he can unmake them the day after; he never forgets that they are his work. The people literally regard the President, the members of Congress, the judges, as their servants, and give them no other appellation. They slap them in the face,—so great is their irreverence: witness the slap dealt to President Jackson, and with impunity. If a member of Congress ventures to call for laws to repress popular excesses, he only provokes new storms,—this is what happened after the conflagration of the Ursuline convent near Boston.' Lackanal then read details of General Jackson's treatment of legislators and judges at New Orleans, of the execution of Arbuthnot and Ambrister and similar measures—adding—'*tout cela pouvait avoir son utilité; mais ces faits sont peu d'accord avec le respect qu'on professe en France pour les garanties de la loi.*' M. Lackanal thinks that General Jackson, while President, let loose the reins of Democracy, in order to become at length a necessary dictator. 'In fine, the future of the United States is a curious and pregnant problem. Will these wild democracies ultimately fall into the track, shape and polity of the old communities of the world, or will the elements now fermenting in America, engender a new régime and a new aspect for human society?' I leave these questions to the soothsayers. With regard to the superior respect manifested in France for the guaranties of the law, let the point be examined with a little reference to the domestic history of France under the old Bourbons, during the revolution, or even since the revival or vindication of the charter in 1830. France is still under the government of state necessity; and the popular excesses are far more numerous and grave, than those which occur in the United States. The riots at Tours, Amiens, Angoulême, Bordeaux, Macon, of recent date, cost more blood than all the disorders of the kind which have occurred in the United States since the date of their constitution. Last week we had information of a female commotion on the banks of the Rhone. The women assembled in great numbers, broke down some dykes just constructed, and fought a hard battle with the soldiery called in by a sub-prefect to disperse or capture the ladies. Were it not for the military force always at hand, what would be the ostensible respect for law?—Unfortunately, throughout Europe, the influence of law seems to be owing principally to the idea of an overwhelming military coercion. Law is received as the work of selfish power, not of executives and legislatures instituted and acting for the national weal. However, the comparatively few disorders, and the instances of *Lynch* justice, of which so much is made in the London and Paris papers, together with the historical character of European democracy, have produced an almost universal impression that the American citizen is and must be

anarchical; and it is upon this supposed *lawlessness* that the writers on the Canada rebellion count as a sure and all-sufficient auxiliary for that rebellion, whatever may be the dispositions and proclamations of our General and State authorities."

That we shall ultimately attain our destiny—that our decline and fall will at some future day add another to the many lessons of experience, to instruct future generations—will only furnish another proof of the perishable nature of all human institutions. But that we shall demonstrate the great problem of the capability of man for self-government, and of the capacity of republican institutions to secure the greatest share of happiness and freedom to the greatest number, we can never doubt, so long as the past is admitted to be an index to the future. Indeed it is by no means improbable that the Union may be dissolved, and that we may be forced into new associations by the agitators of the northern states. And the blow which severs the bond will come from the south, and the northmen will be startled in the midst of their agitations, by the decisive action of a people who have long since been convinced that upon the delicate subject of slavery there is no longer any union or sympathy between the free and the slave states. That blow already impends. Indeed we have twice seen the union of these states endangered. Once by New England in the dark hour of adversity, and once by South Carolina in the floodtide of prosperity. And during the session of the present Congress, when the southern members were driven from the hall of representatives by the abolitionists of the north, the Union for the time being was virtually dissolved.

But there are better days, there are brighter auspices before us. Even the reverend gentleman himself, prophetic of evil as he is, is constrained to admit that among dark omens he sees favorable influences, remedial processes, counteracting agencies. And we will venture to predict, that another lustre will not have passed away before the whole band of agitators, with their clerical leaders at their head, bowing down before the indignation of a long suffering people, will be made to confess and to feel that fanaticism is not religion, that intemperate zeal is not charity, and that political religionism is only calculated for the meridian of Spain. It is a melancholy but growing conviction, that a considerable portion of our clergy is falling away from the sound morality and staid sobriety of the fathers of the American church. Ambition seems still to be a weed of quick and early vegetation in the vineyard of Christ; and surpliced priests, forgetful of the sanctity of their function, and swollen beyond the girth of the canon, plunge headlong into the turbid waters of political controversy, and instead of being ministrants of peace and good will, are constantly obtruding themselves upon the public, and mingling in the most exciting and exasperating discussions. Sterne was a lewd hypocrite, and has, we believe, had no imitators in this country; but the politico-religious demagogue, Swift, has many competitors for the vile crown which he preeminently merited. It is because of our reverence for the clerical order, that we regret at all times to hear the voice of one consecrated to christian meekness and charity, lifted up amid the political clamor, where nothing pure can live and retain its purity. The forum is no place for the priest; and if he be earnestly devoted to the service of his Master, the widow and the orphan, the sick and the prisoner, the sorrowful and the dying, all the ministrations of charity will so engage his feelings and occupy his attention, that he will have little inclination

or time to abandon his appropriate functions to fan the flame of political excitement, or to seek distinction by mingling in the heady current of religious or political fanaticism. When not employed in the functions of their ministry, prayer in the solitude of their chambers would suit them far better than the publication of letters to eminent statesmen, derogatory to the national character and morals. They were consecrated to minister to the spiritual necessities, not to pander to the intolerant feelings of men; they were set apart to bless, and not to curse mankind.

Whether we look to the extent of our territory, embracing every temperate clime, and teeming with every variety of production, or to the character and promise of our free institutions, evidences of the munificence of a bountiful Creator crowd around us, and impel us to maintain that union upon which much of our happiness and security depends, and which none but ourselves can put asunder. Licentiousness and insubordination, the impatience which frets under a system of established order, and the fanaticism which would hurry man by unnatural stimulants towards unattainable perfection, these are the restless and natural enemies of republican establishments; and the agitator and politico-religionist are the high priests of *intemperance* and *misrule*. We have opened a new volume in the book of man, more precious than the last of the Sybil's. We have collected from the wisdom and experience of departed ages a new theory of government. It is an experiment ripe with promise to unborn generations. We have no past history of our own to guide us; we stand forth before the nations of the earth bearing through a wilderness the consecrated emblems of freedom, and if, after a weary pilgrimage, we shall attain the promised land, and infuse the spirit which animates us into stable and permanent institutions; if we shall kindle the divine flame of liberty upon altars surrounded and protected by a nation of invincible freemen; if we shall substitute, in the structure of governmental machinery, the controlling power of mind for absolute will, and rational equality for artificial checks and privileges; then may the governments of the old world tremble for their time-honored and crippled observances, for the ancient despotisms will be crushed beneath the vast and magnificent structure of democracy, which is already pushing its foundations far and wide, into the confidence and affections of mankind. It is this principle of democracy, now in the full sweep of successful experiment, that alarms the despotism of the old world, and induces its votaries, with thoughts that are fathers to their wishes, to found, upon such unmerited libels as those of Dr. Channing and Mrs. Trolloppe, prophetic arguments of our speedy dissolution. These are men whose thoughts, feelings, habits, associations and prejudices, are closely interwoven with things of the olden time, and have embraced with a thousand delicate tendrils which may be sundered but never disengaged, the crumbling ruins of the ancient fabric, whose mouldering condition is concealed from themselves by the luxuriance of their affections. They look upon all change as ruin, and all decay as the fruitful source of life and beauty. Although they seem to walk with eyes wilfully darkened, yet in their hearts have they trembled; for they have felt the agitations beneath and around them, and they "grope tremblingly among the bristling energies of popular feeling as if they were on the crater of a volcano." They live with the past—they have no hope for the future; and the spirit which ani-

mates our institutions, by a single breathing would shiver the enchanted talisman which guards all their treasured wealth. But for us, we are a new people, springing at once into the full vigor of life, unafflicted with the weaknesses of infancy or the palsy of age; we have no records of the past—no traditions of glory; we have commenced our sublime career; our associations, our hopes, our honors, are all with the future; in the past we behold nothing but the sufferings of the many and the crimes and oppressions of the few—and shrinking from the contemplation of the dark ages of man, we have opened a sealed book, a new volume, filled with the promise of happiness and moral excellence and dignity to the human family, under the influence of the equality breathed forth in every lesson of that other book, which is called the book of life. We are in the bud and promise of blossom and fruit; and like the rod of the prophet in the tabernacle, the staff upon which we lean blooms and fructifies. Let not the monarchists of Europe, misled by the intemperate language of enthusiasts or agitators, hug themselves in the forlorn hope that we shall find it necessary to borrow their artificial checks upon the will of the people, and let not Dr. Channing persuade himself that we shall require a "stronger government;" our forefathers have impressed upon their descendants too lively an image of their sufferings under the oppressions of kings and nobles, to permit them to abandon their own pure faith to bow down before such idols in their western asylum. We are now the only nation in whom the vital principle is active and progressive. Other nations have been—their onward career is closed—their history is written in the fate of other empires which have preceded them in the march of ruin. But in the structure of our own beautiful edifice, it would appear that all the salutary lessons of history had been gathered and studied, and that the temple destined to flourish forevermore, had sprung up into fair and beauteous proportions, not unlike the foam-born Cytherea from amid the wrecks of ages on the stormy shores of time. Our institutions are based upon a sound morality; and the genius of christianity has imparted a portion of its immortality to the institutions which embalm it. What a sublime destiny is ours, and how immeasurably beneath contempt do those sink, who affect to see in casual excesses that ruin which they rather desire than anticipate. What a sublime destiny is ours? Of that Anglo-Saxon race peculiarly constituted for freedom, with political institutions admired by the world, and only feared by its oppressors, with a prosperity like that of the Samian prince, so startlingly stupendous as to be its only evil omen; carrying civilization into the fastnesses of the forests; erecting empires and cities in the wilderness, in one short generation of the children of men; with one arm stretched forth towards the abode of winter, and with the other reaching towards the tropics, with opposite oceans for boundaries; to whom is it given to calculate the future elevation and moral grandeur of this people? And even while men of limited views discuss the excesses of the border, the frontier line has moved, and the theatre of semi-barbaric strife has already been subdued by all the refinements of society. Before another century shall have elapsed, empires will have sprung into being which will render feeble the voice of those who demand the abolition of slavery. When this unhappy race shall have been fully prepared for freedom, when their emancipation can be effected with safety to the white man,

and when the slave states themselves in their own good time, shall deem it wise and proper, then, and not before, will the sons of Ham go forth from the house of bondage. The single enemy, the natural foe of our institutions, is licentiousness; for as all free institutions repose on the broad basis of morality, whatever tends to introduce insubordination is eminently destructive. And whenever the fanatic, the abolitionist, the politico-religious demagogue, in a spirit of wanton mischief or misguided zeal, throw their fire-brands among any portion of the people, and stimulate them to rebellion, let us reflect upon the wisdom of the Romans in the purer days of the republic, when they represented LICENTIOUSNESS AS THUNDERSTRUCK BY HEAVEN AT THE MOMENT SHE STRIVES TO BREAK A TABLE OF THE LAW AND THE BALANCE OF JUSTICE.

Yet we entertain no serious apprehensions of the consequences of clerical interposition in secular and political affairs; for, however deeply enthusiasts may deplore it, the age of crusades, like the age of chivalry, is past. Although our peace may be fearfully disturbed for a season, and the Union seriously threatened, the influence of the clergy in this country will ultimately be restrained within its appropriate sphere; and the moment its members mingle with excited crowds of citizens, making broad their phylacteries with strange and unholy characters graven thereon, they cease to compel or to merit the reverence of reflecting men. They may bring religion into contempt with the mass of the people; but they can never shake those establishments or dissolve that Union, which were founded in a deep jealousy of their controlling influence and frightful corruption in other lands. But if, instead of inciting the angry and vengeful feelings of the weaker portion of our people, the clergy would interpose to inculcate patience, forbearance, and brotherly love; if, instead of inflaming the passions which alienate the northern and southern states, and coolly recommending disunion rather than the erection or admission of slave states into the confederacy, ministers of the gospel would teach us how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity; if, instead of pandering to the coarse appetite of monarchists, by collecting from every filthy deposit straggling instances of the profligacy of border morals or city license, and proclaiming them to the world as conclusive evidences of prevailing immorality and republican licentiousness, they would (if indeed they must transcend their sacred function,) vindicate the character of our free institutions and the morals of our people, notwithstanding occasional outrages; if they would discard from their alliance in behalf of the Indian, the slave and the Mexican, the "friends of stronger governments" in Europe, and uphold and sustain instead of disuniting and traducing our people and government; then, would our march to eminence be peaceful and prosperous, and before the curtain of time shall have fallen upon another century, unborn millions throughout the vast and untrodden regions of our productive soil, gathered together, the children of oppression, from the four winds of heaven, men of every tongue and clime, will exhibit to the world the sublime spectacle of a republic of boundless extent of territory and unprecedented populousness, flourishing in stable security upon the broad basis of popular will. The capability of man for self-government will have ceased to be a problem.

We may be mistaken in our judgment, but we are fully persuaded that if members of the clergy had

never promoted or sanctioned the efforts of the abolitionists in a spirit of misguided philanthropy, the present unhappy state of feeling between different sections of the Union would never have existed. This interference of the ministry with political discussions, this prompting of popular and sectional delusion, is eminently wrong and intolerably disgusting. But though we are indignant, let us be strictly just. In the American church there are meek, unpretending, and godly men, who stand aloof from these vexatious movements, and confine themselves exclusively to the work of their divine Master. And it is proper to state, that in the appeal we have now made to the clergy in behalf of religion and humanity, we have addressed ourselves to that portion of the ministry alone, which, feeling the justice and truth of our remarks, will stand rebuked, and therefore indignant. Entertaining for the former class esteem and reverence, we have no apology to offer to these latter for the boldness, it may be the presumption, with which we have spoken unwelcome but salutary truths. Engaged in a good cause we have no false delicacy, no priestly apprehensions. But while we respect a well-ordered priesthood, we love our common country; while we revere religion, we detest fanaticism; and while we are pleased to behold under benign auspices, clouds of incense ascending in peaceful union from altars of every denomination to the throne of grace, we abhor POLITICAL RELIGIONISM.

Let clerical agitators beware. In rending the tree with Prospero to liberate the imprisoned spirit to do their bidding, let them take warning from the impressive lessons of antiquity, lest its reaction be destructive to themselves. But we will not despond; for, these assaults, however continuous and violent, can never overthrow the muniments which surround us; and there is a detergent energy in our system, which, however tardily excited, will effectually repel them. And when the "deluge of fanaticism shall have fallen back from the Ark of Freedom, the dove will go forth with his olive branch," the harbinger of peace and tranquillity, and the beautiful bow will be hung out in the heavens, the emblem of reconciliation.

In our progress to eminence, we have not, like other nations, to pass through a tedious pilgrimage; separated from the nations of the earth by the ocean, we have no enemies to subdue; no sudden reverses of fortune to apprehend; springing at once into the vigor of early manhood, we have no early history to compose; we have only to fill up the measure of our dominion and glory. We shall sooner than other people enter upon the mature age of nations, and behold mind asserting its supremacy; animated by those patriotic emotions which glowed in the bosoms of our forefathers, we will speedily seek the enduring glories of peace, and by devoting all our energies to mental improvement, will adorn with all the triumphs of genius the land of our nativity. And when our power shall have attained its height, and our government its magnificence, who shall prescribe limits to its science or refinement? Wherefore shall we not attain to those heights of knowledge, which, restoring us to the primitive range of intellectual vigor, will assimilate us to those men of the olden time who were deemed worthy to hold friendly converse with angelic spirits? Yet the star of our destiny must ultimately set forever, for the only star that gives promise of immortality is the one which conducted the eastern sages to the feet of the infant Redeemer. Other nations have perished, and left behind them a moral and a memory of desolation, and

the scattered vestiges of their magnificence are at once the evidences of the pride which goeth before ruin, and the prompters of mournful and chastening feelings. The successor of the fisherman sits upon the throne of the Cæsars; the descendants of Ishmael, whose empire extended from the Atlantic to Bagdad, the seat of the Caliphs, from the gardens of Cairo to the shades of the Alhambra, have been driven back to the sandy deserts of Arabia; and the dynasties, which now seem to be firmly established, must yield to the empire of fate and furnish new lessons for the future. And although speculation on this subject may seem to be profitless, inasmuch as it is given to no man to lift a corner of the veil which overshadows the future; yet when we reflect upon the moral culture of our people, the nature of our institutions originating in the consent of the governed, and founded upon the purifying and salutary principles of christianity and freedom, we may justly anticipate a longer duration, a more sublime destiny, than has marked the career of other governments, whose foundations have been less stable and permanent. When by the slow and peaceful operation of wholesome public opinion, we shall have emancipated the slave; when through the agency of a sober and pious ministry, we shall have civilized the savage on our frontier, we shall have no Goth to fear like the Roman, no Moor like the Spaniard, no Arab like the descendants of Constantine; but we shall attend singly to the preservation of our Union, to the intellectual and moral culture of our people, to the development of our vast resources, and to the perfection of our beautiful system. And after having attained this elevation, when the whole fabric shall slide from its foundations and crumble into ruins, we shall not, like the cities of the desert, like Balbec and Palmyra, like the ancient seats of empire and the arts, like Rome and Athens, leave only vestiges of our former grandeur to attract the regard of future generations; but we shall bequeath to man those indestructible principles of free government, which, though they cannot impart their immortality to perishable institutions, will yet secure to the children of men, to the consummation of ages, the greatest possible moral elevation, the greatest political equality, and the purest social happiness. But to attain this sublime elevation, beyond which on this side of the grave, man has no hope and heaven has no boon, let us bear constantly in mind that we must realize the type of Roman virtue, and snatch the thunders of the Olympian Jupiter to "SMITE LICENTIOUSNESS WHENEVER SHE STRIVES TO BREAK A TABLE OF THE LAW OR THE BALANCE OF JUSTICE."

MR. MAURY AND MISS MARY.

Mr. Maury and Miss Mary,
Of graver talk grown weary,
Essay'd to task their cunning,
In the pleasant sport of punning.
Said the former to the latter,
"Far be't from me to flatter,
But certainly 'tis true,
That if 'twere not for U
Most gladly I'd be Mary."
The ready witted fairy,
Prompt not to be outdone
In compliment or pun,
Replied, "If I had U
I would be Maury too."

Washington City.

BURTON; OR THE SIEGES.*

A Romance, by J. H. Ingraham, Esq., Author of "South West," "Lafitte," &c. 2 vols. 12mo. Harper & Brothers: New York. 1838.

The author of this excellent novel is gaining for himself a distinguished name as an American novelist. We first hear of Professor Ingraham as a writer, through the pages of a book entitled "The South West, by a Yankee," published in January, 1836. This is a book of travels in Louisiana and Mississippi, containing valuable statistical information, fine descriptions of scenery, and graphic and racy sketches of manners and customs in that interesting, and hitherto little known portion of our country. The work originated from a private correspondence with a friend, who placed the letters, without the knowledge of their writer, in the hands of the editor of a Natchez paper, who published several of them. The truth of their descriptions, and their admirable style, (for which the writings of this author are distinguished,) attracted the attention of the press—and the letters were widely copied and praised. At the suggestion of his friends, the author was at length induced to write a book on the country, with which his letters showed him to be so familiar. The two volumes called the "South West," is the work he produced, and it at once won for him enviable reputation. Encouraged by the success of this work, in July of the same year, he wrote a novel called "Lafitte," which, though hastily written, (composed in less than six weeks, we believe,) and never copied, from its admirable style, and wildly thrilling story, became one of the most popular fictions ever issued from the American press. We reviewed it at the time, and although we did justice to the talents and genius of the author, we objected to the tone of the work—the moral of novels having bold, bad men for their heroes, however skilfully managed, being always of questionable utility. Within the last month, the author has put forth a third book which gives title to this notice.

We sat down to the perusal of this work, with the feeling that the reputation of the author as a novelist would be made or lost by it. It appears to us that it is not a very difficult matter for a young man of brilliant imagination, active fancy, and some invention, to sit down and write a novel for the first time. In the heads of such persons there are a thousand wild thoughts, romantic fancies and crude conceptions; a myriad of dazzling images, and a confused chaos of brilliant material, floating hither and thither without compass or aim. In a first novel, these will find vent. Every thing he has ever thought or dreamed of, heard or read, digested or undigested, will here find "habitation and a name." It will be the receptacle of every thing he knows or guesses at, and when it is completed, his brain will be like an exhausted receiver. His book will create a sensation—emphatically TAKE, and great things be prophesied of the successful debutant; but the author is never heard of again—or if so, it is to

thoroughly damn himself in a second book. This is the secret of the existence of so many men who have "written a book," and only a book. With something like misgivings of this kind, with regard to the author of that glittering production, "Lafitte," we opened "Burton." As we progressed, each page reassured us, and we had not read half through the first volume before we gave ourself up to its perusal without fear of shipwreck, and permitted ourselves to be carried along with that delightful abandonment with which we have hurried through the pages of Scott. We do not here compare Burton with any of the Waverly novels. It is too American to admit of this. But in the style we are reminded of Sir Walter Scott, almost on every page: though without imitation, still the author shows that he has made this great model his careful study. We are glad to see this, for it promises well. In many of his finer passages he seems to have paused to study how Scott would have expressed such and such thoughts—and written accordingly. This seems to be wherein the secret of his resemblance lies. The care with which he has formed his style is most strikingly apparent, when contrasting "Burton" with "Lafitte." We see the same hand in each, but now it holds the burnisher where then it held the chisel. Now to the story of "Burton," the hero of which is Aaron Burr.

When the American colonies rose in arms against Great Britain, it will be remembered that the first step of the colonial army was to plan an expedition against Canada. The army was divided into two divisions, one of which, under Montgomery, was to penetrate into Canada by the way of Lake Champlain, and fall upon Montreal; the other under Colonel, afterwards the traitor, General Arnold, by the way of Maine. It was planned between the two leaders, that which ever arrived first in Canada should send a messenger to inform the other, so that the two armies could form an immediate junction and act in concert. When Arnold arrived on the borders of Canada, he assembled his officers and called for a volunteer to go forward and inform Montgomery of his presence. Young Burr, a volunteer in Arnold's division, immediately offered himself for the expedition. In the disguise of a monk he left the army, and hastened forward on his perilous way. It is on the second evening of his journey that the novel opens, and introduces him to the reader in the following words:

The bells of a ruined monastery in the vale of Chaudiere were chiming the hour of evening service at the close of a cold windy day in the month of November, seventeen hundred and seventy-five, when a single traveller, in the garb of a Roman Catholic priest, appeared on the skirts of a forest, that, sacred from the invading ploughshare or the axe of the woodman, stretched many leagues into the province of Maine. His steps were slow and heavy, as if he had travelled many a weary mile of the vast wilderness behind him; and, when the north wind howled at intervals through the wood, he drew his garment still closer about his person, and bore himself with a sturdier step; but, nevertheless, his slight frame and vacillating limbs did not promise to withstand for a much longer space such rude assaults.

Although faint with fasting and toilworn with long travel, yet the sound of the convent bell, as it swept past him on the wind, infused additional vigor into his limbs; and roused to renewed exertions, with an exclamation of joy he hastened forward to a slight eminence which rose in his path. From its summit he

* We are indebted to the politeness of Mr. R. D. Sanxay, of this city, for furnishing us with a copy of this admirable work; and would remind the public that it can be obtained at his book store.

beheld a prospect that fully rewarded him for all the hardships he had endured in his lonely pilgrimage through the wilderness. Beneath him lay a secluded and pleasant valley, about a league in breadth, guarded from the wintry winds that swept the highlands, by a chain of hills, wooded to their tops with forest trees, the lingering foliage of which was dyed with every hue of the rainbow. Through its bosom the Chaudiere flowed, in a thousand romantic windings, towards a scarcely visible opening in the range of hills to the north, through which to pour its tributary waters into the St. Lawrence.

* * * *

After gazing, until twilight rendered distant objects dim and uncertain, upon the scene so unexpectedly presented to his eyes, long familiar only with the gloomy grandeur of pathless forests, occasionally relieved by the hut of their savage denizen, the traveller gathered the folds of his robe beneath his belt, and grasped his staff resolutely; then for a moment fixing his eyes upon the towers of the island convent as the last chime of the bells ceased to echo among the hills, he said, as he prepared to descend a rude path, if the scarcely visible track left by the hunter or beasts of prey may thus be denominated,

"There shall I find what I most need, a night's repose; and, if all tales be true, good and substantial cheer withal; for the reverend fathers, while they have care of the souls of their flocks, are not wont to neglect their own bodily comforts."

He is entertained in the convent by a Catholic priest, who was formerly a military leader. The following extracts will show best who he is, and the state of political feeling among the Roman Catholic clergy:

The monk, having at length succeeded in disengaging the fastenings of his cowl and gown, without replying, now hastily cast them aside, and stood before the astonished father no longer the hooded and shuffling monk, but an elegant and graceful youth, in a blue military surtout, with a short sword by his side attached to a buff belt, in which was stuck a pair of serviceable pistols.

"Reverend father, I am neither monk nor priest, but a soldier of the patriot army, which, doubtless, you have learned, ere now, is preparing to invade the Canadas," said the young stranger, in a firm, manly tone. "In proof of my words and in token of my good faith," he added, fixing his eyes with a look of intelligence on those of the priest, "I will repeat the talisman that shall beget mutual confidence between us. I have the honor, then, of addressing, not simply the monk Etienne, but the Chevalier de Levi."

"Thou hast the true credentials, young sir," said the priest, assuming the air and manners of a soldier and man of the world; "in me you see that unfortunate chief who was once the leader of a gallant army, and conqueror of those proud islanders who now hold these fair lands. In this peaceful garb," he continued, with emotion, "you behold the last general who drew blade for the Canadas. Driven by a superior force from before the walls of Quebec, which I had closely besieged, I left that citadel in the hands of the enemy, and, in despair of ever retrieving our national misfortunes, buried my disgrace in the seclusion of a religious life. But," he added, with increasing energy, pacing the apartment, "the servile oath of allegiance to the British king I have never taken, nor do my religious vows interfere with my patriotism. I have ever been ready, when the time should arrive, and, please God, that time is now at hand, to aid in the removal of the invading Britons; and, if need be, by the mass! I can still wield the sword as I have done before in the same good cause."

* * * *

Despairing of any present means of expelling the conquerors of his native country, the Chevalier de Levi

retired into the monastery of St. Claude, then a thriving community, although, at the period of the disguised young officer's visit to the Father Etienne, the name assumed by the military recluse, it was only a ruined asylum for a few aged priests. Were we to weigh carefully the motives that induced the unsuccessful soldier to take this pious step, we should, perhaps, find them composed, in part, of a desire to bury his own disgrace from the world: in part of a morbid melancholy, the consequence of his defeat and disappointment, a disposition of the mind which often drives men both to the church and the cloister; but we should also find that he was governed by a deeper feeling than either of these. Aware that the priesthood were generally disaffected with the existing government, his main object was to attach himself to this body, that, by the aid of so vast an engine of political power, and under the cover of a monastic life, he might combine a conspiracy against the new government, and, when it should become fully matured, apply the torch to the train he had, and spread a revolutionary flame like wildfire throughout the territory.

Such were the motives which converted the Chevalier de Levi into Father Etienne. His schemes, however, never ripened into maturity; and though always planning and plotting with a perseverance and secrecy not unworthy of Lucius Catiline, and constantly corresponding with the disaffected in every quarter of Canada, and even with ambitious individuals in the British colonies, among whom, as has already been intimated, was the leader of the eastern division of the invading army, yet, on the day we intruded into his retirement, he was as remote from his object, so far as the restoration of the French dominion was concerned, as on the first day he assumed the religious habit. By long devotion to one sole object, from which nothing could make him swerve, aided by an active imagination and a sanguine temperament, the chevalier had become transformed from a calm and dispassionate patriot, devoting himself to his country, into a settled monomaniac. To such a mind, therefore, the threatened invasion, although it did not embrace its long-cherished and favorite project, was, nevertheless, welcome intelligence, inasmuch as it would be, at least, the instrument of overthrowing the government of his conquerors. This object effected, the restoration of the old Canadian régime, he was willing to confide to the course of events.

Inspired, therefore, with renewed ardor in the cause to which he had devoted his life, by these tidings of invasion, with his eyes sparkling and his hands trembling with excitement, he seated himself at the table as the young soldier threw himself upon the floor to sleep, and soon became involved in a manifold correspondence. His arguments were skilfully adapted to the circumstances and the prejudices of those to whom his letters were addressed. To the disaffected priest, and there were many such throughout the Canadas, he held out the restoration of the Roman Catholic ascendancy and the return of the golden days of papal regality. Before the imaginations of those Canadian gentlemen who desired a change of government, he displayed gorgeous pictures of titles and dignities, and predicted the restitution of their alienated privileges and honors; while the eyes of one individual, of high birth and once in power, were dazzled with the glitter of a vice-regal crown. No scheme, however wild, seemed impracticable to the mind of this visionary enthusiast. Finally, in addressing a distinguished primate, whose good sense, he was sufficiently aware, would not be blinded either by his sophistry or arguments, however plausible, and who, he was convinced, would withhold his name and influence until there remained no doubt of the re-establishment of the Catholic, or, which was virtually the same thing, the Canadian ascendancy, he hinted that the American army was but a few thousand strong; that they should be supported by an active co-operation on the part of the Canadians until they had captured Quebec; "Then, if the partisan leaders are alive to their

own interests, which," he continued, "I myself will undertake to be the active instrument in awakening, in the unguarded moment of victory, and by the aid of superior numbers, we can snatch the citadel from their grasp, and, please God, the flag of France will once more float above its towers." The crafty politician facetiously closed his diplomatic letter by relating the fable of the "Monkey and Cat's-paw."

After various adventures, graphically detailed, Burton arrives at the tent of Montgomery with a nun, whom, from one of the convents at which he was entertained on his way, he has eloped with. The story now goes forward with intense interest, and is most beautifully told. The delineations of character are bold and life-like, and show a profound knowledge of the human heart with its subtler and deeper workings. Motives are analysed with a chemical nicety; emotions and feelings traced to their source with singular clearness and felicity. With a few touches of the author's pen, an individual starts boldly into life, in whom we at once become interested, and whose adventures we follow with unflagging excitement.

We did think of entering into an analysis of the work, and of giving a skeleton of the story; but a fair lady at our elbow says we must do it by no manner of means, as it would destroy the whole mystery of the tale, and "who," she asks with a pretty pout, "would read never so fine a novel when it's known how it's a going to end?" As in the course of our terrestrial pilgrimage, experience has taught us that women are always right, in matters of taste, we shall be silent about the mystery involved in this tale.

In graphic and truthful sketches of character, in richness of description of natural scenery, in dramatic vigor of dialogue, and in bold and trying scenes, where the highest moral and intellectual attributes are called into action, the author of "Burton" is peculiarly distinguished. The writings of this author must be admired for their elegance and purity of style. A fine imagination is characterized by a just taste throughout; a delicate humor prevades his pages, but it is never coarse—never far-fetched, but always natural. Some of his low characters, particularly Zacharie and Jacques, have no superior in any American novel. His pages are varied by bold tragedy, touches of gentle pathos, excellent wit, and irresistible humor, while the whole, unlike "Lafitte," wears an air of probability; and there is scarcely a worthy emotion or passion that the reader will not find awakened by the perusal of these volumes. If Professor Ingraham continues to write, he must reach a proud elevation in the literature of his country, as an American novelist.

EPIGRAM

On a hen-pecked husband, who opposed his wife's devotion to Literature.

Oh, why on Madam's musings frown,
Or send her to her stitches?
In pity let her wear "the gown,"
'Twill help to hide—the breeches.

ANOTHER TREE ARTICLE.

I am of the mind of old Drummond, who, two centuries ago, sang thus:

"Thrice happy he, who, by some shady grove,
Far from the clamorous world, doth live his own:
Though solitary, who is not alone,
But doth converse with that eternal love.
Oh! how more sweet is birds' harmonious moane,
Or the hoarse sobbings of the widowed dove,
Than those smooth whisperings near a prince's throne,
Which good make doubtful, do the ill approve!
Oh! how more sweet is zephyres wholesome breath,
And sighs embalmed, which new-born flowers unfold,
Than that applause vain honor doth bequeath!
How sweet are streams, to poyson drunk in gold!
The world is full of horrors, troubles, slights—
Woods, harmlesse shades, have only true delights!"

And being in this mind, I have turned my back upon the city, and am here at Oakwood, upon a high hill in Fairfax, "far from the clamorous world, living my own." Embowered in oak-shades, with here and there glimpses of the blue sky over head, I am in the fruition of my favorite trees. To quote old Chaucer,—

"Here up I rise, thre hours after twelfe,
About the springing of the gladsome day,
And on I put my gear, and mine aray,
And to a pleasaunt grove I 'gin to pas,
Long or the bright sonne uprisin was,
In which are okis grete, streight as a line,
Under the which the grass, so freshe of hew,
Was newly sprunge; and, an eight fote or nine,
Every tree well fro' his fellow grew,
With branchis brode, ladin with levis new,
That sprongin out agen, the sonne shene,—
Some very rede, and some a glad light grene;
Which, as methinks, is a right pleasaunt sight."

Oakwood contains some scores of the species *Quercus*. I find a new one every day. With old Michaux, his admirable Sylva in my hand, I go among these shades, and sitting on the back of sorrel Mab, pull down the branches and compare them according to class with the book. Among the most curious of my specimens are boughs, which you would take your corporal davy are chesnuts, and willows, 'till you see the acorns putting forth under the leaves, and then you admit them oaks, and do not forswear yourself.

I said something but now of sorrel Mab. She is the "most charming of her sex" and species: a mare of all mares the paragon: perhaps transcending the best of the sex, of any species, in that she does every thing but talk. I mean audibly: for Mab is right eloquent at times. She has a quiet way of asking for drink at noontide, which it would do your heart good to witness. The front door of Oakwood opens into the park which gives the place its name; and in the dim distance of the leafy vista, when suns are hot and breezes are asleep, may be seen, leisurely approaching you, as you sit, book in hand, upon the piazza, the gazelle-eyed Mab. Coming quite up to your feet, she looks in your face, drops her head as if, modestly and ladylike, to avoid your answering gaze, plucks a tuft of clover, and

proceeds with dainty pace around the corner of the house, casting one sidelong glance at you as she goes. You follow her, and find her footsteps are tending springward. But Mab is dainty and particular: she must drink out of her own proper bucket:

"The moss-covered bucket that hangs in the well;"

and, if you would have her amble well on your next ride, you must draw for her now.

Mab will not go ride, whenever you like, unless she like to do so too. Catch her afield, at such time, if you can! Yet when this fit of playfulness is over, she will come up to your hand, and winking knowingly at you, will ask you, (more plainly than the ass asked Balaam, if he was not ashamed of himself to whip her so cruelly,) if you have a mind to ride to-day? She is as full of tricks as Puck, and has a delightful one, which she uses upon occasion, especially with *humans*, of her own sex,—that of sitting quietly down in the centre of a bubbling runlet, while the bridle is loosened to permit her to refresh herself with a drink from the shady stream. The slyness with which she regards, aslant, the unfortunate lady, whose

"Clothes (like Ophelia's,) spread wide,
And mermaid-like, awhile do bear her up,"

is one of the most laughable things in nature. Even the victim of the joke enjoys it highly, and is like to drown, less from the depth of the water than the height of her hysterics. But enough of Mab; I was to talk of trees.

Old Wotton, in the time of James the First, had pleasant associations, with sylvan retreats. Hear him!

"Welcome pure thoughts! Welcome ye silent groves!
These guests, these courts, my soul most dearly loves!
Now the wing'd people of the sky shall sing
Most cheerful anthems to the gladsome spring!
Here dwell no hateful looks, no palace cares;
No broken vows dwell here, nor pale-faced fears.
Here, if Contentment be a stranger—then
I'll ne'er look for it, but in heaven, again!"

The nights, when moons shine clear, are the times for country enjoyment after all. Such a time is this at which I write. The days, even among woods, are too hot, in August, to ramble wide from home. Spring water, with brook ice—thorough draughts through open passages—the sun-beams, which escape the leafy canopy, shut out of house by Venetian blinds—Mary Howitt's "Wood Leighton," or Isaac Walton, or White of Selbourne, or Gardiner's "Music of Nature," in hand, upon the trelliced portico, will make the days pass serenely enough, while town thermometers stand at ninety-five; but

"In the starry light
Of the summer night,"

that is the time to enjoy the country: and at no hour is Oakwood so lovely. What says "Rare Ben Jonson" in his "Cynthia?" See how these verses make themselves vocal:

"Queene and huntresse, chaste and faire,
Now the sunne is laid to sleepe,

*Seated in thy silver chaire,
State in wonted manner keepe!
Hesperus intreats thy light,
Goddesse, excellently bright!*

"Earth, let not thy envious shade
Dare itselfe to interpose!
*Cynthia's shining orbe was made
Heaven to cleave, when day did close.*

"Lay thy bow of pearle apart,
And thy crystal-shining quiver,
Give unto the flying hart
Space to breathe, how short soever!
*Thou, that mak'st a day of night—
Goddesse excellently bright!"*

There is a little nook in the tree tops here, which the garish light of day prevents the gazer from distinguishing, but which is brought out most beautifully, when "the sunne is laid to sleepe." The trees of unequal heights and varying distances, present a dark undulating line against the sky, and the array of stars, which gild that part of the firmament, passes like a brilliant panorama before the open spaces thus formed before the eye of the beholder. This is our night-dial, here at Oakwood. As Orlando says,

"There's no clock in the forest."

When the sun goes down, Venus has passed over the disk of our dial, and Jupiter is shedding his slantwise rays over the tree tops into its depth: but you do not see Jupiter on the plate; he is near the zenith of our wood-bounded firmament. Yet as he goes down, there is a bright constellation shining in the very midst of the vista, on which we gaze and watch the lapse of the hours. We trace the brilliant succession as they appear, pass over the blue path, and each in turn fade from our view behind the western boundary of the wood, and have come to learn them all, each in its proper moment, as we know the figures on the clock. As *Libra* finishes its slow and well-balanced journey from the eastern to the western verge of our fanciful dial, the close of its career is taken as the signal for our retiring; and then we welcome "sleep, that knits up the ravelled sleeve" of each day's cares and pleasures. Thus do we sylvans find out the meaning of the quaint cognomen that Shakspeare gives the "bald old sexton," when he calls him "old Time, the clock-setter."

Unhappy, yet nobly courageous Richard of England, in his dungeon at Pomfret, thus moralizes from the similitudes of a clock. He says,

"I have been studying how I may compare
This prison where I live, unto the world,
For now hath Time made me his numbering clock.
My thoughts are minutes; and, with sighs, they jar
Their watches [that is, *tick the time*,] on mine eyes, the
outward watch [or dial,]
Whereto my finger, like a dial's point,
Is pointing still, in cleansing them from tears.
Now, sir, the sound, that tells what hour it is,
Are clamorous groans, that strike upon my heart,
Which is the bell. So sighs, and tears and groans,
Show minutes, times, and hours," &c.

But this is another digression. Our present business is with the woods.

I sent you, months since, some notice of Phineas Fletcher, his "Purple Island," with extracts, but the following was not among them. How beautiful! The poet is writing of the shepherd:

"His certain life, that never can deceive him,
Is full of thousand sweets, and rich content,
The smooth-leaved beeches in the field receive him,
With coolest shades, till noontide's rage is spent.
His life is neither tost in boisterous seas,
Of troublous world, nor lost in slothful ease;
Pleased and full blest he lives," &c. &c.

The spring flowers had all passed away before the heats of summer, before I came to Oakwood, and ever since that time I have had to watch the decay of many succeeding buds and blossoms of beautiful variety. The wood flowers just now in bloom are but few, but there is yet to come a brilliant array of autumn ones. Among the most beautiful of those now visible is the large *Convolvulus*, which peeps out from the hedge rows at the foot of the oaks, under fences, and sometimes straggling up with the wild vine, over the trunks of trees, and among the underwood of the forest. But they wither almost the moment they are plucked, and you must admire their beauty, (short-lived at best,) upon the spot which gives them birth. Oh, gentle Herrick!

"Faire flowers! we weep to see
You haste away so soone;
As yet the early rising sun
Has not attained his noone!
Stay, stay,
Until the hastening day,
Has run
But to the even song;
And, having pray'd together, *we*
Will goe with you along!

"We have short time to stay, as you—
We have as short a spring;
As quick a growth to meet decay
As you, or any thing.
We die
As do you; and drie
Away,
Like to the summer's raine,
Or as the pearles of morning dew,
Ne'er to be found again!"

Is not that a gem?

The season has been remarkable for the frequency and severity of the thunder-gusts. Hardly a day since I have been at Oakwood, has passed, without lightning and thunder; and some of my favorites of the forest have suffered greatly in consequence. There is one noble oak in the centre of a neighboring wood, beneath which I threw myself along, but a fortnight ago, and sang

"The song of the oak, the brave old oak,
Who hath stood in this land so long!
Long health and renown, to his broad green crown,
And his fifty arms so strong!"

I fancied the age he had attained to be more than a century and a half, and longed to see his heart, to count the circles around it, to ascertain how nearly I had guessed the truth. Then I thought of the sin, the crime, the sacrilege, of cutting down such a magnificent tree, to gratify a curiosity so trifling: nay, for any purpose! and my song involuntarily changed:

"Spare, oh spare that tree;
Touch not a single bough;
In peace it shelters me,
And I'll protect it now."

A few days after this, a cloud of terrible blackness rose from the south, directly over that broad woodland. The lightning was fearfully vivid, and the thunder was one continuous crash for more than half an hour. Each flash and each report seemed more and more directly over head, till at length there came a dazzling glare, and on the instant a terrific peal, which startled our household from their seats. The bolt fell into the very midst of the forest, and when, on the next day, I wandered thither, and sought my noble old oak, behold! there it lay, rent asunder in two equal parts by the fatal bolt, its "broad green crown" dragged in the underwood, and its wealth of foliage torn and scattered by the awful crash! I thought, as I went melancholy home, of that fine simile of old Waller—

"Thus the tall oak which now aspires
Above the fear of private fires,
Grown and designed for nobler use,
Not to make warm but build the house;
Though from our meaner fires secure,
Must that which falls from heaven endure!"

But, perhaps, this is enough woodland gossiping for one month. Come and see me here, and we'll go on with it at leisure. And, by the bye, why did you not do so, a fortnight since, when only within two miles of this very table, and, as I hear, in search of me? It is a delightful spot, and reminds one, by its location, of the opening of Denham's "Cooper's Hill"—

"Mine eye, descending from the hill, surveys
Where Thames among the wanton vallies strays."

Write Potomac for Thames, and the following lines, from the same refreshing poem, will describe Oakwood to you, like a guide-book:

"The wood-topped hill his forest summits hides
Among the clouds. His shoulders and his sides
A shady mantle clothes: his curled brows
Frown on the gentle stream, which calmly flows
While winds and storms his lofty forehead beat:
The common fate of all that's high or great.
Low at his foot a spacious plain is placed,
Between the mountain and the stream embraced,
Which shade and shelter from the hill receives,
While the kind river wealth and beauty gives:
And, in the mixture of all these appears
Variety, which all the rest endears!"

I will endeavor to give you some autumn foliage for October. Till then, adieu!

Oakwood, Va., Aug. 1, 1838.

J. F. O

EXPLORING EXPEDITION.

Thoughts suggested by its approaching departure.

Three periods characterize the history of the progress of navigation:—

In the first, Columbus discovers a new world. At a later period, hardy adventurers launch into the immense sea lying between the continents of America and Asia, discovering continents and islands, the inhabitants of which, it seemed to have condemned to remain forever unknown. By their hazardous voyages, the domain of geography is enriched with those numberless islands and fertile archipelagos, scattered throughout the great ocean, and all the numerous lands whose extent, position, formation, as well as the origin of their inhabitants, offer so vast a field to political enterprise, to the researches of the man of science, and the meditation of the philosopher.

These brilliant discoveries, dissipating the last shadows of the middle age, roused the spirit of conquest and of commercial speculation: ambition incited sovereigns, cupidity animated their subjects, and gold, the charms of which all men are capable of knowing and appreciating, was the sole object of every enterprise. And so passed the second period, of more than two centuries, during which the vessels of every maritime nation in Europe traversed the seas in every direction, adding to the discoveries of their predecessors such islands only as the fortune of their route might throw in their way. But no elevated sentiment governing this general and simultaneous movement, little advantage resulted from it to the acquisition of positive geographical knowledge. Nautical science was still in its infancy; it possessed only arbitrary and uncertain methods for the determination of longitudes at sea; and the men under whose command the vessels were placed, were, from their habits and education, more inclined to an adventurous pursuit of fortune, than to the advancement of the art on which depended the success of their profession. The positions of the accumulating discoveries, not being determined with even approximate accuracy upon the charts, and the most important of these discoveries being often kept secret, through the jealousy of certain nations, it sometimes happened that the same place was supposed to be discovered several times, and the science of geography was then at its epoch of disorder and confusion, during which, the navigator knew not on what to depend for his government, nor the historian from what document he could draw for authentic information.

Forty years of inaction succeeded this eager thirst of gold, war and conquest, upon these remote shores. During this time, the intelligence of Europe became emancipated; a revolution in feeling took place, the sciences shed a bright light over the theory of the celestial world, and over every branch of natural philosophy; the arts, enlightened by them, exerted a reciprocal influence, by extending their application, and civilization commenced an empire, henceforth never to be disputed. With better times came better principles—principles now more moral and more enlightened, more liberal and more humane, placing men in proper relation with the new state of things, and bringing back to their bosoms a sentiment of true glory.

Enlightened governments recognised at last the ne-

cessity of perfecting the knowledge of the globe—of describing the newly discovered portions, of fixing their relative positions, and of enriching science, commerce and the arts with the natural products of their different climates. England was the first to start in this glorious career, the era of which terminates the second period of the progress of navigation: she can boast a Cook, who established the geography of the oceanic seas, and founded the school from which proceeded Foster, Davis, Vancouver and others. France followed with honor: she had her Bougainville, Laperouse, Marchand, d'Entrecasteaux, &c. The public was put in possession of those interesting and instructive journals redounding so much to the credit of these illustrious men, and gaining for them universal gratitude and the admiration of navigators and geographers—journals forming of themselves complete encyclopedias; displaying the skill of the navigator and the veracity of the historian; from the rich records of which the statesman may draw his details for projects of public utility, and the philosopher and man of science the information to elucidate the phenomena of nature and of man.

The third period belongs to our own age. It is not remarkable for any great discoveries in geography, to immortalize the names of those who have made them. But a new spirit characterizes it, and a new glory is open to it:—a glory not less solid that it is more difficult to acquire, that it does not depend on fortune, and that it must be sought with trouble and danger to be merited. This period is immediately interesting to us, and will justify our entering into some details to make known the spirit which characterizes it.

The world may be said to have been known only in *mass*. The multitudes of voyages performed in every direction, had nearly demonstrated that there remained no more important lands to discover; that nothing more could be hoped than to fall upon some small islands on an unfrequented route, and perhaps some uninhabitable lands of little extent, which might be still shut up in the ices of the poles, that had as yet barred all access to them. How fatal to the advancement of human knowledge, had enlightened rulers, and learned societies, and navigators, and geographers, imagined then, that the full harvest had been reaped—that all had been done! Every thing, on the contrary, it may be asserted, with the exception of discoveries, remained to be done! The same ground was again to be gone over, but with more efficient material aid, and more precise and exact scientific means than the preceding age had been able to afford. Fortunately, Europe, recovering from its long wars, could at last enjoy the benefits of peace, and with the proof of its advance in science and intelligence, proclaim the high degree of civilization it had attained. The crowned heads of Europe perceived that the only ambition to be permitted them, was that of laboring for the prosperity and well-being of their people, in cherishing that elevated love of science, which had been developed, and which is now a characteristic of every nation. The epoch was ready. Astronomy had reached that sublime perfection as to strike with astonishment even him who is familiar with it. It taught numerous new methods of observation and calculation, applicable under all circumstances of navigation. The celestial Ephemerides, an indispensable work for the scientific traveller, and the most useful of the monuments raised

by the liberality and wisdom of France and England to the commerce of nations and in aid of humanity, were calculated with a degree of exactness till then unknown, and offered to the navigator a chart of the heavens, with which he could compare with confidence the sky of the regions which he visited, and safely deduce from this comparison all the elements of position, direction and distance that the object of his pursuit might require.

The mechanic arts had perfected the astronomical instruments, and those for measuring time; the ingenuity of the economic arts was taxed to improve the number and quality of articles of subsistence, in contriving new modes of preparation; and better means of preserving the health and comfort of the lonely adventurer, was secured by a variety and abundance of wholesome food. Finally, the improvements in naval architecture, by a better arrangement of the parts of the vessel, both as regarded the strength of the ship and the accommodation of the crew, conduced to the security and comfort of those, for whom it was so long to be the home. A vessel thus equipped for objects solely of science and humanity, may be considered the most wonderful production of the genius of man,—displaying at once his civilization and advancement in science and art, his elevated sentiments in the religion which he practises, and the desire of doing good which animates him; the polish of his manners, in the justice and moderation of discipline; and his energy and courage in the patriotism and devotion which he is called to display.

Thus, with respect to the state of navigation, science and the arts, every thing was in readiness to resume with ardor the geographic investigations, and place the knowledge of the globe in a fitting relation with the wants and with the knowledge of the age. Governments were well disposed, and men capable of carrying out the enterprises were not wanting. A state of war had been the means of founding brilliant schools of officers, of civil, military and marine engineers; it was a sound policy, to profit by the leisure of peace to obtain extended means of instruction, and keep in activity their bravery and intelligence.

UPON LAND:—Some portions of continents remain still unexplored, and others have been visited only with difficulty. Long voyages have been made, and yet only a faint light breaks through the thick darkness that still overshadows large portions of Asia and of Africa.

The nations of Europe were for a long time ignorant of their true respective limits, and the superficial extent of their possessions. Territorial property, public and private, was wanting in that *accurate determination*, which secures order and morality in society, by establishing the rights of its members. The people demanded that communications for purposes of commerce should be opened, and that outlets for the products of the agricultural and mechanic arts should be *contrived*. In order to accomplish these different objects of public interest, the necessity of one fundamental document is immediately recognised,—this is, *a map of the country*; but a map mathematically exact, based upon astronomical and geodesical observations, measures and calculations, on which should be delineated all the features of the country, in the minutest details. The undertaking of these extensive works has been ordered at great expense; the operations, requiring great skill and information,

have been conducted with zeal and fidelity; and within a period of about twenty years, Europe has been gradually covered with a network of triangles, embracing every corner of the land; upon this groundwork, by operations of another order, are delineated the *courses of streams, chains of mountains, outlines of coasts, &c.*; and topography furnished additional means of expressing the *relief* of all these different parts. Maps, thus constructed, afford a basis whereon to fix the extent and rights of territorial possessions, from the boundaries of a nation to those of the smallest farm. Civil engineers find there those grand inequalities of ground, a knowledge of which is necessary for their projects of roads and canals;—military engineers, those by which to determine a system of attack and defence, and the local administrations, the information required to carry on their various labors of public service.

UPON THE SEA:—The analogy existing with the land is perfect. The celebrated expeditions which had so honorably illustrated the close of the eighteenth century, had been able to execute their labors only on a scale of exactness commensurate with the state of the sciences at that period. It was known that several of their determinations required verification; that there were doubts to clear up; many discoveries to confirm or complete; that lands had only been visited, not explored; that some of the archipelagos were known only in their mass and not in detail; that every day brought with it through the commercial marine, knowledge of new islands and new isolated reefs, which were but indefinitely determined. It was perceived that everywhere navigation was deficient in good geographical positions, in places of refuge from tempests, and in ports for refitting; that everywhere it was attended with doubt and danger, and that everywhere a great want of nautical information was felt.

Navigation, which had enriched science and the world at large, had the right to expect a return; it had a right to demand the construction of nautical charts, general and particular, of every sea, founded upon the best astronomical and hydrographical observations.

It was these considerations that induced those useful expeditions which have been carried on in our own time, in which the officers appointed to conduct them have been called upon to display at once the qualities of the sailor, the officer, the diplomatist, and the man of science and literature; with whom learned men are glad to associate themselves, to have an opportunity of personally observing the phenomena of natural and physical science, which till this time they had been able to study only in their quiet homes.

England, France and Russia have entered this career, interrupted at intervals, only to await a more favorable opportunity, and to be renewed with ardor. Magnificent works containing the results of these expeditions have been published, and form a rich addition to the library of the scholar; they delight our leisure, enlarge our ideas, and extend the empire of the world. But the more brightly they merit our admiration and gratitude, for the information already to be derived from them, the more sensibly do we feel the want of what yet remains to be accomplished. Civilized nations are eager for new and positive knowledge, because it is becoming indispensable to the development of their education and of their institutions. In this respect, the

career so nobly commenced, will not be fully accomplished, till we see all those nations, whose interests and whose honor are concerned, entering frankly and heartily the lists of honorable emulation.

From the period when the United States so gloriously achieved their independence, their attention has been fully occupied with their civil and political institutions, with the material wants of a growing community and with the means of promoting the development of their population over the vast extent of their possessions. An unprejudiced observer will not consider it then at all surprising, that they have been unable to devote themselves at once to the cultivation of the arts and sciences. But though circumstances have precluded their contributing in this way to the march of civilization, has it not received powerful assistance in other respects quite as essential? It would be unjust to deny it. It was by the American people that *liberty* has been revived and cherished: it is they who have demonstrated to the world its blessings! it is they who have taught, by the force of their example, how rapidly a nation, under the shelter of its ægis, may obtain the highest degree of prosperity, and how securely it may base those institutions which will ever be the dearest to humanity. They are not yet ready for all the refinements of older and more advanced nations, but a spirit of attention is already developing, and the first essay in a new track is now about to be made.

Scarcely was American liberty assured, when the flag of the republic was to be seen waving over every coast of Europe: in the Indies, and on the shores of China; a spirit of speculation and enterprise bore it over the two oceans, and into all the internal seas, rousing a languid commerce, multiplying the exchanges of continent with continent, and nation with nation; and under the auspices of a wise neutrality, becoming the carriers of contending nations.

American commerce, disappointed for a moment in the hopes it had founded upon Asia, as a market for the produce of their soil and industry, undismayed in its weary voyage, goes to seek on its remote north-western coast, a substitute in the furs for which it would be sure to meet with a demand. These articles of exchange, though to the eye within an easy grasp of the American, were not all of them available; the most valuable, those of the wild regions of the western coast, were separated by a barrier hitherto deemed insurmountable; and while nature offered with one hand the tempting prize to the enterprise of the east, she pointed with the other to a weary and circuitous track of more than sixteen thousand miles, that must be traversed to procure it. But this difficulty could not arrest the enterprise of the American. He sets out on his long voyage, twice coasting the continent of the new world—from north to south, and from south again to north, and penetrates the high latitudes of the western coast of his country, to seek there a medium wherewith to open a lucrative commerce with the empire of China. Upon his route, he harpoons the whale upon the coasts of Brazil, pursues it into the frozen regions of the Antarctic seas, and amidst the numberless shoals and reefs of the archipelagos of the Pacific ocean up to the most remote regions of the north where his prey takes refuge.

Whilst the hardy mariner of New England is thus

opening to his country the commerce of the seas, the pioneers of Virginia and Pennsylvania traverse the Alleghanies at all points, explore the valley of the west and pitch their tents upon the borders of the Mississippi. By their efforts in settling the country, and industry in developing its resources, they lay the foundation of an interior commerce through the unknown nations inhabiting the forests beyond the mighty river of the west.

Government has also lent its aid to this energetic and extraordinary spirit of enterprise, which is displaying itself upon every point of the national territory. Lewis and Clarke accomplish their memorable journey from the Mississippi across the immense prairies watered by the Missouri, over the Rocky mountains, to the Pacific ocean. Major Pike and Major Long, in their successive expeditions, extend our knowledge of the far west, and commence its physical geography; and the adventurous trader, following now the tracks of these celebrated travellers, arrives at Santa Fe, California, or the mouth of the Columbia, and there meets the whaling captain of the eastern merchant, who has despatched them both.

From this time, the ardent commercial enterprise of the Americans has been more and more displayed upon sea and land; seconded by a spirit of association, the advantages of which are so well appreciated, every channel of abundance and prosperity has been opened; public wealth has been considerably augmented; the population has quintupled, the mercantile marine is inferior now only to one, and the United States have assumed a rank among the first nations in the world.

The people of the United States, after having strengthened their institutions and secured forever their nationality, could not fail to turn their attention to those great public improvements which characterize the civilization of the nineteenth century. And have they not acquired a right to some portion of national pride, when they contemplate what has been projected, and in part already executed, in their own country, of this character; when they see distinguished foreigners cross the ocean to examine and admire the vast system of internal communication and facilities of transport, which is extending with every day, new ramifications over new territories, where a new population is growing up?

Experience is showing every day, that the Atlantic coast is but very imperfectly known, and that this want of knowledge is becoming more and more destructive to life and to property, in proportion as the relations between the two worlds become more intimate. There is but one remedy—to make a *survey of the coast*.

The necessity of such a measure is obvious, from its importance to the security of commerce and navigation, and the influence it will exert over the choice of a good system of defence for the maritime frontier; society will also reap the benefit of the instruction that will be received from it by men of talents, when they leave the high theoretical and practical school that this great measure must of necessity create.

The survey has been ordered, and for some years has been conducted upon a plan which leaves nothing to be desired, when compared with the most perfect works of the kind that have yet been executed. The liberality of the means is commensurate with the mag-

nitude of the undertaking, and when finished, it will constitute one of the noblest monuments of public utility that science can raise to the glory of a nation.

We are now brought to an epoch, when interests not less considerable, and our national honor, make it a duty to take a direct and active part in the advancement of the geography and navigation of those remote seas hitherto so little known.

The increase of our commerce is such that not less than two to three hundred whaling vessels belonging to our countrymen, with from nine to twelve thousand men, are in the habit of frequenting the Pacific ocean, engaged in pursuits, the profits of which are so much the greater, as in most instances not dependent on a mere exchange of commodities, they are drawn by labor from the bottom of the deep. But these operations are difficult and hazardous, and the lives of the sailors are always in peril. We navigate the whole ocean—but we draw almost all our knowledge of it from the contributions of others. This state of things cannot fail to excite the solicitude of an enlightened people, who wish to fulfil their high destinies.

It has been determined, that a scientific expedition should be despatched to explore the South seas and Pacific ocean. Its primary object, is the promotion of the great interests of commerce, and the advancement of navigation and geography. Promotion of natural sciences is considered an object of great, but secondary importance.

The inquiries relative to these two objects naturally divide themselves into two distinct classes. The first class comprehends all researches referring to nautical art, to hydrography, to geography, to terrestrial magnetism, and to meteorology. These researches are the exclusive province of the officers of the navy, who sail in the expedition. The second class comprehends all the researches relative to the different branches of the natural history of the earth, to the history of the native tribes, to philology, &c. These researches are entrusted particularly to the scientific corps, which is to make part of the expedition, chosen from individuals not of the navy, each one of whom will have special charge of the department under which he is nominated.

August 7, 1835.

PRINCE TALLEYRAND.

To the Editor of the Southern Literary Messenger.

SIR: At a time when the recent death of that extraordinary man Talleyrand, attracts so much attention to his character, I have thought that a translation of the discourse which he delivered at the French Academy, a few months before his decease, might not be altogether unacceptable to your readers. It is in itself a remarkable circumstance, that this veteran statesman and courtier, loaded with years, riches and honors, should at an age so advanced, present himself at the literary tribune. The purpose too was an amiable one, for it was to bear testimony, which he alone could render, to the merits of a man of humble birth, of different religion, and of position and functions, often, comparatively obscure.

But what gives the greatest interest to this production is, that it contains the diplomatic creed of perhaps the greatest negotiator of ancient or modern times. It is gratifying to observe, that he repels with something like indignation, the prevalent notion that deception and duplicity are indispensable to the diplomatist. He proclaims *good faith*, not only to be a duty but a necessary one, in negotiating, as the sole foundation in fact of confidence, but accompanied by discretion and reserve. Dr. Franklin could not have expressed a more true or republican sentiment. In hazarding the opinion that theologians make the best diplomatists, Talleyrand pays an indirect compliment to himself, as he is perhaps the most remarkable illustration of the proposition, which could be adduced. The remarks of the veteran statesman upon the obligation of duty, the religion of duty, as he expressively calls it, are philosophical, sagacious, and well worthy of deep consideration. But I did not set out with the intention of analyzing this remarkable discourse. It is distinguished by an elegant, yet severe simplicity of style, characteristic of the best age of French literature. Clear, yet forcible; pointed, yet flowing; it has none of the *faux brillant* of the present school. It was listened to with admiration, by an audience composed of all the rank, wit and intelligence of the French metropolis. I have preserved its phraseology, as much as is consistent with the English idiom.

Before I close, I cannot resist the temptation of relating an anecdote which I have never seen in print. It is strikingly illustrative of the perfect self-control of Talleyrand; his *impassibility*, as the French term it. I think it was in 1827, while attending in his capacity of Grand Chamberlain, the anniversary commemoration of the death of Louis XVI, in the cathedral of St. Denis, as he was leaving the door, he was struck to the earth by a certain *de Maubreuil*, and remained some time insensible, stunned either by the force of the blow or of the fall. This *de Maubreuil* asserted, that he had been employed by Talleyrand, after the fall of Napoleon, to attack or assassinate some of the members of the Bonaparte family, in order to recover the crown jewels. He did not succeed in his mission, and when he applied for his reward, as he asserted, Talleyrand refused to recognize him, and ever after persisted in disavowing him. Spurred to frenzy by this alleged neglect, he could find no other means of revenging himself, than by this public outrage. The story of *de Maubreuil* who was looked upon as deranged, obtained but little credence. I happened during a residence of several years in Paris, to be well acquainted with the Baroness de Bourgoing, widow of a distinguished ambassador, who wrote a very good work on Spain, and mother-in-law of Marshal Macdonald, a woman of superior intelligence and manners, who was then "*Surintendante*, of the royal establishment of the Legion of Honor at St. Denis." Her house was the resort of the best company, and I recollect, among others, to have spent a morning there with Madame Recamier, so famous in the annals of beauty and fashion. No longer young, she was still unusually attractive in face and person, and of exceedingly modest and interesting manners. She was really what the French call *de beaux restes*. This by way of episode. To return to my story; a son of Madame de Bourgoing told me, that the Prince, after the outrage, was brought into his mother's apartment, and that as soon as he re-

covered, he ordered himself to be driven to Paris, which is five or six miles from St. Denis. Young de Bourgoing and another gentleman accompanied him, but although he spoke with usual animation upon the ordinary topics, he never once alluded to the occurrence which a few minutes before, had nearly deprived him of life. This proceeded from his habitual caution. He would not trust himself to speak of the event, at such a moment. It was the *reserve* of the diplomatist. Speaking, in his discourse, of the qualities appropriate to a Minister of Foreign Affairs, he ends by saying "in short, he should not cease, one moment in the twenty-four hours, to be Minister of Foreign Affairs."

Very respectfully your obedient servant,

J. L. M.

Washington, 27th July, 1838.

COUNT REINHART.

A Discourse pronounced by M. de Talleyrand at the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences of Paris, on the 3d March, 1838.

Gentlemen: I was in America when you were good enough to elect me a member of the Institute, and to attach me to the class of moral and political sciences, to which, since its origin, I have the honor to belong.

Upon my return to France, my first care was to attend its sittings, and to express to the persons who then composed it, many of whom have bequeathed us just regrets, the pleasure which I felt at being one of their colleagues. At the first sitting at which I was present, I had the honor of being appointed secretary. The minutes, which for the space of six months, it was my duty to record, with all the care of which I was capable, exhibited perhaps, in too great a degree, the indications of my diffidence; for I was called upon to describe a work with which I was by no means familiar. This work, which had doubtless cost one of our most learned colleagues, much time and labor, was entitled: "A Dissertation upon *Ripary* laws." About the same time, I also read, at our public meetings, several papers, which, thanks to the indulgence accorded to me, were inserted in the memoirs of the Institute. Since that period forty years have elapsed, during which time, this Tribune has been in a manner interdicted to me, first, by frequent absence; then, by occupations to which duty compelled me to devote myself entirely; I should add also, by the discretion which difficult times exact of a public man; and at last, by the infirmities which age generally brings with it, or, which it never fails, at least, to aggravate.

But to-day, I feel it a desire and a duty, to present myself here, for the last time, that the memory of a man known to all Europe, of a man whom I loved, and who, from the formation of the Institute was our colleague, might receive a public testimony of our esteem and regret. His position and mine, enable me to proclaim, at least partially, his merits. His chief, I will not say his only title to renown, consists in a correspondence, of forty years, necessarily unknown to the public, and which, probably, it will never see. "Who, I said to myself, will speak of it, within this precinct, if it be not I, who received the greater part of it, to whom it was always so entertaining, and sometimes so useful in the ministerial duties which I fulfilled under three reigns. . . . so different?"

Count Reinhart, when I saw him for the first time, was thirty, and I, thirty-seven years of age. He entered public life with a large fund of acquired knowledge. He knew five or six languages, and was familiar with their various literature. He might have rendered himself celebrated, as a poet, as a historian, or as a geographer; and it was in this last capacity that he became a member of the Institute at its creation.

At this epoch, he was already a member of the Academy of Sciences of Gottingen. Born and educated in Germany, he had published in his youth, some poetical efforts, which had honored him with the notice of Gessner, of Wieland, and of Schiller. At a later period, obliged by the state of his health to have recourse to the waters of Carlsbad, he had the good fortune, to meet frequently with the celebrated Goethe, who appreciated his taste and his acquisitions, so well as to desire to be kept informed by him of every thing which produced any sensation in French literature. M. Reinhart promised to oblige him: engagements of this kind between men of a superior order, are always reciprocal, and soon become bonds of friendship; those which were formed between M. Reinhart and Goethe, gave rise to a correspondence, which is about to be printed in Germany.

It will be learned from thence, that having arrived at that time of life, when it becomes necessary to decide upon a profession, M. Reinhart reflected deeply upon himself, upon his tastes, his position and that of his family, before coming to a determination; and then, what was remarkable at such a time, to a career which might have made him independent, he preferred one in which it was not possible to be so. He gave the preference to the diplomatic career, and he did well; adapted to all the employments of this profession, he filled them all successively, and all with distinction.

I will hazard the opinion here, that he had been happily prepared for it by his early studies. That of theology, particularly, in which he had distinguished himself at the seminary of Denkendorf, and in that of the Protestant Faculty at Tubingen, had given him a force and at the same time a suppleness of logic, which is to be observed in all the productions of his pen. To escape the apprehension of yielding to an idea which might seem paradoxical, I feel myself obliged to recall here, the names of several of our great negotiators, all theologians, and all distinguished in history for having conducted the most important political affairs of their time; the cardinal chancellor Duprat, equally versed in the civil and canon law, who settled with Leo X the basis of the *Concordat*, of which several dispositions are still in force: cardinal d'Ossat, who in spite of the efforts of several great powers, succeeded in reconciling Henry IV to the court of Rome, the collection of whose letters is still prescribed to young men destined to public business: cardinal de Polignac, theologian, poet and negotiator, who, after so many disastrous wars, was enabled, by the treaty of Utrecht, to preserve to France, the conquests of Louis XIV. It was also in the midst of theological books, that his father, then bishop of Gap, commenced the education of M. de Lyonne, whose name has acquired a new lustre by a recent and important publication.

The names which I have just cited, appear to me sufficient to sustain the influence which, in my opinion,

was exerted upon M. Reinhart by the early studies to which he had been directed by paternal care.

The various and solid knowledge, which he had acquired, caused him to be called to Bordeaux, to fulfil the honorable and modest duties of preceptor in a Protestant family of that city.

There, he naturally found himself in relation with several of the men, whose talents, errors and death, threw so much *éclat* upon our first legislative assembly. M. Reinhart, was easily persuaded by them to attach himself to the service of France.

I will not constrain myself to follow him step by step, through the vicissitudes which marked his long career. In the numerous employments confided to him, of an order sometimes superior, sometimes inferior, there seems to be an incongruity, an absence of catenation, which is difficult to conceive, at present. But at that period as little prejudice was attached to places, as to persons. In other times, favor, sometimes discernment, called men to eminent stations. At the period of which I speak, every position was conquered. Such a state of things soon leads to confusion.

Thus we see M. Reinhart, first Secretary of Legation at London—occupying the same place at Naples—Minister Plenipotentiary near the Hanseatic towns, Hamburg, Bremen and Lubec—Head of the third division in the department of foreign affairs—Minister Plenipotentiary at Florence—Minister of Foreign Relations—Minister Plenipotentiary in Helvetia—Consul General at Milan—Minister Plenipotentiary near the circle of Lower Saxony—Resident in the Turkish provinces beyond the Danube, and commissary general of commercial relations in Moldavia—Minister Plenipotentiary near the king of Wirtemberg—Director of the Chancellery of the department of foreign affairs—Minister Plenipotentiary near the Germanic Diet, and of the free city of Frankfort,—and last of all, Minister Plenipotentiary at Dresden.

How many places, how many duties, how many interests, confided to one man, and that at an epoch, when talents seemed to be the less appreciated, as war appeared to take charge of every thing!

You will not expect it of me, gentlemen, to recount in detail and in order of date, all the labors of M. Reinhart in the different employments, which you have just heard enumerated. This would require a book.

I am to speak to you only of the manner in which he comprehended the functions which he had to fulfil, whether as a head of division, minister or consul.

Although M. Reinhart had not then the advantage, which he enjoyed some years later, of studying excellent models, he already knew, how many and how diverse qualities, should distinguish a head of division in the department of foreign affairs. A delicate tact had taught him that his habits should be simple, regular, retired; that, a stranger to the turmoil of the world, he should live for business alone, and vow to it an impenetrable secrecy; that, ever ready to give information on men and things, he should always have present in his memory, the whole series of treaties; know historically their dates; discern with accuracy their strong and feeble points, their antecedents and their consequences; recollect in fine the names of the principal negotiators, and even their family relations; yet that while employing this knowledge, he should take care not to alarm the pride of the

ministry, and that even while leading it to his opinion, his success must remain in the shade; for he knew, that he ought to shine with a reflected light alone; but he knew likewise, that no small share of consideration is naturally attached to so pure and modest a life.

The spirit of observation of M. Reinhart did not stop there; it had led him to discover how rare is the combination of qualities necessary to a minister of foreign affairs. A minister of foreign affairs should be endowed with a sort of instinct, which giving him prompt notice, prevents him, before discussion, from ever compromising himself. He requires the faculty of appearing open while he is impenetrable; of being reserved with an air of carelessness; of being politic even in the choice of his recreations: his conversation must be simple, various, unexpected, always natural and sometimes ingenuous; in a word, he should never cease, for one moment in the twenty-four hours, to be minister of foreign affairs.

Nevertheless, all these qualities, rare as they are, might not suffice, if good faith did not furnish them with a guarantee of which they almost always stand in need. No, I must pronounce it here, in order to destroy a prejudice which generally prevails, diplomacy is not a science of cunning and duplicity. If good faith is ever necessary, it is chiefly so in public transactions, for it is this which renders them solid and durable. Reserve has been confounded with deception. Good faith never authorises deception, but it permits reserve, and reserve has this peculiarity, that it augments confidence.

Governed by the honor and interest of his country, by the honor and interest of his prince, by the love of liberty founded upon order and upon the rights of all, a minister of foreign affairs, if he understands his position, is thus placed in the noblest situation to which an elevated mind can aspire.

After having been a skilful minister, how many things must yet be known to be a good consul! for the duties of a consul are infinitely various; they are of a character totally different from those of the other functionaries of foreign affairs. They demand much practical knowledge for which a particular education is necessary. Consuls are in a situation to be called upon to exercise towards their countrymen, to the extent of their jurisdiction, the functions of judges, arbitrators and mediators; they are often civil officers; they perform the task of notaries, often that of naval administrators; they determine questions of sanitary regulation; it is they who, by their stated communications, can give a just and complete account of the state of commerce, navigation and manufactures of the countries in which they reside. Accordingly M. Reinhart, who neglected nothing in order to assure himself of the accuracy of the information, which he was able to communicate to his government, and the justice of the decisions he was called upon to make, as a political or consular agent, or as naval administrator, had made a profound study of national and maritime law. This study had led him to the belief, that a time would come, when by contrivances skilfully prepared, a general system of commerce and navigation might be established, in which the interests of all nations should be respected, and with such a basis, that war could not alter the principle, even though it should suspend some of its consequences. He was also skilled to resolve with certainty and prompti-

tude all questions of exchange, of arbitration, of the conversion of currency, weights and measures, and all this without a single remonstrance ever having been addressed, against the information which he gave, or the decisions which he pronounced. It is true, indeed, that the personal consideration which accompanied him throughout his career, gave weight to his intervention in the transactions referred to his examination or arbitration.

But extensive as the knowledge of a man may be, however large his capacity, a perfect diplomatist is rare; yet M. Reinhart would perhaps have been one, had he possessed one more faculty: he saw and comprehended clearly; pen in hand, he described admirably what he had seen or heard. His style was copious, easy, lively and pointed; hence of all the diplomatic correspondence, there was none to which the Emperor Napoleon, who was necessarily and by right difficult to please, did not prefer that of Count Reinhart. But this same man who wrote admirably, expressed himself with difficulty. To develop itself, his mind required more time than could be obtained in conversation. In order that his internal language might readily reproduce itself, it was necessary that he should be alone and unaccompanied.

In spite of this real inconvenience, M. Reinhart succeeded always, in doing and doing well too, every thing with which he was charged. Where then did he find the means of success? Whence came his inspirations?

He derived them, gentlemen, from a true and profound sentiment which governed all his actions—from the sentiment of duty. The efficacy of this sentiment is not sufficiently understood. A life devoted entirely to duty, is very easily disengaged from ambition. The life of M. Reinhart, was one devoted entirely to the duties which he had to perform, without ever exhibiting a trace of personal calculation, or of pretension to precipitate advancement.

This religion of duty, to which M. Reinhart was faithful all his life, consisted in an exact submission to the instructions and orders of his principals; in an unceasing vigilance which, united to great perspicacity, never left them in ignorance of what it was requisite they should know; in a scrupulous veracity in all his communications, were they pleasant or disagreeable; in an impenetrable discretion; in a regularity of life which invoked confidence and esteem; in a decorous bearing; in fine, in a constant attention to give to the acts of his government that color and those explanations which were called for by the intent of the affairs in which he participated.

Although age had indicated to M. Reinhart the time for repose, he would never have asked to retire, such was his fear of exhibiting a lukewarmness to serve in a career which had been that of his whole life. It was necessary, that the royal beneficence, always so attentive, should anticipate him, by giving to this great servant of France, the most honorable station, in calling him to the Chamber of Peers.

Count Reinhart did not enjoy this honor sufficiently long; he died, almost suddenly, on the twenty-fifth of December, 1837.

M. Reinhart was twice married. He left a son by his first marriage, who has entered upon political life. The best wish that can be made for the son of such a father, is, that he may resemble him.

THE BLIND DAUGHTER.

BY ELORA.

Around a cottage-door
Bright honey-suckles twined,
And roses, of the richest bloom,
Were lavish of their sweet perfume,
To charm the evening wind.
Not yet the sun had left the sky,
Though the pale moon was rising high.

Soft fell the purple light
On flower and guardian tree;
It wandered o'er the moss-grown eaves,
And played among the dancing leaves,
Like a spirit—silently;
At last it found a resting place
Upon a pale and quiet face.

Alas, for earthly joy!
Death had been busy there;—
And yet so lightly did he pass,
He had not bent one blade of grass,
Or stirred the summer air.
But ah, too surely aimed his dart
Against one true and loving heart!

Smooth o'er the marble brow
Reposed the glossy hair,
While here and there a tress of gray,
Amid its jet, like silver ray,
Tokened of grief and care.
But on the lips there lingered yet
The seal which parting love had set!

No sound shall wake her more
Whether of joy or woe:
All vainly doth her loved one weep,
She heeds not in her dreamless sleep,
Whose tears of sorrow flow.
Ah happy, that she doth not see
Her daughter's hopeless agony.

Woe, for that weeping girl!
Hers is a mournful lot.
For though her eyes like violets bright,
Are beauteous in the starry light,
Like them, *she seeth not*.
Hark! while her tears of anguish flow,
She speaks in broken music low.

"Oh, God! It cannot be—
I could bear all but *this*!
I have not murmured that these eyes
Looked not upon the glorious skies,
Thy home of light and bliss.
I asked no more to make me blest
Than in my mother's arms to rest.

"Her voice was always soft—
I never knew it chide;
And often when I'd hear them tell
The color of some floweret's bell,
I felt a tender pride,
In thinking it was like a word
Of music, from my mother heard.

"I loved to kiss her brow—
 Her lip, her cheek, her hand ;—
 To twine my fingers in her hair,
 Far-floating o'er her shoulders bare,
 Loosed at my gay command.
 And I was happy, till there came
 The blight of sickness o'er her frame !

"Then burst the tempest forth !
 Her voice grew faint and low—
 Each day I felt she was more weak—
 Until at last she could not speak,
 Or I her wishes know.
 Vainly I bent my eager ear—
 She tried to tell—I could not hear !

"Her friends came kindly in,
 They tended her with care ;
 They answered to her asking eye
 With ever-ready sympathy
 Whilst I sat idle there.
 Yes, I, who loved her more than all,
 Sat useless by the cottage wall.

"But when at last they told
 My mother soon must die,
 When I stood breathless by the bed,
 And some one came to me, and said,
 For the last time her eye,
 Loving and as an angel mild,
 Was gazing on her darling child ;

"Maddened and sick at heart,
 I strained my sightless eyes ;
 But all was dark—no blessed ray
 To show me where my mother lay
 Fell from the pitying skies.
 I could not mark each change that came
 In warning o'er her gentle frame.

"I thought my heart would break,
 Knowing she looked on me—
 That o'er each feature of my face
 She lingered with a dying gaze—
 A gaze I might not see !
 Silent I stood—as turned to stone—
 Waiting to hear her parting groan.

"I felt her hand grow cold—
 It tightened in its grasp ;—
 My tears were frozen in my heart,
 Until at length they tried to part
 Her fingers from their clasp.
 Then with a storm of anguish vain,
 They gushing fell like summer rain.

"Who now will lead my feet
 Where whispering waters glide ?
 Or sit with me beneath the trees,
 Sweet converse holding with the breeze,
 That roams the forest wide ?
 Or rest, amid the odorous bowers,
 To hear the murmurs of the flowers ?

"Mother! we will not part—
 Death cannot long divide.
 But in a far-off world of light,

Where God shall gift thy child with sight
 We'll wander side by side.
 Joyful I spring to thy embrace
 Seeing at last thy blessed face !"

She paused—her eager ear
 Had caught the warning sound
 Of voices and approaching feet—
 She waited not their steps to greet,
 But with a sudden bound
 Towards the bier, one cry she gave,
 And died with her she could not save !

Philadelphia, 1838.

MISS SEDGWICK.

To Mr. T. W. WHITE,

Editor of Southern Literary Messenger.

My Dear Sir:—Being at present much occupied with domestic duties, and never in the habit of writing for more dignified periodicals than souvenirs, and having nothing better to send you than the following passages, I should have foreborne, but that I wished to express to you my desire to comply with your request, and my very grateful sense of your repeated attentions in sending your valuable Journal to me, and that during this hot season I imagine quantity may sometimes be desirable to you (as filling up) independent of quality.

Believe me, my dear sir,

Very respectfully and gratefully, yours,

C. M. SEDGWICK.

Stockbridge, Mass. July 20, 1838.

PASSAGES

FROM A JOURNAL AT ROCKAWAY.

If there is any time at which the love of nature is felt to be an universal passion—a love to which all other loves should be sacrificed—it is at the coming on of Spring, when Nature is to our senses a manifestation of the Creator—a realization of that belief of ancient philosophy, that in nature the Almighty Spirit lived and moved and had it's being. Even the poor pent-up denizen of the city, cabined, cribbed, confined as he is, at this season, when nature visibly begins her beautiful processes—makes some demonstrations that the love of her is not dead within him: the trees he has planted, (God's witnesses amidst brick walls) the birds (albeit stolen from their natural habitations in the green wood) in their cages, and the carefully tended plants at the open windows are signs of this love.

Those who have passed their childhood where Nature's choicest temples are fixed—who may be said, in some humble sort, to have served at her altars, are most impatient at the actual discomforts as well as privations of a summer city life. I do not know that I ever experienced a more delightful sensation than that produced a few days since by a change from New York to Rockaway—from frying in the city, to the life-giving breezes of this magnificent sea-shore. Perhaps neither heat nor cold should be positive evils to those in tolerable health; but who is stoical enough to be independent of them? No topic, not morals, politics, nor even religion, is, from the beginning to the end of life, so

often and so thoroughly discussed as the weather. It is the breath of life to old and young, to rich and poor, and when it comes so fiercely hot as during the last week, we suffer—and suffering there are few that do not complain. Besides, is it not a positive evil during the month of June, when the summer is in the freshness and beauty of her youth, the only month that in our northern region shadows forth a poet's spring, is it not an evil to be imprisoned in a city, to have your senses deprived of the nutriment prepared by Heaven to restore them to their natural ministry to the mind; for, do not the odors and the music of June (to say nothing of the strawberries!) awaken the dullest imagination?

A week in the city, in June, is then always a loss, but a week like the last, when the mercury, in our coolest apartments, stood at 80°, and in the warmest at a point that would not have seemed enviable to the wretches in the hottest circle of Dante's Inferno: after such a week's experience in town, the change to Rockaway makes one feel, as Dives might have felt if the gulph had not been impassable that divided him from Lazarus. For the last seven days not a drop of rain had fallen, the air was thick and heavy with impalpable dust, the very leaves on the trees seemed to feel it too hot to move—and the poor little caged birds that had been singing themselves and us into forgetfulness of our exile from Nature, were withdrawn from their airings, and were silently languishing in darkened apartments. We had cast off every garment that could be dispensed with; our flannels were forgotten friends. I was suddenly summoned here to join a very dear invalid friend, and I set off to do the most agreeable thing in the world with the delightful self-complacency resulting from the performance of a duty. The golden cup given to the miser in Parnell's apologue is an illustration of the profuseness, with which Providence throws golden pleasures into the scale of our duties. My companion was a charming school-girl, who enjoyed with a school-girl's relish the unexpected transition from her tasks to our excursion. As we hurried down Broadway to take the four o'clock rail-car at Brooklyn, the heat was intense. In the ferry-boat we felt the life-restoring sea-breeze that came sweeping up the bay; and when the cars began their flight, we were cooled down to the temperate point. At Jamaica, where we were transferred to Mott's waggon and entered on the pretty country road that leads to the beach, the wind was so cool that we wrapped our blanket shawls close around us, and here we have found them sitting with the windows down, and we feel as if we had jumped from a hot bath into a snow-bank.

And here before my window is the "great and wide sea." What an image of eternity it is at this moment shrouded in mist! You hear its mighty voice—you know its reality, and that "therein are things innumerable;" but beyond the line where human feet tread, you see nothing—There where the breakers fall, as upon the borders of human life, is all the din and uproar. Beyond, through that immeasurable distance, all seems repose; and seems so only because it is like eternity, hidden from our vision.

Monday, P. M.—I went alone to walk on the beach. There had been a storm, and the clouds that were wildly scudding over the heavens here and there, broke away,

and the sunbeams poured from the bright world above them and kindled in the east a rainbow that dropped its column of colored light into the ocean. I would commend any one afflicted with self-exaggeration to a solitary walk on a sea-beach. All *selfism* is lost in an overpowering sentiment of reverence. I had an almost painful feeling of illimitable power, but as I turned from the surf which was breaking magnificently, a sweet breath from the landward clover-fields met me, and filled my eyes with tears and my heart with sensations like those that answer the voices of kindred, or are called forth by the little beam that greets us from the candle in our own home, when we return from a stranger's dwelling.

Monday evening brought me three letters. Where do letters *not* come except, as Johnson lamented, not to the grave? Chance could hardly throw together the productions of three more remarkable women than my correspondents—the least of them in the world's eye is the greatest, perhaps in the kingdom of heaven. — has many high faculties, some almost preternatural powers that — does not approach; clearer moral perceptions and loftier aspirations no one has. They are not unlike in that quality that, like a pure atmosphere gives vigor and effect to all others—naturalness. Neither has — the varied and enriching experience, the glowing imagination and the almost unlimited acquisitions of Mrs. —; but she has a healthier and therefore a happier spirit. She has the spontaneous richness and goodness that are God's gifts, and as superior to any acquired talents or results of virtuous efforts as sunlight to lamplight, or the gracious showers from the clouds to the pourings from a watering-pot. Her mind seems, without an effort (for you see no fluttering of the wings) to rise to the highest altitude: and, kind and patient, without any apparent stooping, to come down to the least duty. While poor — is beating her golden feathers off against every limit as if limits were prison walls, — is singing on every bough, feathering every nest as well as her own, and feeding every chance bird.

Tuesday.—The gay season for watering-places has not yet come, and beside the untiring and ever-exciting view of the sea, there is little to vary life here; there are drives on the beach, and when the tide is up, round the pretty rural lanes of the interior, past the farm-houses, where you see plenty of pig-nurseries and hen-coops, where generations are preparing for the all-devouring jaws of the New York market. Then we have those three great daily events of all watering-places, breakfast, dinner and tea, diversified by the liberality of Messrs. Blake & Mead, and the ingenuity of French cooks. And we have arrivals and departures. At this moment there is standing before the piazza a carriage built upon the model of an English mail-coach, with four grey horses, their master seated on the box with a friend; the coachman and footman in frock coats, shorts, and white top boots in the dickey, and the lady, her nurses and children, inside. The coach and harness are blazoned with stags' heads and other heraldic devices. Some impertinent whispers asking from which side of the house these anti-republican emblems are derived, are suppressed from respect to the unpretending lady, who, with her pretty children, the picture of an American matron, is courteously smiling

and bowing her adieux. The sarcasm is changed to a regret at the bad taste of appropriating unmeaning emblems.

Wednesday morning.—Would that some one who had Charles Lamb's art of putting *les petits morales* in picturesque lights, would write an essay upon the moralities of a watering-place! Essays have been written demonstrating that the most common extravagance consisted in the thoughtless expenditure of hours and shillings. Is there not a similar waste from carelessness of those lesser moralities, which make up the sum of most people's virtues? There are few (certainly few women,) born to "point a moral or adorn a tale"—few Charlotte Cordays or Elisabeth Frys; but all, by economising small but abundant opportunities of producing, not great good, but agreeable sensations, may add materially to the sum of human happiness. At a watering-place, for example, if a gentleman, instead of casting a doubtful or sarcastic glance at a newly arrived stranger, bestow some trifling courtesy—if it be but a bow or a word of kind greeting, enough to express "we are fellow-beings"—especially if the new comer happen to be not fashionable, not *comme il faut*, and the saluter be so—it will be seen that a sunbeam has fallen across the stranger's path: and who can estimate the value of a sunbeam, a moral sunbeam?

All the world are purveyors of pleasure for the fashionable and beautiful; but there are at all watering-places, unknown, unattractive and solitary beings, who are cheered by a slight courtesy expressing the courtesy of the heart. An invalid may be relieved of weary moments by a patient listener to his complaints: this is perhaps weakness, but never mind; let the weak profit by the strength of the strong, and an easy obedience will be rendered to the great precept, "Bear ye one another's burdens." An old man may be gratified (at small expense,) by the offer of precedence at table, or a privileged seat on a sofa.

I have known ladies, long disused to such courtesies, brightened for half an hour by a courteous picking up of a dropped pocket-handkerchief. There are small sins of commission, as well as of omission, thoughtlessly enacted. For instance, a wretched dyspeptic complained to me this morning that he lost his two hours' sleep (all the fiend allows him,) by reason of one of his neighbors taking a fancy to walk the gallery half the night in creaking boots. And at this moment half a dozen lawless children are shouting and screaming in the gallery adjoining the room of an invalid who is vainly trying to sleep. Are not these violations of the laws of humanity? and should creaking boots be worn by any but the confessed enemies of their race? and is it not enough to make a misanthrope of a Burchell, to have the music of children's footsteps converted into such an annoyance?

Ah when shall we see the principle of brotherhood, that informs the great operations of philanthropists, brought to bear upon the common charities of life—upon the social relations in these summer resorts, where people "most do congregate?"—How it would annihilate distances between man and man, bring down the loftiness of the lofty, and exalt the depressed!—How it would kindle up the evening horizon of the aged, and disperse the mists from the dawn of the young!

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

COMMENCEMENT ANNIVERSARY. GEORGETOWN COLLEGE. THE DINNER, &c.

My dear White:—As the appropriate vehicle of such information, I beg to ask you to devote a page or two of the Southern Literary Messenger to the record of one of the most interesting, intellectual, and social treats it has ever been my good fortune to partake of. I allude to the Annual Commencement of the Georgetown College, which took place on the 24th July, 1838. You and your work were remembered both in the college, and at the festive board, upon that occasion, and in a manner, too, which would have given you much pleasure and pride to hear.

The literary exercises were, in the main, highly respectable to the students who had parts. Where all was so good, it would be invidious, perhaps, to particularise; yet I must say a few words with regard to the performances of the four graduates, and one or two of the undergraduates, who had exercises, for prizes and premiums. Of those who graduated, young Doyle of New York, and Green of Washington, had the first parts. The valedictory of Doyle was very well written, but delivered very badly, on account of the imperfectness with which it had been committed. Another part, by the same young gentleman, in defence of Natural, as compared with Moral Philosophy, as a science, was far more creditable to him, both in matter and manner, and was, as well as the oration of Green, upon Ancient and Modern Republics, a very good specimen of youthful composition and eloquence. The latter was perhaps too strongly imbued with a sectional political feeling,—a fault, which the obvious good sense and judgment of the talented young author will most surely correct, whenever he finds it obtruding upon more practical efforts, hereafter. I would here remark, that it seemed to be the general impression that Green was entitled, all things considered, and so far as those present could judge, to the first honor, instead of Doyle. Young Ford took up the defence of Moral, against the oration of Doyle in favor of Natural Philosophy, as a science, and produced a very creditable essay, in point of composition. The manner of treating it was somewhat common-place, however. Luckett of Maryland produced quite a sensation by his vigorous, spirited, and admirably delivered argument against the senseless practice of duelling, and gave promise thereby, of future distinction, if his life be spared, and his present ambition holds, in the councils of his country. As he has now stepped but a single pace upon the stage, will he pardon an admirer of his talents for suggesting to him one or two hints as to manner? His style is very fine and effective, but he speaks far too rapidly; a fault which was remarked also in the performance of Green, which, beautiful as it was, was yet greatly marred by the extreme indistinctness consequent upon the rapidity with which he spoke. Mr. Luckett must alter his present mode of pronouncing those familiar words in our language, which terminate in *ere*, before he can become a finished speaker. He invariably gave that termination the sound of simple *o* or *oe*; as *store* for "store," *before* for "before,"—and the like. I cannot forbear to add to this notice an expression of sincere and earnest hope that Mr. Luckett will carry out with him, from the University into the world, the same stern Roman sentiments with regard to the absurd custom of duelling, which he so eloquently and forcefully denounced in this oration.

While on the subject of verbal criticism, I will notice a common mispronunciation of one other of the most familiar words in the language, which struck my ear during the delivery of Green's performance. It is an error into which members of congress, in both chambers, are continually falling, but derives from that fact, no good philological sanction. I allude to the pronunciation of "inallenable" as if spelt *inaleenable*, with the emphasis on the third syllable. Walker's Johnson gives the sound of this word thus: *in-ale-ye-nable*; which is certainly not only much easier to articulate, but is also a great deal more euphonical to the ear.

There were several performances from the pen of young Lewis (an undergraduate) of Tennessee, which promise very brightly for the future poetical fame of the precocious author. He seems to have adopted the heroic measure as his *forte*, and gave some very pretty paraphrases of passages in Grecian and Roman history, somewhat in the manner of Pope and Dryden.

But he has originality of genius enough to vary this style of composition; and if he would turn his attention to the lighter and more popular measures, he might make his verse the seed of greener and broader laurels than now deck the brows of many a modern poet.

Cuyler gave us a very good syllabus of American authors, with a clever running sketch of the growth and achievement of American literature. But I am at a loss to perceive the force of that criticism which concedes the palm of preference over all our writers to Mr. N. P. Willis, and places Bryant, Halleck, Percival, Irving, Cooper, and the rest, in a lower niche.

The prizes and premiums were awarded by Archbishop Eccleston of Baltimore, with much imposing ceremony, and the parts assigned to the recipients were all very creditably performed. There was very fine music by a well-conducted band interspersed among the exercises, and, at about noon, the large audience separated with great apparent satisfaction with the treat they had been enjoying.

After taking a view of the fine prospects which are to be seen from every point of view about the college, and having examined the well-ordered arrangements for the comfort, convenience, health and happiness of the students, I had the honor of sitting down, with other invited guests, at one of the most sumptuous and social banquets it was ever my happiness to partake of. The venerable Archbishop of Baltimore presided, with much dignity and urbanity, over the festive board, around which were seated citizens from every part of the District, with several from different states in the Union, without distinction of religious sect. It was truly delightful to witness the proofs of attachment and devotedness to the prosperity of their *Alma Mater* evinced by several of the Alumni, who were present,—while the invited guests, generally, with that liberality which is the sure promoter of socialness and good-feeling, were by no means backward in bearing their parts in the festivity of the occasion.

The first sentiment, after the cloth was removed, was given by the Rev. Mr. Mulledy, late principal of the college. Premising that it was a custom of the Institution to give a parting dinner to the graduates, annually, he said that he was reminded of the origin of the word "graduate,"—which came from *Gradior, gradi, gressus,—to walk*. His sentiment should be, May our graduates "walk" as they have been taught.

To which Mr. Doyle happily replied; expressing the hope, that the graduating class of that day might realize the wish of the reverend ex-president, by emulating the example, as well as remembering the teachings, of their instructors.

Mr. Lynch of Maryland was next toasted, in appropriate and flattering terms, as one of the Alumni of the Institution, who had, by his recent contributions to the Southern Literary Messenger, reflected great credit upon his *Alma Mater*. Among other happy things said in this connection was that from one of the faculty, in allusion to the article in the July number of the Messenger, upon the 'Influence of Romance upon Morals;': "*Lynch-law to immoral writers!*" This sally was received with much applause; but nothing would draw out the subject of it: his modesty was found to be indomitable, and nothing was heard from Mr. Lynch. *Sed pennâ loquitur*.

Mr. George Washington Park Custis, of Arlington, being complimented by the president of the day, as a steady friend of the Institution, and an ever-welcome guest at its festive board, entertained the company with a very interesting anecdote of General Washington and an Indian prophet, who, in the old war, had eloquently foretold the future greatness of *Pater Patriæ*. This was followed by the sentiment, "The Oratory of Nature: the only true Eloquence."

Mr. Mulledy here volunteered to bring in a proof of the correctness of this sentiment of Mr. Custis; and, having retired for a moment, soon returned with a very good "counterfeit presentment" of an Indian chieftain,

"All painted and plumed in his savage array,"—

and smoking the long pipe of peace. This character was sustained with great effect by a distinguished sculptor of the District, who has lately been making it his study for professional purposes. He [Mr. Pettrich] delivered a very clever defence of the fine arts, and sculpture particularly, in the characteristic style of the red man, (a gentleman present acting as interpreter;) and maintained that the arts were the objects of admiration and delight to the sons of the forest, as well as to the

white man. This was a very pretty episode, and went off with much *eclat*.

Wm. B. Lewis, Esq., being called on for a toast, gave the health of the Archbishop of Baltimore, the President of the Day,—who happily replied,—and offered a sentiment in honor of the Order who had founded and reared the Institution, in whose halls the company were partaking of the pleasures of cordial hospitality. To this the Ex-Rector of the College responded appropriately, and gave the health of

William Joseph Walter, Esq., of England—one of the guests present, a literary friend and brother; who, in his turn, gave "The sons of St. Ignatius; the great promoters of enlightened education, and the firm upholders of truly liberal opinions, throughout the world."

Alexander Dimitry, Esq. of Washington,—late of Louisiana, and a distinguished Alumnus of the College,—being alluded to in a highly complimentary toast, proposed the health of "James F. Otis, Esq.: whose contributions to the Southern Messenger have rendered good service to the advancement of that literature, of which that periodical is the able organ." To this toast Mr. Otis briefly responded, and closed with the following sentiment:

"*Georgetown College*. In these classic shades may many an American scholar yet find his Academe, many a future poet his Castaly, and many a statesman his Egeria."

Mr. Hoban of Washington, one of the Alumni, having been complimented in a toast, by one of the graduates of the day, addressed the table with fine effect for a few moments; during which, in a strain of eloquence which reminded me of what I had heard of the style of Curran, Phillips and Shiel, he dwelt upon the variety of professions for which, in after life, the students of that Institution were fitted by the course of study there pursued. It was a beautiful tribute to his *Alma Mater*, and I regret that I was unable to jot down some notes, as he spoke, from which to present your readers with a better idea of the whole thing.

Mr. Haxton of Washington, being called on for a sentiment, indulged the company with a fine specimen of *badinage*, intended, obviously, as a humorous burlesque of the common style of addressing public assemblies. It was a piece of mock-heroic eloquence, which convulsed the audience with laughter, as well by the cleverness of the conception, as by the irresistible drollery with which it was delivered. It closed, characteristically, with a toast to "The memory of — *Julius Cæsar!*" This was a bit of fun worthy of "Boz" himself.

The *Marine Band of Washington*, (who were in attendance during and after dinner,) were appropriately toasted by one of the Vice Presidents of the table, as "an annual source of pleasure to the residents and visitors of Georgetown College." Whereupon the band played a brilliant overture, which was rapturously applauded.

Rev. Mr. Ryder of Philadelphia, an Alumnus, was called out by a complimentary sentiment, offered to him, as an ex-president of one of the literary associations of the college, by one of the present members. His response was brief and appropriate, and closed with an allusion to Mr. Otis of New England, one of the guests: to which the latter responded, and took the occasion, as a native of Massachusetts, to pay a well-deserved tribute to the memory of the late Cardinal Cheverus; whose ministrations at Boston had won for him the universal respect and affection of the whole of that enlightened community, without any sectarian exceptions. This allusion was received with much satisfaction, and was feelingly acknowledged by the venerable president of the day, the Archbishop of the diocese.

Several other sentiments were offered, some songs were sung, and then, the hour being yet early, the table was dismissed,—the whole assembly separating with many a pleasing recollection to be called up hereafter, of a day so socially, intellectually and happily spent.

Yours, my dear White,

FLATTERY.

An elegant writer observes, "The coin that is most current among mankind is Flattery; the only benefit of which is, that by hearing what we are not, we may be instructed in what we ought to be."

SCIENTIÆ MISCELLANEA.

BY A. D. G.

No. III.

DEFINITIONS IN NATURAL HISTORY.

Plato is said, on a certain occasion, to have defined man to be "a featherless biped." The next day Diogenes, having plucked a chicken, placed it upon the philosopher's desk, with this label—"Plato's man." This mistake arose, not from a want of acuteness on the part of the Grecian philosopher, but from the intrinsic difficulty of his subject. One would be led to believe, from the language of natural history, as well as from that of common society, that there existed in the world of created things well defined lines of distinction, separating between the different genera, classes, &c. But when we come to search a little more closely for these lines, they are nowhere to be found. Even the three great kingdoms of nature, animals, vegetables, and minerals, at their extremities, run so much into each other, that naturalists have puzzled themselves in vain to fix upon the exact boundary of each; some placing a species in one kingdom, which others have placed in another. In distinguishing the more perfect species of one kingdom from those of another, this difficulty does not exist; and I would by no means be understood as saying, that we could not easily point out a difference between a man and a tree, or between a tree and a rock. It is in distinguishing between the more imperfect species only, the extremities of the several kingdoms, that this difficulty is met with.

It would seem, at first thought, to be an easy matter to distinguish an animal from a vegetable. But let us examine this matter a little more minutely. Wherein does this difference consist? What characteristic feature is there which may serve to distinguish between them? One of the first which suggests itself, is the possession of a power of locomotion. Yet many testacea and all zoophytes, (which are universally classed among animals) are found fastened to the rocks near the sea-shore, and spend their whole lives in the self same place where they were born;—whilst the sea-weed moves about continually upon the surface of the ocean, deriving nourishment from its waters.

The ability to move some of their parts by a power inherent in themselves, might seem characteristic of animals. Yet there are some vegetables which possess this power to a very considerable extent; whilst in some animals, it seems to be almost entirely wanting. A good instance of the possession of this power, by a plant, is afforded in the Venus flytrap, (*Dionea muscipula*) a plant indigenous to the Carolinas. Its leaves are jointed and furnished with two rows of strong prickles. The upper surface of the leaf is covered with a sweet liquid, very tempting to flies. But no sooner does an unwary fly attempt to rob it of its treasures, than the two lobes of the leaf instantly rise up, the rows of prickles lock into each other and squeeze the poor captive to death.

The possession of some one or all of the senses, might seem characteristic of animals. Naturalists allow to the oyster only one sense, that of feeling. This

same sense appears to be possessed, to an almost equal extent, by the sensitive plant (*Mimosa sensitiva*.) If you touch the oyster, it gives evidence of the possession of feeling, by closing its shell. Touch the sensitive plant, and immediately its leaves shrink, and, together with the branches, bend down towards the earth, as if in this way to escape further molestation.

This same difficulty meets us in attempting to draw a dividing line between the mineral and vegetable kingdoms. The light flocculent substance which often appears upon the surface of decaying fruit (commonly called mould,) is classed with vegetables;—whilst the substance, precisely similar to it in appearance, which is found upon the walls of damp cellars, is certainly a mineral (nitrate of potassa, or saltpetre.) These difficulties have deterred most modern naturalists from attempting to run the boundary line between the three kingdoms of nature. Linnæus attempted it. His distinction was: "minerals grow; plants grow and live; animals grow, live and think." This distinction would seem at first thought correct enough, yet it will not bear examination; in fact, it only removes the difficulty a step further off, and the inquirer may turn upon his instructor with the questions: "what is it to live? what is it to think?" But even supposing these last mentioned inquiries answered, how many thoughts have ever entered the—I cannot say head of an oyster, for it has none; neither can I say brain, for this is also wanting;—have ever entered the body of an oyster. There is an absurdity in the very form of the question. No one, I suppose, ever attributed thought to an oyster.

This gradual passage into each other, which characterizes the three great kingdoms of nature, is observable also in their subdivisions. The leather-winged bat is a connecting link between beasts and birds; lizards between beasts and reptiles; reptiles themselves, between beasts and fishes. So in the vegetable kingdom, ferns and mosses, whose seeds are evident, serve as a connecting link between the more perfect plants and the numerous class of fungi, the most imperfect of vegetables. So also in the mineral kingdom. The numerous specimens, which assume a regular form by cleavage, serve to connect those which appear as rude and unshapen masses, with those which are presented to us, possessed of the high polish and all the beautiful regularity of form which characterize the perfect crystal.

An observation of these facts, probably gave rise to the "progressive theory," by which some philosophers have attempted to trace back the descent of man himself, through an indefinite line of ancestry, to simple organic mud. From so humble an original, they have, in imagination, seen him

"Rise each generation one key,
To Adam, who was but a monkey."

At any rate, it is on such observations they have founded some of their most plausible arguments in support of their strange fancy.

No. IV.

DEVELOPMENT OF PHYSICAL SCIENCE.

There are few pages in the general history of our race, which more strikingly display the powers of the human mind, than those which are devoted to the his-

tory of its achievements in the department of physical science. Moral and religious truth man has received by special revelation;—political knowledge, whilst much of it is the result of experience and observation, yet its great principles have been learned from the pages of inspiration;—physical science is entirely man's own. Who that has made himself acquainted with the wide extended and accurate knowledge of some important subject, which is now in our possession, and has traced it back to its origin in some insignificant and now almost forgotten observation, has noticed with what untiring perseverance the clue thus obtained has been followed; has observed how, at each step, nature has been forced to yield up her choicest secrets, in answer to the well directed inquiry of the philosopher;—who is there that has observed all this, and has not found his conceptions of the powers of the human intellect greatly exalted above that which they were before? The history of no particular branch of natural science presents this subject in a better point of view than that of electricity. The progress of our knowledge respecting this agent, may be fitly compared to that of a stream whose fountain head is in some wild, sequestered spot, uninhabited and uninhabitable, but which in its course, receiving its tributaries on the right hand and on the left, swells at length into a mighty river, bearing upon its bosom the commerce of distant nations, and in a thousand ways blessing mankind. The knowledge of electricity possessed by the ancients, appears to have been confined to one solitary fact. They knew that when amber had been rubbed with a warm cloth, it would attract straws, or other light bodies to itself, and having held them in contact for a few moments, would repel them.

When after a long period of ignorance, the attention of mankind was again turned to the study of natural science, and they began to search among the records of antiquity for that which had been known to the old philosophers, this fact was all they found respecting electricity. The question might then have been asked, with much apparent good reason,—why notice so insignificant a fact as this?—of what importance can it be to investigate the nature of so feeble an attraction?—what light can possibly be thrown upon the laws which govern matter, by ascertaining how it is, and why it is, that amber attracts a piece of straw? Notwithstanding the unpromising appearance of electrical science at its first entry into the world, it has received no inconsiderable share of the attention of philosophers; and as the consequence, facts have been developed, surprising alike to the simpleton and the sage. Perhaps no discoveries have exerted a more powerful influence in directing attention to this study, than that of our countryman Franklin, in which he ascertained the identity of lightning and the electric fluid; and that of Sir Humphrey Davy, in which, by means of electricity, he discovered the compound nature of the alkalies. These have given a new impulse to the zeal with which this study has been pursued; and now, that agent which the savage knows only as the lightning flash, and beholds only to tremble before it, we can trace in the performance of a thousand works of mercy;—that attraction which was first made known to philosophers, in the motions of pieces of straw, is found to pervade all nature; “the heavens above, the earth beneath, and the waters

under the earth,” are full of it. In every department of nature it is found to act a more or less important part. Go to the botanist, and he will tell you, that in the bursting of a seed, and in the growth of a plant, he can trace its agency: go to the natural philosopher, and he will tell you, that in the lightnings of heaven, in the aurora which cheers the long night of polar regions, in the directive power of the magnetic needle, (for even the mystery of the earth's magnetism is at length satisfactorily solved,) he acknowledges its power: go to the geologist, and he will point you to the volcano, as lighted by its magic touch—to the metallic ores, as disposed in continuous veins by its agency: go to the chemist, and he will tell you, that in the course of a few years it has changed entirely his whole science, proving that many substances before considered simple, are in fact compounds, separating their elements and presenting them for examination in a tangible form; that it has pointed out to him one of the simplest and most beautiful systems of classification; and that, so far as he can see, it is likely yet to prove to be that which binds the ultimate particles of matter together,—the very cement of the universe.

It is at once the perfection of human science, and the glory of the human intellect, to be able to determine the manner in which the Creator has put this world together; and man may fearlessly appeal to it, as evidence of the greatness of the powers of the human mind, when those powers are properly developed. But how much superior must be the power of that eternal mind, which could not only determine, but contrive and execute this wondrous plan; could not only discover the same agent in such a vast variety of forms, but could cause it to assume such forms; could fill the world, and even the human body, with the lightning of heaven, and yet keep it under such perfect control, that for centuries man lived, and acted, and thought, and yet never discovered its existence. In intellect, as well as in stature, man may be said to stand

“Mid-way from nothing to infinity.”

When we feel that our intellectual powers are nothing, it is good to look beneath us; when we feel as if they were every thing, it is good to look above us.

MEMOIRS OF DOCTOR WILLIAM CAREY.

This work was published in 1836, but it never fell under the notice of the writer till within a few days past. It is not my purpose to review this production, because a great portion of the review would necessarily be inappropriate to a literary work. The policy of the East India Company—the improvement of agriculture in the British possessions—and the question whether the religious code of the Hindoos should be supplanted by an ecclesiastical establishment from England, are subjects which have been elaborately discussed. For this reason, we have no desire to enter into any speculations of the kind. Allow me further to say, that we are far from undervaluing either the sacred character or the missionary enterprise of the individual who is the subject of these memoirs. But an

essay is prefixed to the work, from the pen of President Wayland, in which justice is done in these respects to this eminent missionary, and with the estimate given by the essayist, we perfectly coincide.

Dr. Carey, it appears, from the views he entertained of himself, from the estimate of Wayland, from the statement of his biographer, and from the concession of all his admirers, was not what we call a man of genius. In the structure of his mind, the imaginative faculty was absent; and without some portion of this faculty the mind must always remain imperfect. By the absence of it, Dr. Carey escaped some sorrows; but lost at the same time many pleasures. His mind, in this respect, bore a resemblance to that of Scott, the commentator, who expresses his gratitude that his Creator had not made him a poet. He is willing to employ, for useful ends, the poetry of others; but not willing to contribute so much as a flower to the stock, in which mental ornament prevails over sheer utility. Imaginative men have acted on more generous principles. They have pursued their own devious thoughts; but have not forgotten at the same time to contribute a vast deal to plain common sense. This might be evinced by mentioning the names of a hundred poets; but Shakespeare is in himself an host. Dr. Carey was a remarkable example of what can be accomplished by industry without inventive powers. If diligence alone could bring to pass the results which this great man achieved, what might not genius accomplish, if combined with equal industry and the same attachment to objects judiciously selected? The talent of acquiring languages, does not imply the power of invention; because, in attending so closely to what has been created, it is natural to lose the desire to create. The accounts which tradition, rather than history, has preserved of the admirable Crichton, amount to an exaggerated fiction. If such a person ever lived, he might have been profound in a few of his attainments; but in many of them he was superficial. We are not acquainted with a more uninteresting writer than Professor Lee of Cambridge; and though skilled in a score of languages, he has not yet learned to compose in his vernacular tongue. The learning of Ross, a native of Scotland, was various as that of Professor Lee; but his premature death has deprived us of the power of estimating his amount of originality. Lord Teignmouth states the number of languages with which Sir William Jones was acquainted, at twenty eight; but we know of nothing that Sir William wrote of which it can be said, this never existed before. He could translate into English the thoughts of Persian and Italian poets; but the question never can be solved, whether he would have executed successfully the epic poem which he meditated writing before his death. The writer is incompetent to judge of his essay on bailments; but the views of that work are conveyed in graceful terms. It is equally true, that a man of small attainments may possess uncommon powers. A peasant once rose in Scotland, who could read and write, and was partially acquainted with arithmetic. This man said of himself, with an eloquence rarely equalled,—“The muse of Scottish poetry found me at the plough, and threw over me her inspiring mantle.” Burns has produced not one, but many things new and original. If they ever rose to the minds of other men, it is certain that they never found

egress upon the glowing vehicle of language. But into that vehicle he placed objects humorous, pathetic, or sublime, at his pleasure. When this untutored peasant appeared in the capital of his country, philosophers wondered and rhetoricians were baffled, because he possessed that by nature, which they could not acquire by art. As he reclined by the hawthorn bush, the vernal season unfolded its successive pages before him; and as he stirred his cottage fire, the leafless winter read to him its lessons. The vale opened its green lap, inviting him to repose; and the mountain was ambitious to cast its chains over such a noble captive. And this was all his education. The same remarks will apply to Goldsmith. He was a native of Lishoy, in Ireland, and in his circumstances scarcely above the condition of the Scottish ploughman. It has been aptly remarked of Goldsmith, that when literature took him, it robbed no other service. He could write, and that was all. Dr. Johnson said of him, “It is astonishing how little the man knows;” but he might have added, what a power does he possess of employing what he knows. The artisan need not care so much about the abundance of his materials, provided he be able to work into valuable fabrics the materials already in his possession. And this statement is pre-eminently true of Goldsmith. Durability is impressed on his works, and this cannot be said with truth of all the works of Johnson: when men are searching for the soft and winning pictures of life, they will be apt to turn towards that canvass which was spread out before the pencil of Oliver Goldsmith. We have drawn our own chair before that canvass more than once, and have gazed on the interesting objects with which it is filled. We have accompanied the solitary traveller as he was passing the Alps, and been cheered by the recreations of the smiling village, and have felt sad when that village went down into total declension. We have sympathised in the trials, and exulted in the prosperity of his Vicar. We have likened his “Animated Nature,” to a kind of folding place for flocks—or a mental park, in which the deer can gracefully recline—or to some meadow, in which the bee can carry on his flowery toils. We have seen Chinese customs diversify the scene, and English monarchs rising successively to view—and classic Greece, in the distance, whose heroes he portrayed, and all the prospect enlivened by rivers more captivating

“Than the lazy Scheld and wandering Po.”

We agree with President Wayland, that this biography of Dr. Carey is defective. The memory of such a man deserved a better monument. There is a painful destitution in the work. We do not allude to a destitution of facts. The locomotiveness of this great missionary is sufficiently well described. But there is no history of his mind. In the life of Dr. Scott this is the capital excellence. It matters but little that the commentator lived at Olney; that he was chaplain to the Lock Hospital in London, or rector of Aston Sandford, Buckinghamshire; but the progress of his mind is what lends interest to the book. We associate our feelings with those of the commentator. We enter into his laborious vigils, and rejoice when he leaves his sheepfold in Lincolnshire, to go forward to that moral and intellectual elevation for which he was designed. Had the Rev. Robert Hall been living at the time that Dr. Carey

died, he would have executed this task on a scale of proper dimensions. But by proper dimensions we do not mean that a bulky volume was necessary for the purpose. We wish the circle of biography to include all that it can legitimately be made to contain. With due deference to the author of *Lalla Rookh*, we think he made a circumference for the life of Lord Byron too vast to be filled up either with instruction or amusement; and five or six hundred letters deposited within it, ought to have found a place among the works, rather than the memoirs of the noble poet. This remark will apply to many lives in modern days, though there are some modern pieces of biography superior to any of which antiquity can boast.

But in beginning this communication, we had a specific object in view, and that was to take out of this memoir a few incidental facts which illustrate the value of literature. We looked then, in reading it, with anxiety, to find the source from whence Dr. Carey derived the first impulse to a missionary life, and happily we have the statement, not from the biographer, but from the subject of the biography. On page twelfth of the memoir, we find the following declaration: "Reading Cooke's *Voyages* was the first thing that engaged my mind to think of missions." We view this as an important literary fact. These *Voyages* may not be a finished production; but few works have ever wrought so powerfully on the human mind. Perhaps De Foe, as a writer, was more popular; but his was the romance of the sea, whilst Cooke gave us nothing but maritime realities. De Foe fixed attention on a solitary man; but Cooke, on masses of men hitherto unknown. Many regarded De Foe's as a puerile performance, and would not look into the deep moral lessons which he taught, whilst no prejudice of the kind existed against Cooke. Even the occupants of farm-houses could follow the track of the navigator, under the conviction that it would lead not to fictitious scenes, but to islands luxuriant in tropical fruits, among which many of our species had found a home. Customs entirely novel, trees laden with unusual fruits and flowers, expanded by the sun, took their place among the colorings of the human imagination. These things appeared marvellous at the time, and realized a declaration since made, that

"Truth is strange—
Stranger than fiction."

These voyages not only influenced many to attempt the perils of the deep; but, by enlarging the boundaries of human knowledge, they incited many powerful minds. Sir Joseph Banks, and Solander, a pupil of Linnæus, accompanied Cooke in one of his voyages. Having taken a record of plants in their native lands, they went in search of other and cognate families. But these voyages affected the complexion of poetry. The poet, tired of objects which he had seen, longed to describe what he had not seen; and we would ask whether Coleridge, Byron and Montgomery have written nothing, the materials of which have been brought from the grottoes of the deep, the beaches of the sea, and the islands of the restless ocean. In this way, the book on which we are remarking has become interwoven with polite letters; and we have proved that this book awoke the moral chord which has vibrated throughout

India, and that vibration was a loud and melodious tribute to the genius of literature.

The memoir contains other facts illustrating the value of literature. Dr. Carey's impressions of missionary life, were deepened by his geographical studies. It appears that he taught school in England. He had a facility in acquiring knowledge, but not the talent of imparting it; and hence he succeeded but indifferently with his school. The superficial are always prompt to deal out what they know; but in the most of his attainments, Dr. Carey was profound. It is likely, however, that he was too much bent on the improvement of his own mind, to give an undivided attention to the minds of his pupils. He was constantly engaged in collecting the statistics of geography, and in search of recondite facts—of customs not yet accurately defined, and systems of religion differing from the one received in England. Geography has been called a science; but it ought scarcely to be dignified with such a title. The earth lies so open to investigation, and an acquaintance with it demands so small a portion of abstract talent, that the science is claimed as belonging rather to the general than to the precise operations of the mind. The literary man cannot be indifferent to geographical information, because so many of the materials with which he works are brought from this source. There are many things which the poet uses, with which he may not be scientifically acquainted. There never was a poet who did not admire the stars; but all poets have not been conversant with astronomy. Thus Thompson honored the memory of Sir Isaac Newton in his verse, but sought from others the amount of philosophical information necessary to the execution of his task. But it is recorded in the *Life of Thompson*, that he was inordinately fond of voyages and travels. Such works feed the poetical mind, and some of the most imaginative men have derived advantages from going abroad. This may be said of Homer, Camoens, Milton and Byron. It was by this general study that the taste of Dr. Carey was fostered for missionary life, and no man did more to stop the car of Juggernaut, to abolish suttee, or to rupture the first links in the chain of the caste.

It further appears from the memoir, that Dr. Carey was a botanist. It is not the object of the biographer to represent him in his character as a philosopher, nor is it ours to speak of him in his religious character. But he was always writing back to England for works on plants. He was always wanting the newest publications on this and kindred subjects, and that at a time when he had no home but the pinnace, the jungle, and the sunderbund. The passion he had formed in England was not the less vigorous, because the person in whom it resided was transferred to India. It is admitted that botany is a science existing from the earliest times, but brought to a high state of improvement by the immortal Swede. This science has been appropriated by literature to its own service. It forms one of the elegant pursuits, and belongs clearly to that region of ideal enchantment over which poets delight to rove. The sun of science has here distributed his rays; but they have been combined into a thousand diamond and planetary points of beauty. Let it not then be forgotten, that in this pursuit, Dr. Carey employed moments of relaxation from the toils which consumed his valuable life. He did not disdain the analysis of a Hindoo

plant, even when he was grappling with all the dialects of Asia. And then it appears that he was anxious to compose a system of Hindoo ornithology. Every branch of natural history engaged his attention; but it is probable that in some branches he was simply an amateur. His translation to India introduced him into a new world. The translation of Wilson to this country, produced the ornithological taste by which he was distinguished. Grahame wrote a poem entitled the "Birds of Scotland," but the genius of Wilson was never awakened in North Britain. Far be it from the writer to insinuate that Dr. Carey was devoted to pursuits of this kind, to the injury or neglect of his appropriate vocation. But the eagle, when poising himself in playfulness, may keep his eye on the sun; and this good man kept his wide awake to the central mark at which he aimed. It appears, too, that he engaged in the translation of a sanscrit poem. This employment, however, does not seem to have been congenial to his taste; and this was owing probably to the defectiveness of his imagination. One of his reviewers has remarked, that a mytho-epic poem was scarcely in harmony with missionary employment. Nor was an indigo factory at Malda in unison with the same employment. But he found that he must subsist, or the mission die, and therefore he superintended such a factory. It is probable, then, that the translation of the poem was subsidiary to acquiring a knowledge of the language, and of the religious belief of the Hindoos. Without an acquaintance with the Hindoo religion, how could he possibly subvert it; and without perfecting himself in the language, how could he have compiled the grammars and dictionaries of which he was the author. But the value of literature is pre-eminently seen in the contrast between where literature found him, and the unparalleled usefulness to which he was elevated by its power. It may be said that his piety accomplished much in his behalf; but the object of piety is to confer moral rather than intellectual worth. When he lost sight of England, he left in it many a miner, hedger and toll-gatherer as pious as himself; but he went forth under the auspices of religious literature, and in her name, wrought for the benefit of millions, who, existing prospectively in the ocean of divine wisdom, will one day arrive on the beaches of our island world. Dr. Carey was born in Paulerspury, Northamptonshire, of obscure parents. He was apprenticed to a mechanic. He felt a desire to learn, which he could not suppress. He teaches school, and officiates as a preacher in several obscure towns. We wish his biographer had described these localities more fully. He seems destitute of the associating faculty. He does not so much as hint that Doddridge and Hervey officiated in the same shire—that it was one of the visiting places of Akenside, and the birth-place of Dryden. But Dr. Carey goes forth poor and unknown. Perplexed by the suspicious policy of the East India Company, he takes refuge in Serampore, a Danish town. Many go, year after year, from England to India, but they are allured by the love of gain. When Leyden was dying, he saw a piece of India gold, and he closed his life in the act of inditing to it a pathetic sonnet. When property enough is secured, these adventurers expect, with their acquired rupees, to purchase some greenwood home in England. But Dr. Carey expatriates himself as a perpetual exile. He be-

comes rich; but by his disinterestedness he dies poor. He is the associate of pundits, rajahs, and viceroys, and the King of Denmark presents him with a medal. Many great names are connected with India, but among them all there is not one brighter than that of the subject of this memoir. Comparisons are invidious among the living, but not among those who have fulfilled their appointed tasks. Sir William Jones was a man of more polished mind, and Bishop Heber of more refined taste, and Bishop Middleton was a more profound Greek scholar; but they were sustained by the patronage of the government. The one was fortified by the seal of his king, and the others carried to India crosiers from the church established by law; but when did either or all of them publish the scriptures in forty dialects. Much then as we revere such benefactors of our race as Sir James McIntosh, or Sir Stamford Raffles, or Claudius Buchanan, or Henry Martyn, let us generously yield the palm to the man who has deserved it. The name of Carey will not be forgotten. It will float forever on the tide of the Ganges; it is associated with each grassy jungle, and it shall be more conspicuous, when the children of the east shall weave millennial flowers into the mane of the lion, or entwine them round the antlers of the Persian gazelle. When the Ganges is low, the million who inhabit Calcutta are refreshed at a reservoir of vast dimensions excavated in their city. When their antiquated systems of religious error are exhausted, and the people shall be ready to die of mental and moral thirst, they will turn, we hope, to those transparent cisterns of truth, which have been excavated by the hand of religious literature.

Finally, we go for missions, and if asked for a reason, we reply, for the present, in the words of the lamented Heber—

"From Greenland's icy mountains,
To India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand—
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain."

CLERICUS.

BAR ASSOCIATIONS.*

It is well known that there exist, at divers places in the southern country, certain combinations among the gentlemen of the bar, commonly styled Bar Associations, for the purpose of exacting from the community higher fees than could be obtained, were a free competition permitted among the bar for professional business. Sincerely believing that I have correctly described the true, substantial character of these confederations, whatever be their ostensible objects, or whatever subordinate purposes they may effect, I shall endeavor to show that they are wrong in principle, and injurious in their practical results, both to the legal profession and the community at large. To prevent all misapprehen-

* The following communications have been endorsed by one of the ablest political economists in the southern country, to whom they were submitted. He says: "I am against professional as well as trades unions. I consider them as conspiracies against the community at large, and against the younger and less experienced members of the craft."

sion, I must say distinctly, at the outset, that I do not impeach the motives of the members of these associations. Far be it from me to hold up to public execration my respected brethren of the bar, as money-thirsty Shylocks, wickedly conspiring together to practice wholesale extortion upon a suffering community. I would do them no such injustice; and it taxes not my charity in the slightest degree to admit, as I sincerely do, that, unconsciously biassed by the insidious influence of self-interest, they no doubt see in these associations nothing objectionable, but much that is commendable. It is hard to see the truth through the bewildering and distorting mists of self-interest. Than self-interest nothing is more insidious and ingenious. It is constantly operating upon the human heart, and we daily see it giving a wrong determination to the judgments of the best of men. Whilst, therefore, I cheerfully acquit these gentlemen of *intentional* wrong, I shall express my sentiments freely with regard to the principles and effects of all such organizations.

It is necessary to premise, that the members of these associations solemnly pledge themselves to each other, not to receive from their clients *less* than certain stipulated fees for certain defined professional services; pledging themselves, also, to suspend all professional intercourse with, and to withhold every professional courtesy from such refractory members of the bar as contumaciously refuse to join the confederation. First, then, these associations are wrong on *principle*.

It is a fundamental maxim in political economy, that the freest competition should not only be permitted, but encouraged in every department of human exertion. Competition is admitted by the common sense of mankind to be, according to the trite adage, emphatically "the life of business." It presents the most powerful stimulus to exertion. It arouses not only the self-interest, but also the pride and vanity of the human heart. It nerves the brawny arm of the laborer for ceaseless toil by day, and it chains the pale student over his dizzy page by his midnight lamp. It gives skill and vigor to the physical powers, and it sharpens and strengthens all the faculties of the mind. It is the patron of industry and enterprise, and the foster-mother of the arts and sciences. It gives life and energy to society, and it is in fact the great propelling power of the world. It is one of the great conservative and progressive principles of society.

Destroy competition, and you cut the sinews of industry; you paralyze enterprise; and you palsy the spirit of improvement. Society becomes at once a lifeless, stagnant pool, whose putrid exhalations will soon fill the whole atmosphere with its deadly miasmata.

But this is not all. Competition is not only the great stimulus to enterprise, and the parent of skill and ingenuity, but it is also the great guaranty of society against the unconscionable exactions of self-interest. Competition brings everything down to its proper level. Its natural tendency is to reduce all commodities to their fair average prices. Is an article unnaturally high?—capital and labor are attracted towards it; competition ensues; the market is glutted, and prices sink. Everything is thus reduced to its proper level; prices are left free to adapt themselves to the ever changing condition of human affairs; society is protected against

imposition, and all the best interests of mankind are advanced.

Now, it is perfectly evident that all associations among the members of particular avocations, establishing certain fixed prices for their commodities, and pledging themselves not to undersell each other, are in flagrant hostility to the great commercial law we have been discussing. They prevent competition. The great strife in competition, is, to furnish the best article, or to render a certain service in the best manner, for the *least* compensation. A fixed uniform price is then plainly at war with the great animating principle of all commercial enterprise.

Let us suppose for a moment that all other professions and avocations enter into similar combinations—that merchants and artisans pledge themselves not to take less than certain stipulated prices for their commodities or services—what an unnatural scene society would present! What an utter subversion of the fundamental principles of commerce would be exhibited! Buy where you can buy cheapest; sell where you can sell dearest—these common sense axioms of all sound traffic would be exterminated; industry and enterprise would be in a measure paralyzed; the spirit of improvement would be palsied; society would be iron-bound and *stereotyped*, and, instead of advancing to higher and still higher degrees of improvement, would present from age to age the same dull, inanimate features. But where competition is unfettered, where trade is free, where it is untrammelled by unnatural restraints, its direct tendency is to stimulate enterprise to its mightiest efforts, to create skill and ingenuity, to reduce prices to their proper level, to adapt them to the ever fluctuating tide of human affairs, and thus to promote the best interests of society, and to carry forward the great work of human improvement. These associations, then, conflicting as they do, with great and pervading public principles of vital importance to society at large, are wrong in their very constitution, and ought therefore to be abolished.

My second position was, that these confederations are injurious to the legal profession. I do not mean in a pecuniary point of view; but in their influence upon the character of the bar for professional acquirements and abilities. Competition creates skill and ability; it sharpens the mental faculties, and stimulates the individual to the greatest possible exertion. But as these associations, in some degree at least, prevent competition, they must, also, in the same degree, tend to suppress the ability which competition would elicit. Every one would naturally expect to find the most skilful artisans, and the ablest professional men, where there was the keenest and freest competition.

There is another view of this subject. These fixed tariffs of fees are ordinarily much too high for the plain, formal, ordinary business of the profession, which any one can transact. The consequence is, that the profession is surcharged with petty retainers, who add nothing to its dignity and respectability. Were a free competition permitted, this sort of petty business would soon fall to its proper level; the emoluments of the profession would be reserved as the rewards of learning, talent and worth; the number of pettifoggers would be diminished, and the respectability of the profession advanced.

My last position was, that these associations are injurious to the community at large; and if there is any truth in the general scope of the preceding rude hints, (for these crude remarks aspire to no higher character) that position is already sufficiently established. But these confederations inflict a direct injury upon society, by exacting higher fees than a free competition would tolerate. If they do not have this effect, they are useless to the bar; if they do, they are injurious to the community. We all know that members of the bar frequently refuse to accept less than the stipulated fee, not because they could not in justice to themselves accept a smaller compensation for their services, but because they had pledged themselves not to take less than the tariff fee. These associations thus exact large sums of money from the community at large.

If then, these associations are, as I have endeavored to show, wrong in principle and injurious in their practical effects, they ought to be forthwith dissolved. They are unworthy of the enlightened profession of the law. They are far behind the free spirit of the age. They savor too much of the shackles and manacles of the dark ages. A freer spirit is abroad upon the earth, bidding the spirit of enterprise go forth unshackled, as free as the gales which swell the sails of the adventurous mariner. Free trade, honorable traffic—these are the maxims of the age, and the true principles of all commercial prosperity; and any association which may oppose this free spirit, will one day be swept away like a bulrush before the swelling tide.

Similar associations have not been found necessary elsewhere, to secure the rights and to sustain the dignity of the profession; nor are they necessary here. To assert that they are, is to libel the profession.

The legality of these associations, too, is almost as questionable as their policy. It deserves serious consideration, whether they are not indictable at common law as conspiracies to raise or sustain the price of labor. They certainly come within the spirit, if not within the letter, of the doctrine.

But if these organizations are objectionable in these various aspects, the penalties by which they enforce obedience to their arbitrary laws, even upon those who may be conscientiously opposed to them, are liable to still severer reprehension. Recusants are to be summarily *Lynched*! Yes, sir; all who refuse to join the conspiracy are to be outlawed; all professional courtesy is to be withheld from them; non-intercourse is to be declared; every legal advantage is to be taken of them; they are to be kicked out of court on all occasions; their professional reputation is to be destroyed, and themselves, if possible, driven from the profession in disgrace! They are lawful game, and the whole pack of bloodhounds is to be let loose upon them! Is this right? Is it just? Is it worthy the generous profession of the law? If a member of the bar degrades himself by dishonorable conduct, spurn him from you; but what right have you to force me to join a confederation which I disapprove? What right have you to attempt to blast my professional reputation, because I choose to exercise my profession like a freeman? because I do not choose to do violence to my conscience, by adopting your arbitrary laws? because I will not permit you to dictate to me the rules of my professional conduct, and officiously to interfere with my private

contracts with my clients? Is it to be supposed that high minded and spirited men, who are conscientiously opposed to these associations, will, with the craven and dastardly spirit of a slave, tamely bow their necks to the yoke? I tell you, nay. No man in whose bosom beats a manly heart, will be deterred by any menaces, or by any unfounded imputation of sordid motives, from the plain path of duty. He will resist to the last gasp, all attempts to tyrannise over his conscience; and in this high course, I doubt not he would be triumphantly sustained by an enlightened and virtuous community.

A MEMBER OF THE ALABAMA BAR.

BAR ASSOCIATIONS.

These Associations present three questions.

1. Are they just to the public?
2. Are they just, as between the parties?
3. Is their tendency to elevate or degrade the profession?

I. They partake of the nature of all agreements among the venders of any article, to fix among themselves a tariff of price. These again partake of the nature of monopoly. When all venders are of one mind, it is the same as if there were but one vender. Such associations, therefore, are attended by the practical evils of monopoly.

All monopolies are odious. The odium varies in degree, according to the nature of the article monopolized. Thus we may suppose—1. Monopolies of articles the use of which is pernicious. These are easily borne. Hence the high prices of tippling shops. 2. Of articles of mere luxury. Of these, for various reasons, some founded in justice, some in vanity, some in mere recklessness, men rarely complain. 3. Of articles of necessity, but for which substitutes may be found, or which the consumer may make for himself. 4. Of articles of necessity, which cannot be substituted or made by the consumer.

To which of these classes does this monopoly belong? Clearly to the last and most odious. Men cannot investigate their rights, or pursue them, when ascertained, without the aid of the bar. Wherein then does this differ from an agreement among the owners of all the springs in any neighborhood, to fix a tariff of the price of water? In this: the necessity for water is one of God's creation. The other is the work of society and legislation. Men are especially bound not to abuse a power over artificial wants of their own creation. Besides, it is easier for every man to dig his own well, than for every man to be his own lawyer. "He who is his own lawyer," says the proverb, "has a fool for his client."

These associations are also unjust to the public, because they force a man to give for an inferior article, which he happens to want, the value of a superior article, which he does not want: to buy the time of a mere drudge, at the price of the time of a man of genius and learning: to pay coach hire, though he rides in a cart. It is as if the manufacturers of broadcloth should engage the manufacturer of Kendal cottons not to undersell them.

II. These associations are unjust as between the

parties. The terms are generally prescribed by the superior members, who thus take away the main inducement of the suitor to engage the services of inferior men. Such men may manage particular cases quite successfully, but there is a sense of security produced, by the knowledge that our business is in able hands, that decides us in favor of the superior man, if to be had at the same price.

III. These associations degrade the bar. By securing to the leading members of the profession a large share of the plain business, and that at a higher price, they feel less inducement to qualify themselves for distinction in the more elevated departments. On the younger and inferior members their operation is yet more pernicious. If left to fight their way without any private understanding, they would get business in the beginning by low charges. In this case they could expect no indulgence or forbearance from the superior whom they had underbid. They must take care to conduct their cases with order and regularity, which is a great source of improvement. The rules of pleading are like the commandments of the Lord. "In keeping them there is great reward," for he who is capable of correct pleading, and actually practises it, necessarily becomes an able lawyer.

Now in all these associations, there is a tacit compact for mutual indulgence, which ends in blank declarations, and in formal pleadings, and uncertain issues, and an utter confusion of ideas, on subjects where nothing is known *rightly*, which is not known *precisely*. And this must be so. The tyro, who is forced to content himself with an occasional fee of \$50, instead of ten fees of \$5 each, will have a right to complain, if he, who has compelled him to charge the highest price for his article, should turn about and disgrace him by exposing its deficiencies. But this tacit understanding secures him in his ignorance. But for this, he would be fair game, and would presently find that he must quit the bar, or qualify himself for it. These associations save him from the necessity of doing either. And here is his inducement to atquiesce in such arrangements. They bribe him through his love of ease. It is much more convenient to receive a high price for little work, slightly done, than for a great deal done carefully. Such is the principle of the trades union. Hence loose practice, and its consequence, loose ideas of law.

Here again the parable of the cloth manufacturers applies. The maker of Kendal cotton sells only to those who care nothing about the fineness of the article. Hence he too is indifferent to it. Hence also he sells less, but being better paid for worse work, he is content.

The true tariff of prices is strict practice. No man incapable of learning the mysteries of pleading, is capable of being a good lawyer. Strict practice is an ordeal which excludes from the bar all who have no business to be there, and thus leaves full employment and rich rewards for the rest. But the system of *mutual* indulgence, which is but another name for sloth and *self-indulgence*, puts an end to strict practice. This opens the door to a multitude of pretenders. To drive these out again is the object of bar associations. Would it not be more honorable and more manly to effect the same object, by frankly asserting and indus-

triously maintaining the superiority of genius, and ability, and application, over imbecility, ignorance and sloth.

[Some letters appear in Blackwood, purporting to be from the German Baron mentioned below: but we are really at a loss to determine, whether there was any such author as Baron Von Lauerwinkel, or whether these letters are not in fact the handiwork of Christopher North himself, or some one of his tory correspondents. Their strong English and conservative tone favors the latter supposition; as to the following, especially. None but a true born Briton, surely, could have either felt and thought, or expressed himself, in so *English* a manner. We are not to be considered as subscribing to all his praise of Pitt. But both portraits are finely drawn; and in many traits, truly.—Ed. Mess.]

From Blackwood's Magazine, 1818.

FOX AND THE YOUNGER PITT.

The following sketch is translated from a MS. letter of the Baron Von Lauerwinkel.

* * * * *

"I shall not easily forget the impression which was made upon me when I first found myself within the walls of the House of Commons. I was then a young man, and my temper was never a cold one. I had heard much of England. In the dearth of domestic freedom her great men had become ours; for the human mind is formed for veneration, and every heart is an altar, undignified without its divinity, and useless without its sacrifice.

"A lover of England, and an admirer of every thing which tends to her greatness, I contemplated, notwithstanding, with the impartiality of a foreigner, scenes of political debate and contention, which kindled into all the bigotries of wrath, the bosoms of those for whose benefit they were exhibited. Absurdities which found easy credence from the heated minds of the English, made small impression on the disinterested and dispassionate German. While rival politicians were exhausting against each other every engine of oratorical conflict, their constituents eyed the combatants, as if every fear and every hope sat on the issue of the field, and prayed for their friends, and cursed their enemies, with all the fervor of a more fatal warfare; but the calm spectator, whose optics were not blinded by the mists of prejudice, though his reason might make him wish the success of one party, was in no danger of despising the honest zeal or the valor of those who were opposed to them. With whomsoever the victory of the day might be, the very existence of the combat was to him a sufficient proof that the great issue was to be a good one—that the spirit of England was entire—that the system of *suspicion*, on which the *confidence* of her people is

founded, was yet in all its vigor—and that therefore, in spite of transient difficulties and petty disagreements, her freedom would eventually survive all the dangers to which, at that eventful period, by the mingled rage of despotism and democracy, its most sacred bulwarks were exposed.

"My eye formed acquaintance apace with the persons of all the eminent senators of England; but their first and last attraction was in those of Pitt and Fox. The names of these illustrious rivals had long been, even among foreigners, 'familiar as household words;' and I recognised them the moment I perceived them, from their likeness to innumerable prints and busts which I had seen. Fox, in repose, had by far the more striking external of the two. His face had the massiness, precision, and gravity of a bronze statue. His eyes, bright but gentle, seemed to lurk under a pair of rectilinear, ponderous, and shaggy eyebrows. His cheeks were square and firm; his forehead open and serene. The head could have done no dishonor to poet, philosopher, or prince. There was some little indecision in the lips, and a tinge of luxury all over the lower features of the face. But benignity, mingled with power, was the predominant as well as the primary expression of the whole; and no man need have started had he been told that such was the physiognomy of Theseus, Sophocles, or Trajan. Pitt, in the same state of inaction, would not have made nearly such an impression on those who knew him not. It must have required the united skill of Lavater and Spurzheim to discover in him *prima facie*, a great man. His position was stiff, his person meagre; his nose was ill-formed, and on a very anti-grecian angle; his lips were inelegantly wavering in their line; his cheekbone projected too much, and his chin too little. The countenance seemed expressive of much cleverness, but it was not till he spoke that the marks of genius seized upon the attention. Had an utter stranger been shown the heads at a theatre, and informed that they were those of the two great politicians of England, he would certainly have imagined the dark eyebrows and solemn simplicity to belong to the son of Chatham, and guessed the less stately physiognomy to be the property of his more mercurial antagonist.

"Not so, had he seen either of them for the first time in the act of speaking. A few sentences, combined with the mode of their delivery, were sufficient to bring matters to their due level—to raise Mr. Pitt, at least to the original standard of his rival, and I rather think, to take away somewhat of the first effect produced by the imposing majesty of Mr. Fox's features. They were both exquisite speakers, and yet no two things could be more dissimilar than their modes of oratory. Fox displayed less calmness and dignity than his physiognomy might have seemed to promise. In

speaking, his other features retained every mark of energy; his eyes and his mouth alone betrayed the debauchee. There is a certain glassiness in the eye, and a certain tremulous smoothness in the lips, which I never missed in the countenance of a man of pleasure when he speaks. Fox had both in perfection; it was only in the moments of his highest enthusiasm that they entirely disappeared. Then, indeed, when his physiognomy was lighted up with wrath or indignation, or intensest earnestness—then, indeed, the activity of his features did full justice to their repose. The gambler was no longer to be discovered—you saw only the orator and the patriot. They tell us, that modern oratory and modern action are tame, when compared with what the ancients witnessed. I doubt, however, if either in the Pnyx or the Forum, more over-mastering energy, both of language and of gesture, was ever exhibited, than I have seen displayed in the House of Commons by Mr. Fox. When he sat down, it seemed as if he had been, like the Pythoness of old, filled and agitated *Τῷ ἁγῶνι θῆτο*.* His whole body was dissolved in floods of perspiration, and his fingers continued for some minutes to vibrate, as if he had been recovering from a convulsion.

"Mr. Fox was a finer orator than Mr. Pitt. His mode of speaking was in itself more passionate, and it had more power over the passions of those to whom it was addressed. His language was indeed loose and inaccurate at times; but in the midst of all its faults, no trace could ever be discovered of the only fault unpardonable in orators as in poets—weakness. He was evidently a man of a strong and grasping intellect, filled with enthusiastic devotion to his cause, and possessing, in a mind saturated with the most multifarious information, abundant means of confirming his position by all the engines of illustration and allusion. It was my fortune to hear him speak before Mr. Pitt, and, I confess, that upon the conclusion of his harangue, filled with admiration for his warmth, his elegance, and the apparent wisdom of the measures he recommended, it was not my expectation, certainly not my wish, that an impression equal or superior in power should be left upon me by the eloquence of the rival statesman.

"Nevertheless, it was so. I do not say that I consider Mr. Pitt as so nearly allied to the great politician-orator of Athens as his rival; but I think he exhibited a far higher specimen of what a statesman-orator should be, than Mr. Fox—perhaps than Demosthenes himself ever did. It is true, that the illustrious ancient addressed a motley multitude of clever, violent, light, uncertain, self-conceited, and withal, bigotted Athenians; and that the nature of his oratory was, perhaps, better than any other, adapted to such an au-

* With intense inspiration.

dience, invested by the absurdities of a corrupted constitution, with powers which no similar assembly ever can possess without usurpation, or exercise without tyranny. Mr. Fox had a strong leaning—as I apprehend, by far too strong a leaning—to the democratic part of the British constitution. He even spoke more for the multitude without, than for the few within, the walls of the House of Commons; and his resemblance to Demosthenes was perhaps a fault, rather than an excellence. Mr. Pitt always remembered that it was his business to address and convince, not the British ΔΗΜΟΣ,* but the British senate.

“His mode of speaking was totally devoid of hesitation, and equally so of affectation. The stream of his discourse flowed on smoothly, uninterruptedly, copiously. The tide of Fox’s eloquence might present a view of more windings and cataracts, but it by no means suggested the same idea of utility;—nor, upon the whole, was the impression it produced of so majestic a character. Mr. Pitt was, without all doubt, a consummate speaker, but in the midst of his eloquence, it was impossible to avoid regarding him at all times, as being more of a philosopher than of an orator. What to other men seems to be a most magnificent end, he appeared to regard only as one among many means for accomplishing his great purpose. Statesmanship was, indeed, with him the ΤΕΚΝΗ ΑΡΧΙΤΕΚΤΟΝΙΚΗ, and every thing was kept in strict subservience to it. What Plato vainly wished to see in a king, had he lived in our days, he might have beheld in a minister.

“By men of barren or paltry minds, I can conceive it quite possible that Pitt, as a speaker, might have been contemplated with very little admiration. That which they are qualified to admire in a speech, was exactly what he, from principle, despised and omitted. He presented what he conceived to be the truth, that is, the wisdom of the case in simplicity, in noble simplicity, as it was. Minds of grasp and nerve comprehended him, and such alone were worthy of doing so. The small men who spend their lives in pointing epigrams or weaving periods, could not enter into the feelings which made him despise the opportunity of displaying, for the sake of doing; and they reviled him as if the power, not the will, had been wanting.

λάβροι
Παγγλωσσία κωρακὲς ὥς
Ἀκραντα γαρνυμέν
Δίος ὠρὸς ὀρνίθα θείον.†

Pindar, Olymp. II.

“Instead of following with reverent gaze the far ascending flight and beaming eye of the eagle,

* Populace.

† Powerful in empty sound, like ravens that vainly clamor against the majestic bird of Jove.

they criticised him, like the peacocks of the Hindoo fable, because he had no starry feathers in his tail, and because the beauty of his pinions consisted only in the uniform majesty of their strength.

“The style of speaking which was employed by this great man, seems to be the only style worthy of such a spirit as his was, intrusted with such duties as he discharged. *Intellect embodied in language by a patriot*—these few words comprehend every thing that can be said of it. Every sentence proceeded from his mouth as perfect, in all respects, as if it had been balanced and elaborated in the retirement of his closet: and yet no man for an instant suspected him of bestowing any previous attention whatever on the form or language of his harangues. His most splendid appearances were indeed most frequently replies, so that no such supposition could exist in the minds of those who heard him. I have heard many eloquent orators in England as well as elsewhere, but the only one who never seemed to be at a loss for a single word, or to use the less exact instead of the more precise expression, or to close a sentence as if the beginning of it had passed from his recollection, was William Pitt. The thoughts or the feelings of such a soul would have disdained to be set forth in a shape mutilated or imperfect. In like manner, the intellect of Pitt would have scorned to borrow any ornament excepting only from his patriotism. The sole fire of which he made use was the pure original element of heaven. It was only for such as him to be eloquent after that sort. The casket was not a gaudy one; but it was so rich, that it must have appeared ridiculous around a more ordinary jewel.

“While Pitt and Fox were both alive, and in the fullness of their strength, in one or other of the great parties of England, each of these illustrious men possessed an inflexible host of revilers; almost, such is the blindness of party spirit, of contemners. It is a strange anomalous circumstance in the constitution of our nature that it should be so, but the fact itself is quite certain, that, in all ages, of the world, political, even more than military leaders, have been subjected to this absurd use of the privilege which their inferiors have of judging them. So spake the Macedonian vulgar of Demosthenes; so the more pernicious Athenian rabble of Philip. The voice of detraction, however, is silenced by death; none would listen to it over the tomb of the illustrious. A noble and patriotic poet* of England has already embalmed, in lines that will never die, those feelings of regret and admiration where-with every Englishman now walks above the

* Sir Walter Scott.

“Genius, and taste, and talent gone,
Forever tomb’d beneath this stone,
Where (taming thought to human pride!)
The mighty chiefs sleep side by side.
Drop upon Fox’s grave the tear;
’Twill trickle to his rival’s bier.”

mingled ashes of Pitt and Fox. The genius, the integrity, the patriotism of either, is no longer disputed. The keenest partisan of the one departed chief would not wish to see the laurel blighted on the bust of his antagonist. Under other names the same political contests are continued; and so, while England is England, must they ever be. But already, such is the untarrying generosity of this great nation, and such the natural calmness of its spirit, the public judgment is as one concerning the men themselves. The stormy passions of St. Stephen's chapel are at once chastened into repose by the solemn stillness of Westminster Abbey.

"It is probable that this national generosity has been carried too far. For me, I partake in the general admiration—I refuse to neither the honor that is his due. But as I did while they were alive, so, now they are dead, I still judge them impartially. There is no reason why I should join in the atonement, since I was guiltless of the sin.

"Mr. Fox was, I think, a man of great talents and of great virtues, whose talents and virtues were both better fitted for a leader of Parliamentary opposition, than for a prime-minister of England; for his talents were rather of the *destructive* than of the *constructive* kind, and his virtues were more those of an easy and gentle heart, than of a firm unshaken will. Providence fixed him, during the far greater part of his life, where he was best fitted to be, and was equally wise in determining the brighter fortune of his rival. That fortune, however bright, was nevertheless, to judge as men commonly do, no very enviable boon. The life of Pitt was spent all in labor—much of it in sorrow; but, England and Europe may thank their God his great spirit was formed for its destiny, and never sunk into despondence. Year after year rolled over his head, and saw his hairs turning gray from care, not for himself, but for his country; but every succeeding year left this Atlas of the world as proudly inflexible, beneath his gigantic burden, as before. Rarely, very rarely, has it happened that one man has had it in his power to be so splendidly, so eternally, the benefactor of his species. So long as England preserves, within her 'guarded shore,' the palladium of all her heroes—the sacred pledge of Freedom,—his name will be the pride and glory of the soil that gave him birth. Nay, even should, at some distant day, the liberty of that favored land expire, in the memory of strangers he shall abundantly have his reward; for that holy treasure which he preserved to England might, but for the high resolution of this patriot martyr, have been lost for ever, not to her only, but to the world.

'He was a man, take him for all in all,
We shall not look upon his like again.' "

NOTES AND ANECDOTES,

Political and Miscellaneous—from 1798 to 1830.—Drawn from the Portfolio of an Officer of the Empire—and translated from the French for the Messenger, by a gentleman in Paris.

M. DE MARTIGNAC—HIS MINISTRY.

The restoration must be viewed from its commencement, for the purpose of forming a correct opinion of M. de Martignac and his Ministry; they were a plank of safety thrown to Charles X, who disdainfully rejected it, to precipitate himself in the gulf which soon swallowed him.

Louis XVIII loved the charter as one does anything of his own creation. He would have it believed that it was freely given to the people, though he knew better than any one else that it had been imposed upon him by necessity. Louis XVIII had comprehended, from its commencement, the revolution of 1789; he had coveted the power to regulate its movement, and he attempted to do it, but he was without credit. He had been accused of treating, with a view to his private interests, with the enemies of the monarchy.

In 1814, Louis XVIII felt, that without the charter, France could not be governed six months; but he had not strength to suppress the false steps of men who had shared his misfortunes, but who had not, like himself, profitted by the lessons of experience. His weakness was punished by a second exile; he then avowed his guilt, and his first expression, on re-entering France, was—"My government has committed faults." Such a confession, at such a moment, was not without dignity.

But a rival power had raised itself up by the side of the throne of Louis XVIII, full of indignation against what is called *concessions made to the revolution*, never speaking of the charter in any language but that of contempt, or of its author without disdain; tormenting and disgusting those Ministers who refused to bend their knee before it, and to assume its colors; calling religion to its aid, for the purpose of using it as an instrument; invading all the public offices; covering France with its adherents; introducing corruption into the electoral colleges, for the purpose of afterwards controlling the chamber; and, in fine, holding itself in readiness to profit by every event. This power was known under the name of the *pavillon marsan*. It had been denounced to the chamber and to France as a concealed government. It was Charles X, with his secret council, preparing, during the lifetime of his brother, the work of July, 1830.

Louis XVIII struggled, with various success, during five years against the *pavillon marsan*. Sometimes yielding to well directed attacks, now having recourse to stratagem, to secure himself a victory; sometimes, also, showing himself jealous of his power, and striking, as with the ordinance of the 5th of September, an energetic blow. But Louis XVIII was old and infirm. This intestine war, this war waged daily, exhausted his strength. He felt his end approaching, and desired to die in peace. To accelerate its triumph, the faction, inimical to the new institutions of France, had skilfully profitted by the deplorable assassination of the Duke of Berri. Was the attempt of Louvel a political crime? Was it not rather an act of personal vengeance? Per-

haps at some future day it may be explained. It was, nevertheless, used as a political crime for the purpose of showing to Louis XVIII the danger of doctrines which were developed by his charter. The old King had too much tact and intelligence to suffer himself to be deceived, or to fail to perceive the future dangers contained in the remedy proposed to him; but overcome by fatigue he opposed but a feeble resistance, and soon resigned himself into the hands of others.

Selfish, like all old men, Louis XVIII probably said to himself, as Louis XV had done before—"All this will last, at least, as long as I do. My successors may arrange for themselves as well as they can;" and calling M. de Villèle into the Ministry, he placed, in fact, all authority in the hands of his brother, of whose absolute incapacity he was, nevertheless, perfectly convinced.

The reign of Charles X then really dates from the moment of M. de Villèle's coming into power. From that time the schemes of the dominant faction might be seen through. Renouncing the concealed warfare which had been carried on from 1815, against the charter, it commenced an open attack upon the institutions which Louis XVIII had conferred upon France.

I was present in the month of December, 1830, at one of the sittings of the court, during the trial of the Ministers. I carried home a celebrated orator, who for a long time figured in the first rank at the bar, and now occupies an exalted situation in the magistracy. We were conversing on the subject of the request pronounced by one of the Commissioners of the Chamber of Deputies.

"The Commissioners of the Chamber," he said, "are wrong; they do not understand their parts; they reduce an immense process—that of France against the restoration—to the narrow proportions of a prosecution against individuals. If I had had to speak in this affair, I would have traced these facts to their true source. Throwing Louis XVIII aside, who acted in my opinion with perfect sincerity, I would have exhibited Charles X, swearing to the charter, first as a Prince, and afterwards as King, with the settled determination of destroying it. I would have followed him through fifteen years, laboring incessantly at his work, sometimes yielding, but only that he might the more perfectly succeed in his deceptions; and, because the moment for action did not appear to have yet arrived, down to the day on which he found Ministers, whose blind devotion and weak understanding allowed them to associate themselves with his mad enterprise; and I would, as by accident, have encountered these four heads, whom I would scarcely have deigned to touch."

The Ministry of M. de Martignac was one of those impediments to which Charles X had to submit. This Ministry was composed of honest men whose good intentions were, however, never acknowledged by the opposition, which made no allowance for the actual good which it accomplished, or for the extra-parliamentary resistance which it everywhere encountered. The most enlightened members of the opposition, and among the number, Cassimir Périer, Benjamin Constant, and General Sebastiani, appreciated the Martignac Ministry; and if they did not frankly and openly unite themselves to it, it was because they foresaw that this Ministry—imposed on the crown by public opinion—could

have but an ephemeral existence, and thought it necessary to prepare themselves for resisting a storm that was gathering in the sombre distance.

M. de Martignac, a man of delicate and enlightened mind—a man of concession and conciliation might have secured the safety of the tottering throne of Charles X. He labored to do so conscientiously, and in opposition to Charles X himself; and to do so required some courage. He had first to struggle in the Council, to obtain leave to effect a little good, and afterwards to combat in the Chamber two oppositions—the one repelling the good—the other wishing for more than he offered—the one accusing him of stripping the monarch of his prerogatives—the other reproaching him with refusing to France the perfection of her institutions. To be the Minister of a King who refused him his confidence, and to see his good intentions misconstrued, was, for two years, the political fate of M. de Martignac. It will be acknowledged, that to purchase power at such a price, is to pay for it dearly enough.

M. de Martignac had filled important posts under the Ministry of M. de Villèle. Charles X hoped to find in him a man disposed to follow, under perhaps more conciliatory forms, the system of his predecessors. He thought that he would be enabled, with M. de Martignac, as with M. de Villèle, to arrive insensibly at the accomplishment of his schemes; he calculated on making but an apparent concession to public opinion. This was also the idea of the opposition. Charles X was deceived, and the opposition believed itself so. The acts of the Martignac Ministry soon disabused Charles X, and he hastened to break an instrument which no longer answered his purpose. Afterwards, convinced that success was impossible by any such means, he determined to act with open force; and the Polignac Ministry was formed.

M. de Martignac had given all that an honest man could give to his King and his country; he had given his health and his life. After his retirement from office, those who had been his adversaries, rendered full homage to his honorable character, and his pure intentions. I have before said that this is the only justice which statesmen can expect.

PRINCE POLIGNAC—COUNT REAL.

M. de Polignac was named Minister of Foreign Affairs; his nomination, announced a long time in advance, was a defiance thrown in the teeth of the nation. It replied by a unanimous cry of anger and indignation. Arrived at power, M. de Polignac remained, what he had always been, presumptuous almost to madness, regarding everything which he had dreamed of as possible and easy; and he had dreamed of the overthrow of our institutions. M. de Polignac had, since 1815, shared the sentiments of Charles X. He was the person that Charles X was to call upon at the moment of the execution of his schemes.

At the time of the conspiracy of Georges, and under the empire, Count Real had frequently occasion to render important services to the Messrs. Polignac. I must do them the justice to state, that they never failed to show themselves grateful.

After his return from exile, M. Real instituted a suit

against the Caraman family, who, profiting by his absence, had possessed themselves of several shares of stock in the canal *du Midi*, which had been given him by the Emperor. The spoliation of M. Real, executed in virtue of an ordinance, which had been surprised from Louis XVIII, was a monstrous iniquity; without the revolution of July, he would, however, have very probably lost his suit, as the heirs of Count Fermon, placed in absolutely identical circumstances, had lost theirs against the same individuals. The judges of the restoration allowed the unconstitutionality of the imperial decrees to be pleaded before them; but they bowed before a royal ordinance, whether defective or not in form, or consistent with, or contrary to the law, with all the respect that is shown in Turkey to a firman of the sultan.

M. Real, instructed by the failure of the heirs of M. de Fermon, had carried his suit before the Council of State. It was there at the period of M. de Polignac's elevation to the Ministry. M. Real thought that he might solicit the support of one who did not hesitate to say that he was under obligations to him.

The vehemence with which the journals expressed themselves, on the occasion of the formation of the Polignac Ministry, cannot be forgotten. M. Real was still affected by what he had just read, when he presented himself in the office of the Minister of Foreign Affairs. Being immediately admitted to an audience with the Minister, he was surprised at the perfect serenity of M. de Polignac, and the tranquil and calm tone in which he expressed himself. After a few words had been exchanged on the business which brought M. Real to the office, they began to speak of public affairs.

"Well, Count, what do you think of the situation in which we find ourselves?"

"I do not know whether I should congratulate, or condole with your excellency."

"Condole with me—and why?"

"The struggle seems to be so seriously waged, that one cannot say who will win or who will lose."

"And are you, a man of experience, frightened by these idle clamors?"

"It is exactly because I am a man of experience, that I have hesitated whether to address your excellency compliments of congratulation or condolence."

"Things are not so desperate, M. Real, as you appear to think; all will be calm."

"I wish it may be so; but, in the meantime, your excellency does not seem to be upon a bed of roses."

"It is true; but you know that I have been worse off; when I was in your custody, for example, I managed to extricate myself; and I will again extricate myself with the aid of Providence."

"But should Providence, accidentally, refuse to meddle with your affairs."

"Oh! Providence is with us—he will not abandon us."

M. Real saw M. de Polignac but once afterwards. It was in the Chamber of Peers during the trial of the Ministers. M. de Polignac had been accused in some publications of having participated in the attempt at assassination of the 3d Nivose. M. de Martignac, the defender of the ex-president of the Council, had applied to M. Real on the subject, who replied by letter, that having been charged with the duty of

attending to all the preparations for the trial of those concerned in that affair, he could declare that the name of M. de Polignac was not once mentioned in the whole process.

M. Real had gone to the Court of Peers the very day that this letter was read by M. de Martignac. He had found a place in the tribune of the journalists. I was seated near him. M. de Polignac directed his opera glass to the different tribunes with the most perfect indifference. He at last recognized M. Real; and after having indicated his position to his fellow prisoner, saluted him in the kindest and most affable manner.

"It was in that same manner," said M. Real to me, "that he saluted me the day that I visited him at the office of the Minister of Foreign Affairs."

M. DE MONBEL.

M. de Monbel—I will not say the Baron de Monbel, because M. de Monbel is no more a Baron than M. d'Arlincourt is a Viscount. M. de Monbel's real name is Baron; he added the *de Monbel* to his patronimique because having been born in a village of the name of Monbel. M. d'Arlincourt's name is Victor d'Arlincourt: he signed himself V. d'Arlincourt. On one occasion, and because of the V which preceded his name, Louis XVIII called him a Viscount, and he has suffered himself to pass under that name ever since. The article in the penal code, which punished the usurpation of titles, having been abolished, one has nothing more to say to the Baron de Monbel than to the Viscount d'Arlincourt.

M. Baron, of Monbel, (department *de la Haute-Garonne*), could hardly have anticipated, in 1825, the fortune which he afterwards possessed, or the career which was to be opened to him. He was the son of an individual whose income did not exceed four thousand francs, and was educated at the college of Serreze. In 1825, (the proof of this fact is to be found in the office of the Minister of the Interior,) he solicited, in virtue of the devotion of his whole family, and in consideration of his limited means, the place of councillor of prefecture at Toulouse. It was about this time, (he was then forty years of age,) that, having married a rich woman, he caused himself to be nominated a deputy. He appeared in the Chamber, for the first time, in 1827, during the ministry of M. de Martignac. For his *debut* he supported, in conformity with the interest of the Villèle ministry, the accusation brought forward by M. Labbey de Pompières against the ministry of M. de Martignac. Already he had himself called M. le Baron de Monbel. Under this assumed title and false name, he became a minister, and was tried and condemned.

THE REFUSAL TO PAY TAXES—A Precedent.

The associations for the refusal of taxes, followed quickly after the formation of the Polignac ministry. Facts have since proved that France was not deceived in its anticipations, and that it wisely comprehended the hostility to its institutions to be expected from such men as Messrs. de Polignac, Bourmont, and Labouderie; nor was the government, on its side, long in un-

derstanding the full power of the means of resistance then seized for the first time by the people. The refusal to pay taxes, is in fact the last reason of the people, and by a much juster title than the cannon is that of kings. Orders were given to all the attorneys general and king's attorneys, to prosecute with the greatest rigor every journal that registered the acts of association for the refusal of taxes, and invited their readers to subscribe to them.

Among the newspapers thus prosecuted, was a provincial journal, *La Sentinelle des Deux-Sèvres*. This journal, which was conducted with courage and talent, had published a letter on the subject of the refusal of taxes, by M. Mauquin, who had been simultaneously nominated as deputy by the department *des Deux-Sèvres*, and by that of *la Côte d'Or*. This journal was prosecuted for the publication of the letter. M. Mauquin hastened to offer the support of his fine talents to a journal which was involved in difficulties on his account; and notwithstanding the excessive cold of the winter of 1829-'30, proceeded to Niort to defend, before the court which was to try the offence, a cause which he regarded as a personal one.

The threat to refuse the payment of taxes in the event of a violation of the charter, said the prosecutor, was a gratuitous outrage to the government, which the most odious hostility could alone believe capable of forgetting its oaths and betraying its duties. The right of the citizens to refuse, in any state of things, the payment of taxes, and thus to deprive the government of all means of action, and to deliver the country up to anarchy, was questioned.

The answer of the counsel for the defence was simple. Whether with justice or not, said they, we distrust you: if we are deceived, if you respect the charter, our association will fall of itself, and the taxes, freely voted by a legally constituted Chamber, will be paid as they have heretofore been.

M. Mauquin had to defend before the tribunal of Niort, an offence which had already been tried before nearly every tribunal of France. He had to prove that the constitutional government, which was already but a fiction, would become a mere chimera, if the Chambers were not permitted to refuse the subsidies which they are called upon to vote, and if, without a regular vote of the regularly constituted Chambers, the citizens could be forced to pay a tax, which, according to the true spirit of the law, should be *freely agreed*.

Opposed to so lucid and powerful a speaker as M. Mauquin, the duty of the public prosecutor became one of no little difficulty. He could only effect a partial escape from the embarrassment of his situation—shut in between simple propositions—by vague declamation against revolutionary factions, evil passions, the fury of parties, &c. &c. From amplication to amplication, the king's attorney for Niort had at length come to sustain the proposition, that the refusal of taxes, supposing it to be in any case a right, was not of so exorbitant a character, that it would be a crime even to dream of exercising it: he added, that at no period, not even during the worst of our political storms, had the payment of taxes ever been questioned.

At this point M. Mauquin wished him to arrive. This was the proposition which he expected to hear him sustain. Rising immediately in reply, he drew a paper

from his port-folio, and read before the tribunal sitting in judgment in the name of Charles X, an authentic declaration addressed to Louis XVI, when king, by his brother the Count d'Artois, (afterwards Charles X,) by the Prince of Condé, the Duke of Bourbon, and the Duke d'Enghien. These princes announced to the king by this declaration, respectfully, but formally, their determination to refuse the payment of all taxes, in the event of the constituent assembly's attempting any infringement of the rights and prerogatives of the nobility. But one prince of the royal family had refused to sign this paper; this person was *Monsieur*, Count of Provence, afterwards Louis XVIII. No one had even dreamt of asking the signatures of the princes of the Orleans branch.

The effect on the tribunal, produced by reading this piece, was magical. The king's attorney was put down, and the journal, after some forms had been gone through, was acquitted, amidst the applauses of the whole audience.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF

LAWRENCE EVERHEART.

BY A CITIZEN OF FREDERICK COUNTY, MARYLAND.

The deeds of the illustrious patriots of our revolution have been either eulogized by the orator, or recorded by the faithful historian. Their virtues, talents, and achievements have been admired and remembered by a grateful country. No bosom can be found so cold, as not to glow with holy enthusiasm, while the eventful measures, the chequered and thrilling scenes, which marked the high and lofty career of the father of his country, are recorded. The dauntless courage and tried skill of Greene, Wayne, Howard, Putnam, Williams, and Starke, have constituted the subject of interesting biography, and contributed largely to form the military character of America. It is my design in the following sketch, to introduce to the notice of his countrymen, Sergeant LAWRENCE EVERHEART, of the regiment of cavalry under command of Lieut. Colonel William Washington, the *Cœur de Leon* of his day, who was emphatically "without fear, and without reproach."

EVERHEART was born of German parents, in Middletown valley, Frederick county, Maryland, May 6, 1755; and enrolled himself as a common soldier at Taney Town, in a militia company commanded by Capt. Jacob Goode, on the 1st of August, 1776. He was then in the twenty-second year of his age, tall of stature, and of powerful, brawny limbs, capable of enduring fatigue and hardship; of noble, manly countenance, and an eye beaming with the lustre of genuine courage; with a heart beating high and strong to redress the wrongs of his country. He left behind the lovely beauties of his native residence, the endearments of home, and all the relations of social life; preferring the perils of camp, the tumult of battle,

and the hazards of war, to inglorious and unsatisfying ease. On the 2d of August, he set out for Annapolis, thence through Philadelphia to New York, where, being united to Beall's regiment, he fought at York Island, August 27th, 1776. The disasters of that unfortunate day created universal gloom and despondency. The city of New York was evacuated, and at once passed into the possession of the enemy. On the 28th October of that year, the battle of White Plains took place, in which our young recruit displayed a gallantry worthy of his name, and of the cause in which he had perilled his life. Chief Justice Marshall tells us that the engagement was very animated on both sides. The loss of our army was between three and four hundred. Among the wounded was the intrepid Col. Smallwood, one of the noblest sons of Maryland, who, in the subsequent stages of the mighty struggle for independence, acquired for himself never fading laurels.

From this place, Everheart, with part of the army, retreated to Fishkill, on the Hudson, and thence to Fort Washington. It was situated on a high bluff of land on the river, and difficult of ascent. On the 15th November, the garrison was summoned to surrender, on pain of death, by a numerous and well disciplined force, commanded by Howe and Cornwallis. Col. Magaw, an intelligent and tried officer, replied that the place should be defended to the last extremity. Gen. Washington was now at Fort Lee, immediately opposite, and could see all the operations of the British. How full of anxiety must his bosom have been, when on the bank of the river he beheld the unequal contest; heard the roar of artillery and small arms, the lines and redoubts carried, and the banner of his country struck to a haughty foe! The capitulation was obtained at the point of the bayonet. While it was progressing, the General sent a billet to the colonel, requesting him to hold out until evening, when he would endeavor to bring off the garrison; but the preliminaries had been signed, and it was now too late. Our loss was estimated at 2,000, that of the British at 800. Everheart was not included in the capitulation, having fortunately escaped with some of his comrades in a boat, after the surrender, and arrived at Fort Lee. Cornwallis resolved on surprising this place, crossed the river with six thousand troops, below Dobb's Ferry, and endeavored to enclose the garrison; but the characteristic caution and foresight of our chief thwarted this scheme by a timely retreat to the narrow neck of land lying between the Hudson and Hackensack. Miserable and forlorn in the extreme, was now the condition of the little army of patriots; in a level country, without a single intrenching tool, exposed to inclement weather, without tents, provisions, or forage; in the midst of a people, in no wise zealous in the cause of

liberty; troops undisciplined, desertions frequent, and deep, general depression and gloom, arising from these combined causes. Here Everheart saw and conversed with the general-in-chief. Overwhelmed with grief and despair, his manly features were bathed with tears; the darkest clouds of adversity had gathered on his brow; no cheering hope gilded to his vision the horizon of freedom; "a brave man struggling with the storms of fate;" the sternness of a soldier yielding to the softer feelings of his noble heart! Æneas looked on the flames of Troy from the prow of his bark, but not without being melted down at the awful scene! Driven from this last position, Washington took post at Newark, on the south side of the Passaic, whence he retreated to Brunswick on the Raritan, Nov. 28, 1776. The period had now arrived when the troops composing the flying camp were discharged, their term of service having expired. To the extreme mortification of the general, his army was much enfeebled from this cause, even in sight of the enemy, led on by the accomplished Cornwallis. Not so with Everheart: he still remained to share the fate of the Americans. The retreat through Jersey has ever been considered, by military men, a masterly performance. The sufferings and perils of our troops during that period are almost beyond description. It is true, however, in the moral, as in the natural world, that the darkest hour is just before the dawn of day. Literally was it verified in the unexpected and extraordinary change of affairs which occurred at Trenton, on the 26th Dec. 1776, when the tide of war was turned in our favor. One thousand prisoners, six pieces of artillery, a large amount of arms, were the trophies of this memorable night. The sun of prosperity once more lighted up the countenance of the successful chief; drops of grief gave place to smiles of joy. Remaining with the army until the spring of '77, Everheart returned to his birth-place; but his ardent spirit would not allow him to remain long inactive. Accordingly, in the summer of 1778, he enlisted at Frederick, in the regiment of horse, of which Col. Washington was commander. Between this period and March, '79, he remained here with the corps, actively engaged in daring feats of horsemanship, in acquiring a thorough knowledge of tactics, and in making preparations for the arduous duties of a southern campaign. His virtues, as a soldier, caught the eye of the colonel, and he was soon commissioned a sergeant. Arriving at Petersburg, Va., they were placed in charge of captain Stith, by whom they were, at proper seasons, disciplined and drilled, until Christmas of that year, when Col. Washington returned from the north, where he had been on service. In April, 1780, the regiment arrived at Charleston, Carolina; and soon after, near Stony Church, seven miles from Dorchester, the regiments of

light dragoons of Pulaski, Bland, and Baylor, led by the lieutenant-colonel, attacked for the first time, the celebrated Tarleton. He retreated with loss. The Americans retiring to Monk's corner, were soon after attacked before day, by that enterprising British officer, who had concealed himself for sometime in a swamp. Major Vannier, of Pulaski's corps, was killed, and about fifty of our men were taken. Collecting our scattered forces, our troops pressed on to Murray's ferry, subsisting for several days on parched corn and a little bacon. Crossing the Pedee on the 3d of May, every effort was made by forced marches to overtake Tarleton, but in vain, in consequence of the numerous Tories infesting that neighborhood, who proved constant and liege subjects, and friends to the devastating foe. On the 6th of May, they captured one company of British dragoons, consisting of forty persons, and retired back again to the ferry; Buford then lying on the northern side of the river. In vain did the colonel insist on crossing the Pedee, but was overruled by White, who had recently arrived to assume the command of Bland's regiment; Tarleton at once took advantage of this impolitic movement, and not only recaptured the prisoners recently taken, but also forty Americans. Two days afterwards, the scattered regiments were once more collected together, below Leneau's ferry, where the heavy baggage lay. On the 29th of May, Tarleton tarnished his laurels at the Waxhaws, in his attack on Buford, by an indiscriminate massacre of one hundred and thirteen Americans; the wounding of one hundred and fifty in a barbarous and inhuman manner, after quarter had been demanded: fifty-three were taken prisoners. "In the annals of Indian war, nothing is to be found more shocking; and this bloody day only wanted the war dance and the roasting fire, to have placed it first in the records of torture and of death in the west." After encountering many perils and hardships, parrying the onsets of foreign and intestine enemies; harrassed with all the accidents and trials of warfare, in a country infested with traitors, whose business it was, not only to aid the British, but to burn, devastate, and overwhelm in ruin the property of their neighbors, and deliver it up almost to indiscriminate ruin; Everheart, with his regiment, arrived at Halifax on the first of June, where they remained until September, recruiting their exhausted ranks with men and horses from the north. Being now in fine order, they set out again for the scene of war in South Carolina. At Rudgeley's mill, the lieutenant colonel putting a painted pine log on a cart, induced Rudgeley to believe it a piece of artillery, and being summoned by a corporal with a flag, or on failure, he would be blown to atoms, that officer, with more than one hundred prisoners, capitulated without firing a gun. Washington, with his cavalry, being now placed under

Morgan, by direction of Gates, he resumed his accustomed active service, and was essentially useful in the important trust confided to Morgan. Greene succeeding Gates, after the ill-fated catastrophe at Camden, Morgan was detached with the corps to which Everheart belonged, to hang on the enemy's flank, and to threaten Ninety-Six. After various vicissitudes incident to the life of a soldier, Morgan halted near the Pacolet river, on the 1st of January, 1781. Washington set out for Hammond's store, so notorious for being the rendezvous of Tories, (leaving the sergeant in charge of the baggage,) whence he returned in two days, after killing several, and taking fifty or sixty prisoners. From this period until the 17th of the month, the Americans were continually engaged in reconnoitering the British. That was indeed a day, full of glory to our country. On the heights of Cowpens, the unyielding valor of men determined to be free, shone with unrivalled lustre. With his characteristic ardor, Tarleton pressed hard on his adversary through the night of the 16th, and passed over the ground on which the American general had been encamped, a few hours after the latter had left it.

The following letter of Lieutenant Simons to Colonel (afterwards General) William Washington, will prove what part Everheart bore on that glorious occasion.

"CHARLESTON, Nov. 3, 1803.

"DEAR GENERAL,

"In reply to your letter of the 23d ultimo, and to the letter which you enclosed for my perusal, I do hereby (not only from recollection, but from a journal now in my possession, which I kept at the time,) certify, that about the dawn of day on the 17th of January, 1781, you selected Sergeant Everheart from your regiment, and thirteen men, whom you sent to reconnoitre Lieut. Col. Tarleton's army. The advanced guard of his army were mounted, as we understood and believed, on some of the fleetest race horses, which he had impressed from their owners, in this country, and which enabled them to take Sergeant Everheart and one of the men; but the other twelve men returned and gave you information of the approach of the enemy. Immediately after the battle of the Cowpens commenced, you well recollect that your first charge was made on the enemy's cavalry, (who were cutting down our militia,) and whom, after a smart action, you instantly defeated, leaving in the course of ten minutes eighteen of their brave 17th dragoons dead on the spot, and whom, you will recollect, were deserted by Col. Tarleton's legionary cavalry. The former wore an uniform of red and buff, with sheep skin on their caps; the latter wore an uniform of green with black facings. In pursuit of their cavalry, you overtook their artillery, whom you immediately made prisoners;

but the drivers of the horses who were galloping off with two three-pounders, you could not make surrender, until after repeated commands from you, you were obliged to order to be shot. After securing these field pieces, your third charge was made upon the right wing of their army, composed of legionary infantry, intermixed with the battalion of the brave 71st, under the command of Major McArthur; and who, under the operation of an universal panic, having been successfully charged on the left of their army, by our friend Colonel Howard, instantly surrendered. Immediately after securing the prisoners, your fourth charge was in pursuit of their cavalry, who finding they could no longer keep Everheart a prisoner, shot him with a pistol on the head, over one of his eyes, (I cannot remember which.) Being then intermixed with the enemy, Everheart pointed out to me the man who shot him, and on whom a just retaliation was exercised, and who, by my orders was instantly shot, and his horse, as well as I recollect, given to Everheart, whom I ordered in the rear to the surgeons. It was at this period of the action, that we sustained the greatest loss of men, Lieutenant Bell having previously taken off with him, in pursuit of the enemy on our left, nearly a fourth part of your regiment. The enemy were obliged to retreat, and were pursued by you twenty-two miles, taking several prisoners and wounded. To the best of my recollection, Sergeant Everheart was so disabled from his wounds, that he received a discharge from you, and he retired from the army. That Sergeant Everheart was a brave soldier, there is no better proof than your selecting him at such an important moment for such important service; that Everheart would have been promoted to the rank of an officer, had he been able to remain with our regiment, your practice in several similar instances, leaves no room to doubt, as the meritorious was certain of promotion from you. To recompense, therefore, in the evening of his days, for past services, an old, gallant, and meritorious wounded soldier, will, I am persuaded, be a great satisfaction to all with whom the decision of this question can rest.

I am, dear General,
Your old brother officer, and sincere friend,
JAMES SIMONS.
Brig. Gen. WASHINGTON."

Personally appeared before me, Major James Simons, who being duly sworn, doth declare, that the circumstances stated in the foregoing letter, are, to the best of his recollection, true.

JAMES SIMONS.

Sworn to before me, at Charleston, November 8, 1803. ABM. CROUCH, *Notary Public*.

On the back of the above document is the following:

"I believe the circumstances detailed in the certificate of James Simons, relative to Lawrence Everheart, are strictly just; and can with truth aver, that Sergeant Everheart was a brave and meritorious soldier during our revolutionary struggle.

W. WASHINGTON.

SANDY HILL, Nov. 13, 1803."

The following letter in the hand-writing of his colonel, constitutes part of the documents on which a pension was recently obtained, under the act of Congress of June 7, 1832.

"SANDY HILL, Nov. 11, 1803.

"DEAR SIR:—I should have answered your favor of August 4th long since, but the certificate of James Simons could not be obtained till a few days ago. Such a length of time has elapsed, that all the circumstances relative to the services and discharge of Lawrence Everheart, are not so fully within my recollection as to justify my making an affidavit of the same; but doubtless, the certificate and affidavit of James Simons, who was a lieutenant and adjutant in our regiment, fully meets all the requisitions of the law of Congress. It gives me much pleasure that you and my old friend Howard are about to advocate the pretensions of that brave and meritorious soldier, Lawrence Everheart; and I cannot be induced to believe that Congress will reject the just claims of an old soldier, who was instrumental in accomplishing that independent situation which they now enjoy; and who, in consequence of his bravery, was unfortunately deprived of the means of supporting himself comfortably in old age.

I am, dear sir, with much respect and esteem,
Your very obedient, humble servant,

W. WASHINGTON.

Enclosed herewith, you will receive the certificate and affidavit of James Simons."

In order fully to understand these documents, it will be necessary here to recapitulate some of the events in which Everheart participated. It was not until after a severe and bloody contest between the advance of Tarleton and his party, that he was captured. On his left hand are now to be seen the wounds received on that morning from the sabres of the enemy. Even with this disadvantage, he would have escaped, but his favorite charger, to his great sorrow, fell dead under him, by a shot from the enemy. At this moment, our army was about three miles in the rear. He was taken by quartermaster Wade, with whom he had accidentally formed a slight acquaintance at Monk's corner, (and who was slain on that very day,) to Col. Tarleton. That officer dismounting, the following conversation occurred: "Do you expect Mr. Washington and Mr. Morgan will fight me to-day?" "Yes, if they can keep together two

hundred men." "Then," said the former, "it will be another Gates defeat." "I hope to God it will be another Tarleton's defeat," replied the gallant son of Middletown Valley. "I am Col. Tarleton, sir." "And I am Sergeant Everheart, sir." It was a reply worthy of Roman or Spartan courage. Suffering intensely from his wounds, they were speedily dressed by the British surgeon, and he was treated with distinguished kindness. Now a prisoner of war, he was taken with the enemy's army to the scene of action. At eight o'clock in the morning, Morgan halting near the Broad river, awaited the approach of his adversary. The ground about the Cowpens was covered with open wood, allowing the cavalry to operate with ease, in which the British trebled our forces. The detachment of Tarleton numbered one thousand;—that of Morgan, eight hundred. Although the plan of battle on the part of the American brigadier, was, in the estimation of some military men, rather injudicious, yet it was impossible that the issue could have been more fortunate. The first line was composed of militia under Major McDowel, of North Carolina, and Major Cunningham, of Georgia, who were ordered to feel the enemy as he approached, then to fall back on the front line, and renew the conflict. The main body of militia composed this line, under Gen. Pickens. In the rear of the first line was stationed a second, composed of the continental infantry, and Virginia militia, under Captains Triplett and Taite, commanded by Howard. Washington's cavalry, reinforced by a company of mounted militia, was held in reserve, convenient to support the infantry, and to protect the horses of the rifle corps, which, agreeably to usage, were tied in the rear. "The gloomy host" now advanced, sure of conquest. At this solemn period, Morgan, who had fought at Quebec under Montgomery, and fully established his fame at Saratoga, addressed his troops in a style worthy of a Hannibal or Scipio Africanus. Uneducated as he was, his eloquence was from the heart, and thrilled through every bosom. He exhorted the militia to the exercise of firmness and zeal, and declared his entire confidence in their valor and patriotism. He pointed them to the fields of his exploits; to his fortune and experience; to the destructive fire of his unerring riflemen; to the mortification he had experienced at being hitherto forced to retire before the enemy; and that now was the time to strike for their country. To the continentals he said little, except to remind them that *they* needed no exhortation to do *their* duty. He took his station. The situation of Everheart, when the first line fell back, and the shout of the enemy was heard in all directions, must have been truly appalling, because he knew not that this movement formed part of the plan of battle. But rushing on the front line, which held its station, they instantly

poured in on the British a destructive fire; but continuing to advance with the bayonet on our militia, the latter retired and gained the second line. Here, with part of the corps, Pickens took post on Howard's right, and the rest fled to their horses. Tarleton pushed forward, and was received by Morgan with unshaken firmness. Each party struggled hard for victory; the enemy ordered up his reserve. McArthur's regiment animated the whole British line, which, outstretching our front, endangered Howard. That officer defended his flank by directing his right company to change its front; but by mistake it fell back; the line began to retire, and they were ordered to retreat to the cavalry. This manœuvre being quickly performed, the new position was immediately resumed. The British line now rushed on with impetuosity, but as it drew near, Howard faced about, and delivered a close and severe fire. The enemy recoiled;—the advantage was followed up with the bayonet, and the day was ours. At this instant, Washington charged, as Major Simons has stated, on the enemy's cavalry, who had gained our rear, and were "cutting down" our militia. He proved himself the "thunderbolt of war." What language can paint the emotions which then filled the bosom of his friend, a captive in the hands of that enemy whom the colonel was destroying; himself liable at every moment to fall by the hands of his countrymen? His beloved chief was then in the prime of life, six feet in height, broad, strong, and corpulent, courting danger, impetuous and irresistible. In proof of this, Marshall, in his 4th vol. page 347, says: "In the eagerness of pursuit, Washington advanced near thirty yards in front of his regiment. Observing this, three British officers wheeled about and made a charge upon him? The officer on his right was aiming to cut him down, when a sergeant came up and intercepted the blow, by disabling his sword arm. At the same instant, the officer on his left was about to make a stroke at him, when a waiter, too small to wield a sword, saved him by wounding the officer with a ball discharged from a pistol. At this moment, the officer in the centre, who was believed to be Tarleton, made a thrust at him, which he parried, upon which the officer retreated a few paces, and then discharged a pistol at him, which wounded his knee." The *sergeant* here spoken of was Everheart. Under Providence, he was his shield and buckler. How great the benefit conferred on his country! Had Washington fallen, we should not only have lost his all-important services on that day, when victory settled on our banner, but also his valor and skill at the subsequent actions of Guilford and Eutaw, at which last place he was, to the great grief of the whole army, thrown from his horse while charging the enemy, and carried away a prisoner to Charleston. Morgan now pressed his

success; the pursuit became general. The British cavalry were covering the retreat; but, according to the evidence of Major Simons, nothing could restrain the ardor of the colonel. He pursued them twenty-two miles, within a short distance of Cornwallis' camp, at Fisher's creek, where the British under Tarleton retreated. Sometime after this affair, the British colonel observed in company, that he should be pleased to see Mr. Washington, of whom he had heard so much; to which a lady very significantly replied, that he might have been gratified had he only looked behind him at the Cowpens!

In this action, of the enemy there were one hundred, including ten officers, killed; twenty-three officers and five hundred privates were taken. Their artillery, 800 muskets, two standards, thirty-five baggage wagons, and one hundred horses fell into our hands; while our loss was only seventy, of whom twelve were killed. Everheart informs me, that while the dragoons were making the charges described by Major Simons, he could hear them distinctly cry out as their watchword, "Buford's play," referring to the odious massacre perpetrated on the detachment commanded by that officer, as before detailed. Yet for all this, although the innocent blood of their companions, shed contrary to the laws of civilized warfare, yet remained unavenged; and the very persons who did the foul deed, were now in the open field of honorable combat, or held as prisoners fairly vanquished; no instance occurred on the part of our troops in which the dreadful precedent was followed. Washington now returning from the chase, with joy embraced his wounded friend, and sent him, under the care of two dragoons, three miles distant from the Cowpens, where his wounds were dressed by Dr. Pindall, formerly of Hagerstown, Maryland, then surgeon of the regiment. He remained at this position until the last of February, and then set out for Catawba river. Passing through Salem, he arrived at Guilford Court House immediately before the battle fought there, March 15, 1781. Here it is expedient to explain a part of the affidavit of Major Simons, where it is said that the subject of this memoir had retired from the army. That officer, not being at Guilford, did not of course see Everheart there; and no doubt thinking that his wounds were so very severe as to compel him to retire from service, and not hearing any thing to the contrary, he took for granted that it was the fact. At this place, the interview between the colonel and sergeant was truly joyous. He apprised Washington that his debility would prevent his participating in the coming conflict, and he was requested by that officer merely to take charge of the baggage wagons. Yet such was his love of battle, that he took his station on a hill where he could distinctly see every movement, and hear every shock of both

armies. He was, during the whole time, within range of the enemy's shot. I cannot forbear relating a singular event detailed to me by Charles Magill, Esq., late of Winchester, Virginia, who was aid-de-camp to Greene during this engagement. A captain was under arrest for cowardice. As the enemy displayed their columns, and formed their line, the unfortunate man, after protesting his innocence of the charge, desired the major to gallop to the general, and ask a suspension only during the action, that he might retrieve his character. It was soon done, and he was placed at the head of his company. On the first fire he fled from his station, and sheltered himself behind an apple tree. Magill invoked him in the strongest terms to reflect on his conduct and situation, and urged him to resume his command. At the first step he took from behind the tree, a ball from the enemy laid him dead at the feet of his friend. It was his opinion that the captain was born a coward; but that he would have been in less danger at his command, than in the situation he had assumed. As Everheart did not participate in the battle of Guilford, I shall notice only a few of its particulars, connected with the part which his colonel performed on that occasion. At the most important crisis, Washington charged the British guards with tremendous fury, and perceiving an officer at some distance surrounded by aids-de-camp, whom he supposed to be Cornwallis, he rushed on with the hope of making him prisoner, but was prevented by accident. His cap fell on the ground, and, as he dismounted to recover it, the officer leading the column was shot through the body, and rendered incapable of managing his horse. The animal wheeled round with his rider and galloped off the field. The cavalry followed, supposing that this movement had been ordered. But for this circumstance, it is highly probable that the amiable and accomplished Cornwallis would have been spared the pain of surrendering his whole army shortly afterwards at York, in Virginia. Greene, it is true, retreated—but only after such an obstinate contest as induced Charles Fox, in the House of Commons, to tell the ministry, with his usual sarcasm, that such another victory would destroy the British army. The official accounts estimate our loss in killed, wounded and missing, at fourteen commissioned officers, and three hundred and twelve non-commissioned officers and privates of the continental line. In the militia, there were four captains and seventeen privates killed; and besides General Stephens, there were one major, three captains, eight subalterns, and sixty privates wounded. The loss of the British was five hundred and thirty-two men; among them several officers of distinguished talents. Cornwallis retired to Ramsay's mills, and Greene set out in pursuit of him. The sergeant remained for several weeks in the vicinity of the

court house, that he might have the benefit of the professional skill of Dr. Wallis, in the healing of his wounds. During the summer, being once more ready for service, he was, by the order of Greene, employed in collecting horses in North Carolina, for the use of the army; and on the 18th of October, 1781, was present at the capitulation of the British army at Yorktown. Here his acquaintance with Lafayette commenced, which to the satisfaction of both parties, was renewed at Baltimore in 1825, when the patriot revisited our shores. He now returned to his county; but in November following, at the request of Col. Baylor, who had been exchanged, and restored to the command of his regiment, he repaired to Petersburg. With him he remained through the succeeding summer, and, in the fall of 1782, was honorably discharged, and once more returned to his lovely valley. With him, "the sword was converted into the plough-share." Embarking in agricultural pursuits, the sternness of the warrior was now subdued. Having married, and become the father of several children, his time was chiefly employed in providing for their wants by honest industry and toil. After some years, he became a preacher in the respectable denomination of christians called Methodists. Even here, as I am informed, "the ruling passion" would at times follow him; and when in the pulpit was a soldier still. He would sometimes introduce his discourses by informing his hearers, that, in his youth, he drew his sword in behalf of his country, but now in behalf of his Saviour! Washington frequently wrote to Everheart, offering to make him wealthy if he would emigrate to Carolina, but he declined his solicitations. When the troops of the United States were stationed at Harper's ferry, in 1799, his colonel, then holding a distinguished rank in that corps, passed through Middletown, and inquired for his old and faithful friend, desiring that he would pass the next day with him in Frederick. A large collection of citizens assembled to witness the interview. On approaching, they rushed into each other's arms, kissed and gave vent to their feelings in tears of joy. This was the last time they ever met. Everheart tells me, that on this occasion they walked together over those fields, where, in 1780, the regiment was disciplined for service; and that the feelings and scenes of those days were again revived; that he was urged by his chief to remove to Carolina, where wealth, ease and happiness awaited him. It was in vain. The colonel wrung the hand which had saved his life at Cowpens, and disappeared forever.

Admired and beloved by all, this venerable man yet retains uncommon vigor and elasticity of body and unbroken health. Florid in countenance, erect in gait, with every mark of military deportment; possessing great decision of character, and a name unsullied by a single stain; he is the de-

light of the neighborhood in which he resides. Not far from the place of his birth he passes the evening of his days in peace and tranquillity, awaiting with christian humility the awful summons of that Almighty Being, who was his tower of defence in the day of battle.

RAKINGS OF THE STUDY.

NO. I.

MARTIN LUTHER—HIS CHARACTER AND TIMES.

Genius illius temporis, velut incantatione quâdam, à mortuis revocetur. Bacon: *De augm. Scient. L. II. Cap. 4.*

The present disposition of minds, together with general circumstances, is not the most favorable to a full appreciation of Luther's character and times. There is but little, if any community of feelings and doctrines between the nineteenth and the sixteenth centuries. Questions of a purely dogmatic nature are no longer invested with the sovereign importance which they once possessed. Proverbially fierce as the spirit of religious controversy may be; we seldom admit, in our theological wrangles, the fanatical acerbity, which quailed not before the imminent danger of the Turk, encamped at the gates of Vienna, and which stood undaunted by the cruel extravagances of the followers of John of Leyden, and the awakened passions of the peasants of Muntzer, ravaging the plains of Germany.

To curb the ambitious cupidity of popes, and check the temporal aggressions of the church;—to reduce the excessive number of its ministers and the exorbitant increase of its wealth;—to shake off the yoke of spiritual despotism, and conquer the rights of conscience, in behalf of man; are no longer exclusive objects of attainment with the apostles of reform in our day. The various revolutions through which Europe has passed within the last three hundred years, have assumed the task of mainly redressing the grievances which induced the reformation. Its pretensions, inasmuch as our country is concerned, are realized. As an instrument of revolution, it has no provisional mission to perform:—it can exercise no salutary influence on a period, the tendency of which is to throw off the rubbish of worn-out principles, collected by ages of fraud, on the natural and political rights of mankind; and the crowning development of which must be the sure, though gradual, reconstruction of the social fabric out of new elements of sociability.

This reference, therefore, to the great schism of the sixteenth century, is intended to show Luther rather as an individual than as a reformer;—rather as the living representative of new ideas, than the assailer of mere church corruptions. Indeed we do not think that Luther appears to the best advantage as the reformer of abuses. It were a strange, though an habitual illusion, to imagine him bound to an unwavering faith in his work, or sustained by an enlightened conscience in his principles and aim. His memoirs exhibit him reforming himself at each step which he took. Humble and subdued, at first, in the presence of Rome's au-

thority—then kindling into a spirit of disputatious pride—insolent even to brutality and vulgar beyond measure—ignorant of the definite bearing of the discussion which he had started—alarmed at the very enthusiasm with which his first theses were received—shrinking before the consequences of the principles that he had laid down in his polemics, and driven, by some irresistible fatality, from negation to negation;—we find him denying the pope the power of indulgences, denying the merits of good works, denying the institution of the papacy, denying the church as a visible body, denying the prayers for the dead, denying the freedom of will and the indissolubility of the marriage bond. He successively revolutionized not only the discipline of the church, and its religious and dogmatic authority, but also the received opinions of mankind concerning morals, the family state, and political society itself. Breathing in turn the most sublime eloquence, and in turn sinking into the most abject foolery; denouncing the temporal powers, and then bending in ignominious subserviency to their views; Luther could at times command the language of protection and mercy in behalf of the wretched peasantry, who had reared the standard of rebellion in the name of his reformation; at others, mark them out for the cruel butcheries of the inexorable barons, and solicit their arm to the work of carnage and torture. "The peasantry," he writes, "deserve no mercy—no toleration; but the indignation of the vilest of men. They are under the ban of God and of the empire. It is lawful to kill them like mad dogs!" He was truly of that stern race of Saxons, whom Karl the Great could not bring under the christian law, until converted by fire and sword.

A dark and fatal predestination of trials and conflicts harbingered Luther's birth. He was born in blood. Jahn Luther, his father, having accidentally killed a man, who tended his flock, was compelled to fly. His wife, who had followed him in spite of her critical situation, gave birth to Martin on reaching the town of Eisleben. His father's cognizance—for the mechanics and even the serfs of those days, in imitation of the nobility, bore armorial devices—has a miner's sledge. With this sledge the son was destined to dint the papal tiara and shiver the pastoral staff of the catholic hierarchy:—the same instrument, which, in the course of time, passing through the hands of Cromwell, Robespierre and Napoleon, hammered regal crowns and regal baubles into fragments.

Early indications of talent, given by Luther, induced in his mother, who though grossly illiterate, seems to have been a woman of high energies, a desire to see him trained up as a scholar. How far her laudable, maternal ambition was realized, the after life of the reformer abundantly proves. The courses of his youth, however, were wild and unruly:—it required the voice of thunder to call young Luther away from the proverbial excesses of a German student's life. Like St. Paul, on the road to Damascus, he was solemnly warned by the voice of God. In the year 1505, Luther, whilst walking with a bosom friend, saw him struck into a heap of cinders by the lightning of heaven. He shrieked a vow to St Anne; and that vow was to take orders, if spared. On the seventeenth of July of the same year, therefore, after having spent a

merry evening—an evening of poetry and song—with several of his friends; he entered, in the dead of night, the cloisters of the Augustine monks at Erfurth. Plautus and Virgil,* were the only companions that he brought along. With his life of seclusion began a life of sadness, of anguish and of doubts:—then arose that fearful conflict between daring thoughts and checked propensities, which assailed him throughout his existence. There is a wide difference between the spiritual trials of the German reformer and those of the eremites, saints and doctors of the primitive church. Temptation never reached the faith of the latter; it assailed the flesh merely, which neither fastings nor macerations, vigils nor prayers, could entirely subdue: while, in Luther, we find, at once, the temptings of the spirit and the flesh—the rebellion of the intellect and the war of the senses—hot passions and racking doubts—Satan rushing on his soul, and, according to his own quaint expression, "beating it with his fists." Many and bitter were the nights, as he relates himself, which he spent in monastic solitude; wrestling with the spirit of evil, and clinging in prayerful watches to the foot of the cross.

The mind-sick and restless monk resolved to carry his doubts to the very centre of faith; and, in the hope of certainty and peace, to lay down his agony before St. Peter's chair. He left, therefore, his cell at Erfurth to visit the Vatican; but, like one of the greatest living geniuses of the age, he returned, from the capital of the christian world, to curse the vanity of his pilgrimage and the obstinacy of the pope.†

In the year 1517, after his return from Italy, Luther began his attacks against the church of Rome; and published and maintained his propositions against the doctrine of indulgences. The records of the revolutions of the mind do not furnish a more striking instance of total disproportion between effect and cause, than do the annals of the great reformation of the sixteenth century in its origin and its development. Singular indeed as it may appear, we may, without straining probabilities, trace up the most important schism in the church of Christ, since the heresies of Arianism, to motives of personal interest and baffled lucre.‡

No event in history has proven, more forcibly than the reformation, how the tendencies of a period may overmaster the spirit of man, even when that man is

* The choice of these two authors is measurably characteristic of Luther's disposition. Virgil's melancholy tenderness harmonises with Luther's keen sensibilities—ever an adjunct of true genius; while the somewhat coarse and vulgar style of Plautus' comedies assimilates with the unaccountable tendency to ribaldry, which marks many of the compositions of the reformer.

† Lamennais, the democratic priest, and powerful editor of the *Avenir*. Admonished by Gregory the XVI, of the "libertine tendencies" of his editorial labors, he repaired to Rome to explain his views of political and religious freedom; and they were answered by the memorable encyclic letter of the month of August, 1832, urging all patriarchs, primates, archbishops and bishops to stem the torrent of innovations sweeping over christendom.

‡ It is not intended, neither is this the place, to renew the interminable disputes of Staupitz and Tetzel; but those who are acquainted with the history of the sixteenth century, will find a clue to the allusion, in the contest of the Augustinians and Dominicans in the monopoly of the indulgences.

one of confessed and commanding genius. We have mentioned Luther's alarm at the enthusiasm which hailed the appearance of his propositions through Germany; and adverted to his controversial propensities, his waverings, his contradictions and his doubts. The latter are so peculiarly characteristic of his course, that he may be said to have rather followed than directed the onward march of intellectual freedom. Of the reform of abuses, as far as it went, Luther cannot fairly claim the exclusive merit:—it had, for three centuries at least, been a question of internal church discipline—the object of the meditations and censures of the most illustrious and venerated of its members of St. Bernard, Gerson, Pietro, Alliaco, among other champions of the hierarchy. Three famous councils—those of Pisa, Constance and Basil—had begun the reform, which was repelled by the church as soon as attempted to be enforced by violence. Inasmuch as dogmas were concerned, the different heresies of the sectarians, Peter de Bruys, Berengarius, Abeilard, Roscelyn, Arnolfo di Brescia, Savonarola,* Wycliff, John Huss and Jerome of Praga—had amply smoothed the way for Luther, and stripped his task of much of its arduousness. In 1546, the very year of his death, he witnessed the achievement of the great revolution, attempted by those whom we have mentioned, and brought to a successful close by his agency. All who had preceded him in this perilous career, had either been satisfied with the fame of the schoolmen, or had perished by fire and steel. In matters depending on opinion merely, opinion is all powerful:—John Huss and Jerome of Praga, were burned, at the council of Constance, for the defence of a majority of the propositions, which a hundred years afterwards convulsed Europe through Luther's lips, and cut off one half of its dominions from the spiritual authority of the pope. The Henricians, the Waldenses, the Petrobrusians and the Hussites form one unbroken chain of innovators, whose exertions and life-blood prepared the triumph of the reformation under political influences.

It cannot be proven from the scriptures, says Wycliff, who wrote in the course of the fourteenth century, that Christ has instituted the rites of the mass. The

*After the mercantile aristocracy of Florence had opened their career of oppression, and the conflict begun between the corrupt ambition of immoderate wealth and the laborious pride of the democracy; there suddenly rose a champion, who was at once a priest—a tribune—and a martyr. While Machiavelli was reducing the doctrines of despotism into systematic and ingenious forms; Savonarola, the poor Dominican Monk, terrorised the soul of the Medici; and, from the pulpits, and in the streets and thoroughfares of Florence, preached, not only the reform of abuses and fear of God; but also the love of freedom and the equality of human rights. With a boldly democratic hand he inscribed, over the judgment seat of the great council, the following republican stanza, in direct opposition to a contemplated treaty with the banished Medici. Carlo Cocchi, for a mere attempt to induce a departure from the poetical monitions of this religious tribune, was doomed to the block:

“Se questo popolar consiglio, e certo
Governo, popol, della tua cittate
Conservi, che da Dio t'è stato offerto,
In pace starai sempre e'n libertate;
Tien Dunque l'occhio della meute aperto,
Che molte insidie ognor ti sien parate;
E sappi, che chi vuol far parlamento
Vuol torti delle mani il reggimento.”

bread and wine are not transubstantiated into the body and blood of Christ. After Urban the VI, no pope should be acknowledged; but we should live according to our own conscience, and after the manner of the Greeks. It is repugnant to the gospel that churchmen should hold personal property. All mendicant monks are heretics. The people have a right to correct their rulers when they fall into error. Whoever enters a convent is less fitted for the observance of God's commandments. Those who establish monasteries are sinners; and those who live in them are devils. The election of the pope by the cardinals is a device of Satan. Belief in the sovereignty of the church of Rome, is not necessary to the salvation of souls.

Besides these theological propositions, closely assimilating with Luther's, it may not be irrelevant to quote a few philosophic *dicta*, which will more fully characterise Wycliff's theories. He maintained that the idea of all things is in God from all eternity; and, therefore, that all things occurring in the course of time are eternal. According to his doctrines, everything in God is God. Hence this, for the fourteenth century, bold proposition, which is not far removed from the pantheism of Spinoza and Schelling:—every creature is God. He also laid down the thesis, that God can annihilate nothing; and that all things happen through an invincible necessity; a broad confession of fatalism, which may be put in juxtaposition with Luther's tenets on the freedom of man, which the reformer completely subordinated to divine grace.

Wycliff's heresies had barely gone beyond the threshold of the schools; and it was not until the year 1415, sometime after his death, that they passed the precincts of the university and were summoned before the council held at Constance. His works were amerced, instead of his body; his books and bones were publicly burned, and his memory ritually damned. John Huss, though not half as daring as Wycliff, was certainly more unfortunate. The despotism of the popes and the derelictions of the clergy—the protracted schism of the church and total depravation of the ecclesiastic body, loudly called for the reform of so many and scandalous abuses. The very council, before which Huss appeared, deposed three popes, who had mutually excommunicated each other; and one of whom, John XXIII, if not belied by history, was steeped in execrable crimes. Huss was condemned, and burnt alive, in violation of the safe conduct granted him by king Sigismund, who was present at the council. This breach of plighted faith, is one of the most remarkable in the annals of the world; because committed after mature reflection and by a pious senate of prelates, doctors and priests. Universal christendom was made a participant, through its representatives, in this felon deed; and never did a more solemn conclave taint their souls with an act of more solemn perfidy. Swayed by a perversion of principle and a lust of cruelty which have no parallel in the blood-written pages of fanaticism, they remorselessly gave to a horrid death, one who had been entrapped by the lying promises of their safe conduct. A few independent minds and honest hearts did blame the execution of Huss; but the council issued an ordinance to allay the scruples of the weaklings and muzzle the officiousness of the censors. The text of the rescript, by which the

council absolves themselves and the emperor, is a curious monument of the political and religious morality of the times.

The period which followed the sessions of the council of Constance, brought no change in the disposition of minds. The clergy did not amend, and the popes continued to be ambitious princes, stained with as glaring vices as the earthly rulers, their cotemporaries. The accession of Alexander the Sixth to the pontifical throne—his sacrilegious loves with his daughter, Lucrezia, in whose incestuous affections and favors he was rivalled by his sons, the duke of Gandia and Caesar Borgia—his course of murders, exactions and simony—were not in any degree likely to bring men back to respect and cherish the ancient and hallowed catholicism of the Roman church. And in those days, the German peasantry, among whom the reformation was destined to enlist so many proselytes, indulged in this significant proverb: *Je näher Rom, je böser der Christ*; the nearer to Rome, the worse the christian. Luther's doctrines, therefore, found a loud and long echo in minds thus prepared; and yet these were, at first, but mild remonstrances against the sale of indulgences. Urged, as much by the solicitations of Staupitz as by the promptings of his vanity, he deemed himself bound to controvert propositions and denounce a traffic, which seemed to him to be unchristian and scandalous; and, whatever danger was pointed out to him in the attempt, he determined to publish the programme of a thesis, subdivided into various propositions, in which he condemned the practice of indulgences. Such is the origin of a theological wrangle, which induced a revolution, at once fatal to papal authority and friendly to intellectual freedom.

Viewing the question as one of a purely historical character, it may not be inappropriate to trace the rise of this singular traffic. The practice seems to have originated under Urbanus the Second, who, in the eleventh century, granted a plenary indulgence, or remission of sins, to such as should engage in the wars of the holy land. This example, followed by many of the popes, was also practised by Leo the Tenth, who had exhausted the resources of the church, by a gorgeous liberality extended to kinsmen, courtiers, men of letters and artists. In the year 1516, he published throughout christendom, an indulgence to such as would contribute moneys. Its benefits were extended to the dead; whose spirits were delivered from the bonds of purgatory, in consideration of the soul-tax paid in their behalf:—to this was added leave to use eggs and milk on days of abstinence—to choose one's own confessor—and other such spiritual facilities. Leo, having promulgated his bull of indulgence, disposed of a portion of its proceeds before they were actually received. To different persons he assigned the revenue of different provinces; reserving that of the most lucrative ones for the use of the apostolic chamber. In this division, he conferred all that was to accrue from Saxony, and the part of Germany extending thence to the sea, to his sister Madelena, the wife of Cibo—a spurious son of Innocent the Eighth, who, in favor of this marriage, elevated Leo to the cardinalate, at the early age of fourteen, and, by this act of spiritual despotism, gave the Medici family access to the high dignities and temporal honors of the church.

It must, at first, seem extraordinary that the remission of sin could have been bought at the price of gold. But a theory had been started to explain and justify the practice. The scholastic doctors, assuming that the penances and merits of one individual might be transferred to another, admitted the existence of a treasury, filled up with the excess of merits, gathered among the faithful, through christendom. The dispensation of its contents was entrusted to the pope, who distributed them in the shape of indulgences. This doctrine, maintained by the very ingenious and powerful logic of St. Thomas and St. Buonaventura, was inwoven in the bull which Clement the Sixth promulgated for the jubilee of the fourteenth century. The indulgences were drafts on this sinking fund of good works:—redeemable in heaven, and discounted on earth for ready cash; they formed no inconsiderable portion of the revenue of the church. This system, by which, he said, the last became the first; while, by the true treasure of the gospel, the first became the last; Luther vigorously assailed in his opening thesis. Harping upon the same antithesis, he adds "the treasury of the scriptures is the net with which the apostles fished for men of wealth; but the treasury of indulgences is the net with which we fish for the wealth of men."

While opposing the theological principle and the actual sale of indulgences, Luther had no foresight of the effect which he was about to produce both on others and on himself. He was astonished—even alarmed, at his success. But when it became necessary to maintain the conflict which he had solicited—when he began to judge what he had, at first, merely believed—when his mind, partially shaking off its misgivings, proceeded from daring to daring, to investigate pontifical power and church government;—he then embraced the full extent of the work of reform, and clearly defined the aim which he intended to reach. The conflict grew out of the gratification of scholastic vanity, and ended in the subversion of tradition and authority. But he soon found himself launched on a sea of varying opinions, where he needed the guidings of a compass. That was found in the scriptures—a compass less unerring than he had at first imagined; for a book, written by human hands—sufficient as may be the divine inspiration under which it was composed—is ever liable to human interpretation. And this, the more likely, when a portion of that book, the old testament, was drawn out in an ancient and lost language, with an imperfect system of orthography, in which the vowels are far from being accurately marked. From the moment that the reformer declared that he constantly appealed to the scriptures as a rule of faith, and rejected the sanction of tradition, the interpretations of the fathers, and the decisions of the councils of the church; from that moment, the essentials of christian belief were brought in *discrimine*; it became necessary for Luther to supply the proofs of his argument, and consequently to publish a German translation of the Bible itself. But other innovators had, long before him, sought, by like translations, means of disseminating their peculiar doctrines. Gerson, the chancellor of the university of Paris, that tremendous engine of mental despotism in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries; Gerson, who was the master spirit of the council of Constance, censuring, in his treatise against communion under both species,

the literal interpretation of the scriptures, adds: "from this venomous stock sprung the errors of the Begards, the mendicants of Lyons, and their like. There be many laymen among them, who hold copies of the Bible in the vulgar tongue, to the great detriment and scandal of Catholic truth."

The ultimate action of these elements of opposition, was to strip the church of Rome of the support of tradition and authority, and to transfer the latter to the scriptural text,—saving the freedom of interpretation, which the innovators reserved to themselves. In this we may clearly trace the march of all opinions, which suddenly modify the state of society; as well as the transitions through which they necessarily pass. It would seem, considering things in the abstract, that human reason, unshackled in its operations, and free spontaneously to combine the *data* of the intellect, might overleap time, space and circumstance, and indiscriminately attain this or that extremity at will. But the award of experience stands to the contrary:—although the limits of the intellectual domain are neither visible to the eye nor tangible to the hand, they are not, therefore, the less accurately defined. An additional proof—though in a different order of observation, that intellect is dependant on and bound to the laws of a continuous development, the progress of which is in harmony with the development of the rest of earthly things. Luther contested and annihilated the infallibility of the pope and of the church; but he referred the principle of authority to the Bible. Though seemingly a retroaction, this was virtually an achievement—and, considering the period, the only achievement which the human mind could have made. To go from the authority of the holy see to the authority of the holy book;—to seek for a rule of faith, not in the teachings of the church, who decided for the faithful; but in a revealed text, whence each was free to draw forth his inspirations and his proofs;—to pass from the rule of submission to that of inquiry, though an inquiry hemmed within certain bounds; such were the labors and achievements of the reformers—and such the terms, beyond which they were forbidden to go by the nature of things. But this term once attained, the authority of the scriptures themselves was in turn examined—questioned—denied:—revelation was contested, and christianity shaken to its centre. This was the work of the reformers of the eighteenth century, who ceased to limit investigation to the texts of a book, which they no longer deemed divinely inspired.

The religious revolution, started by Luther's doctrines, induced great changes both in the order of politics and the distribution of wealth. It secularised many a church fief; sequestered the property of convents and monasteries, and enlarged the authority of the temporal magistracy at the expense of the ecclesiastical tribunals. But this political movement progressed still farther; and the commotion threatened the very basis of the fabric of social order in Germany. The peasantry swarmed from their hovels and beset the strong holds of the barons. The anabaptists enlisted the interests of earth under the banner of heaven; and declared war against all existing powers:—this state of intestine feuds was powerfully assisted by the external enmities which the ambition of Charles the

Fifth had excited against the holy empire. Germany, thenceforth, became the theatre of bloody and relentless wars. If history affords frequent instances of what it is fashionable to call the inferior classes—the laborers, the peasantry and the mechanics—rising against that social order, which oppresses them; the issue of their insurgency is, nevertheless, rarely of a successful character. And for this we can easily account. They generally want all the necessary elements of success—skilful organization, proper leaders, and adequate means: they bring but stout hearts and willing hands to the contest. Yet there are examples of triumph in the case of the corporations of mechanics, who freed themselves in some of the cities of Europe, during the middle ages; and wrung charters of rights from the reluctant grasp of barons, bishops and kings. In ancient history we find a solitary fact of this kind on record:—that of the inhabitants of Brutium—slaves, who shook off the yoke of the Lucanians, their masters; and who, branded with the contemptuous appellation of *brutiates*—brutes—prided themselves, like the beggars of Flanders, in a name which they hallowed by successful resistance against the power of despotism. But the servile wars of antiquity generally terminated fatally to the serfs. The peasantry of Cisalpine Gaul, known in history under the name of *Bagaudæ*, who revolted at the period of the dismemberment of the Roman empire, were hewn into subjection; and the *Jacqueries* of the fourteenth century were massacred by the nobles, who banded from one extremity of Europe to the other, in a war of extermination.

The insurgent peasantry of Germany shared a similar fate. They and the anabaptists were incited, in this temporary revolution, by the twofold motive of politics and religion. This religious democracy of the sixteenth century widely differs from the democracy which prepared the great revolution of the eighteenth. In the blindness of their mysticism, they assailed the sciences, which, in the course of history, constitute the main safety of democracies. The ceaseless tendency of science is, as far as practicable, to equalise the bodily and mental faculties of man; and knowledge is the only armory from which the masses can draw trusty weapons of defence against the aggressions of the privileged orders:—the plebeian of Rome did not bulwark himself behind the limits of the Mons Sacer, until he had looked into the pious frauds of the augurs, and caught a glimpse of the mysteries of Panda. This brutal hostility to the arts and sciences establishes a well defined distinction between the politico-religious levellers of the reformation and the democrats of the American revolution, as well as those who inherited their principles and doctrines.

When we consult the records of those days of religious controversy, we marvel at the violence of language which condemns and the rigor of punishment which visits mere opinions on points of theology, the most incomprehensible and abstruse. There is no expression sufficiently strong to characterise the flagitiousness of the man who does not know whether Christ have two natures or two wills: no amercement is adequately severe—none too atrocious for the mis-giving heretic. Rome burns the Calvinist, who declines belief in the intercession of saints; the Calvinist condemns the Unitarian to fire and oil. The Gomarist,

mailed in hopeless predestination, gives up to popular frenzy the Arminian, who maintains the doctrine of free will. It must be confessed, that behind these seemingly religious opinions, whether assailing or assailed, were screened questions of high political interests, which also acted on the offensive or defensive ground. Hence, if in our own country, we lately saw a tribunal passing sentence on an union of trades, and proscribing an enunciation of opinions, it is because both the union and their opinions threaten the growing aristocratic privileges of the country; and these privileges—as did the religious dogmas of other days—defend themselves behind a rampart of laws and punishments, not enacted in our land, not provided by our own statutes, but drawn from the dust of a foreign soil, the muniments of feudalism, originally intended to check Saxon serfs and Norman vassals.

Luther, who had introduced freedom of inquiry in religious matters, in his system of theology, sacrificed the freedom of man to the power of grace. He stoutly maintained that God does everything in man, sin as well as virtue; and that free will is incompatible with human corruption and divine prescience. This problem of man's freedom, as well as that of the existence and cause of evil necessarily connected with it, has been vexed both by the philosopher and the theologian. Baronius, in his *Philosophia Theologiæ Ancellans*, has said that the former was a Hagar near a Sarah, and ought to be expelled with her Ishmaël, whenever he attempted to play the rebel. But the time is gone by for the admission of such doctrines. Theology has clearly proved inadequate to solve the problem; and the proof lies in this—that the different christian sects have drawn from the same sources, which they hold sacred, the most conflicting interpretations—free will and servile will. Philosophy also came to the assay; but bound to restrict its pretensions to a subordinate sphere, it can only point to acknowledged facts, nor attempt to offer an evidently impossible solution. Man feels himself morally free. This feeling is derived from his conscience; but it is hemmed within narrow limits, and varies according to the individual. To admit that freedom, under its restrictions—to point out its inequalities according to the differences of organization, of climate and education—differences which do not depend on individual will, and which, under another form, reproduce the differences of theological grace;—to receive the existence of evil as a fact, without attempting to reconcile it with divine omnipotence and divine foreknowledge, which are not known to us;—to compass the means of circumscribing evil, and of substituting, as much as possible, human freedom and intelligence to the fatality of nature;—such, the true scope of philosophy and science—the actual state of the question of free will, and the relation which it bears to the existence of evil through the world. To go beyond this, man must make up his mind to launch into gratuitous hypotheses and speculations, or yield, at once, to the suggestions of faith, which speaks differently to different capacities, and equally justifies the Protestant and the Catholic, the Mussulman and the Brahmin. We must accept, without weakness, as without pride, both the mysterious darkness which overhangs the primitive facts of nature, and the faint, vacillating, but only light which our reason affords.

Luther's reforms were, in some respects, highly important. The authority of the popes was curtailed, and confession abolished. Convents were suppressed, and celibacy ceased to be binding on the priesthood. The priests and monks who left their monasteries—the nuns who were restored to the world—availed themselves of the privilege of marriage. Luther himself, an unhooded monk of the order of the Augustines, married a nun, Catharine à Bohran; and Erasmus, the elegant railer, who, though no Protestant, was but a sorry Catholic, writes thus:—"People may contend that Lutheranism is a tragical affair;—for my part, I am convinced that nothing can be more comical;—for the upshot is always of a merry cast, and the catastrophe turns into a wedding!"

Lutheranism is not at issue with catholicism on the great question of the eucharist;—the former, as well as the latter, maintains that the bread and wine are converted into the very body and blood of Christ, by the power of the sacramental words. Some of the reformers went beyond the Lutherans:—they sacrificed the mystery of transubstantiation, and saw, in the last supper, but a memorial and a type. Other protestant sects have still further trenced upon the interpretation of the mysteries, and, at the extremity of this school, are the Socinians, who deny the divinity of Christ, and hold him as a man blessed with peculiar gifts from the hand of God. We should not confound Socinianism, which rests its belief on the scriptures, with pure deism, which holds the Bible to be a book "like one another"—a mere monument of the human intellect.

That which would be a serious obstacle to any sudden religious revolution in our day, is founded on the fact, that the nineteenth century is not marked by any excessive propensity to believe:—that which stamped the reformation with a peculiar character of arduousness, was that Luther's age was credulous even unto gross superstition. The fact is learned from Luther himself. He was long checked in his course by the idea of the responsibility which he was about to assume; and of the perdition into which so many would be whelmed, should he be deceived. The thought tortures him—and frequently recurs to his mind:—to have witnessed the delinquencies of Rome is an indirect justification of his course. "For," says he, "had I not seen this city of abominations, I would have remained in the dread of doing injustice to the pope." Luther constituted himself the head of the new heresy;—and, in so doing, he had to make use of his own rudely picturesque language, Sisyphus-like, an enormous rock to roll. The doubts which distracted his mind, are readily conceived; and the agony which racked him, when his jaded spirits flagged in their almost brutal energies, can be as easily realised. He battled, but with unequalled vigor and success, the so much respected authority of tradition, and the deeply dreaded power of the Roman church, which, up to his times, had been sanctioned into right by the consentient opinions of mankind. With the force of habit, that overmastering element in the nature of man; and with the obstinacy of faith, of its own nature opposed to reasoning, he manfully grappled. But before laying a desecrating hand on a tabernacle which men had deemed holy with sheer antiquity, long and frequent

were his self-communings:—and even after the deal of the blow, he questioned himself, at different intervals, to satisfy his conscience of the uprightness of his deed. Indeed we cannot, at any time, advance a grave proposition, in politics, religion, philosophy, or even science, without feeling some of the misgivings, which Luther experienced:—from a deep and thorough conviction of the necessity of peace, Hobbes was led to a radically false conclusion—the necessity of strict bondage and political inequality.

The reformer of Germany has left voluminous works to posterity. His correspondence, tracts, and minutest sayings, have been collected by his friends and disciples, and handed down to us with religious care. Melancthon, especially, has exhibited every phasis of his full-toned existence; yet no one, I think, has judged Luther better than Luther himself. The following letter, to a friend of his, is a choice *morceau*; and may be considered as a correct judgment, passed by Luther upon himself:

"To J. Brentius:—I do not wish to flatter thee. Neither do I deceive thee or myself, when I say that I prefer thy writings to mine. Not Brentius do I praise; but the holy spirit, that is gentler in thee than in me:—thy words flow on more purely and mildly. My style, unskilful and untutored, pours along, a flood, a chaos of words, turbulent as an impetuous athlete, ever struggling with a thousand succeeding monsters; and, if I dared to compare small things with great ones, it would seem that something of the fourfold spirit of Elias has been granted unto me—something rapid as the wind, and devouring as fire, which uproots the mountain and consumes the rock. Thine, on the contrary, are the gentle murmur—the soft and cooling breeze. One thing comforts me: the divine father of the human race needs, in this, his immense family, the rude for the rude—the harsh for the harsh—like a sturdy wedge for sturdy knots. To purify the air and fertilize the soil, the watering rain is not sufficient;—the flashings of the lightning are also required."

This letter sums up the whole of Luther's individuality;—his bluntness and impetuosity—his incoherence and vanity are unwittingly defined, by his own pen, in a few hasty and graphic lines. So much for Luther as a man. But as to the moving causes, which favored the development of the reformation, there are many, independent of both its spirit and its doctrines, which exclusively belong to the province of history. The Protestant christian, in order to throw a relief upon his peculiar creed, in contradistinction with that of the Catholic christian, assimilates it with freedom, and vindicates it as a progress of the human mind and a triumph of human liberty. For our part, we are at a loss to say how it advanced the cause of freedom, while the iron hand of Charles V, and the exactions of his petty barons, continued to weigh upon the people of Germany. They, in fact, lost by the change in many instances; for while it served the interest of Rome, the bull of excommunication was at hand; and the veriest serf might sometimes thank the tyranny of the spiritual master for a respite from the tyranny of the temporal lord. But the thunder of the Vatican being once quenched, and the bull of the pope stripped of its terrors; the baron, unawed and unchecked,

ground down the people into a bitterer bondage than Rome had ever imposed. To admit, therefore, the unconditional and paramount influence of the reformation in spreading freedom abroad, is not only to reject the sounder teachings of subsequent experience—but it is to assume, as a fact, that which is controverted by every page of history. The reformation has been tested by the ordeal of more than three centuries. And it is a debatable question whether Germany, the cradle of its birth, is at the present day politically freer than either Italy or Spain.* If we turn even to England, which has systematised Protestantism into a form of government; we find that the safeguards of her liberties had been established by the Catholic barons, long before the lust of her royal headsman had suggested the idea of his becoming the founder of a church.

But to resume the subject of the reformation itself, we must rank, among its principal causes, the antagonism of German and Italian nature—the opposition of the northern and the southern man—an opposition which has existed in all countries and through all times—and which, in this instance, availed itself of the slightest pretext of separation, and ended in the defeat and oppression of the south by the north. We should also keep in view the political state of Germany in the sixteenth century—its oligarchy of princes and dukes, margraves and counts, bishops and abbots, convents and free towns, whose desire of independence and thirst of lucre were marvellously subserved by Luther's doctrines; and who were among the first to adopt and defend the reformation. In Holland, Switzerland, Sweden and England, reasons purely political, contributed to its success:—the same powers that subdued the hosts of anabaptists, and the two hundred thousand followers of Thomas Muntzer, might have crushed the reformation, had not the reformation essentially befriended their temporal interests. Protestantism—once a political, though now a religious distinction—Protestantism necessarily incurred the penalty of a close alliance between religion and politics. For if the religious interest was originally the primary motive of action—that which aroused kings and nations and drew them together, it was soon mastered and absorbed by the political interest; and the world witnessed an adulterous union between church and state, more hideous than the semi-temporal authority of Rome; and which, under any circumstances, has ever been a cause of vituperation and impotence in religion. She basely cast her holy attributes at the footstool of power; and, in the witheringly vigorous line of Dante Alighieri, was seen *putaneggiar cò regi*, shamelessly wantonning with kings. Such was the fate which Luther marked out for his religion, from the moment that he placed himself at the mercy of the elector of Saxony, and wilfully pandered to the debaucheries of the Landgrave of Hesse.

Δ.

* We do not speak this disparagingly of Germany: she is the mother of deep and unrivalled scholarship. Her sages have largely paid their tribute to the cause of freedom, science and humanity. But their usefulness and influence are restricted to the university walls:—the light passes not from them to cheer the masses, whose limbs, in this our boastful century, bear shackles, which their Teutonic ancestry knew not in their rudest days of barbaric ignorance.

FRANCIS ARMINE.

A ROMANCE.

BY A NOVICE.

CHAPTER V.

The winds were hushed, and not a cloud was driven
 Along the fair face of the sleeping heaven :
 And stillest night, the beautiful, the bland,
 Walked like a spirit o'er the lovely land.

Oh ! from the *outward* scene that we could win
 Some spell to sooth the restless world *within* !

E. L. Bulwer.

Hopes, that like rainbows melt in shade,
 And pass away.

L. E. Landon.

The stars were glittering, without a cloud to obscure their light ; but the full moon was slowly sinking beneath the western waters. Sweetly, calmly, like a good man gliding in peace to the land of sleepers, did it throw its mellowing light upon the city, and along the shores of the Seine, ere it sank to its wavy couch.

Who that has once gazed upon that beautiful sight, has ever forgotten it ? Who has not, as he gazed, felt its hallowing influences, and lifted up his heart to the golden pavilions of the sky in silent worship ? And who that has gazed, has not felt their feebleness, and longed to flee upon the pinions of the dove to their far home in the heavens ?

Even as I write, she is slowly sinking beneath the distant horizon, which rests on the deep, blue expanse, like a long silken lash on the brow of the beautiful. She has thus set through months, and years, and centuries. She has thus shone o'er that bright water since creation dawned, and will thus shine until the records of time shall be rolled together, and the earth and the heavens sink into chaos. She has risen upon free and happy states, and has glittered upon their monuments. Imperial Rome, rich in empire, was beheld by her who now casts her mystic and undimmed light upon its rotting ruins. Unchanged and unchangeable, she has looked from her silent home upon forgotten Thebes, sceptreless Larissa, and unremembered Philippi, as she did when the world trembled at their frown, or perished beneath their tread.

Her course through the heavens is now the same as the one on which she trod generations since. Like the dew, they have gone, and her path is on and still on. Cities have changed and passed away. Nations have arisen and decayed. The hills have mouldered, and the eternal mountains have bowed their cloud-capt palaces to dust. Oceans, hoarse with telling the flight of centuries, have moved from their unfathomed beds ; and empires, big with conquest, swept like sparks from the fire. Towering pyramids have crumbled, and they who reposed beneath their shadow, passed to nothingness. Calmly has she thus looked from her far chambers, all glorious and undimmed, upon these, as we would upon wave chasing wave, on the bosom of the great deep, and yet her course is onward and still onward.

The thread of my tale carries the reader, for a short time, again with Francis Armine. From a disturbed slumber he had awaked and dressed, and was now

leaning over his table with depressed spirits. Alas ! that the summer sunshine flees before the chill of the wintry wind. Alas ! that the summer flowers wither at the touch of autumn's frost. Alas ! that the heart's deep fountain knows no second springtime, save when it gushes forth near the pavilions of the first and last !

Armine's life had been a long and somewhat saddened dream—a dream of broken hopes and disappointed desires—a dream of unsolved mystery and phantom, because unlooked events. Oh ! in the deep bitterness of his soul, how he longed for the happy and innocent days of his infancy—the free step, the buoyant spirit, the light heart, the gladdened mind, and the sweet, profound sleep—the mother's tender affection—the father's kind attention—and the sister's treasured love. Often had he stood above the voiceless resting places of the departed, and watched them in their unbroken sleep—a sleep that was not the companion of the boyish couch, the watchful burdensome rest of manhood, nor the fearful and restless pall that comes upon the eyelids of the aged ; but the dark, the awful, the eternal sleep of death ! And her who watched there with him, whither had she departed ? Hope plants her tread on the shore, but sorrow washes out its trace with tears.

The swift winged hopes, the gentle thoughts, the ardent aspirings, the pure and beautiful dreams of our early years !—when gone, they never—never return. The heart's scarce budded flower, when withered, never opens again—the mind's secret chambers, when dimmed, never brighten again. They rise and fall like the summer wave, which when it sweeps away, leaves no mark of its existence on the wide waste of waters !

The past, whether bright or shadowy, still mirrors itself in the future. How sweet is it, then, as we approach the dim twilight of our present life, to bear with us no harrowing reflection from its ample stores—to know that the heart's sanctuary is pure and uncontaminated—that the incense of the soul is as fragrant and unquenched as when the priest first entered its aisles. Awful, thrice awful, is the knowledge of an ill-spent youth ! Awful, fearfully awful, is the recollection of its faults, and errors, and sins, and crimes. They will forever haunt us like dim ghosts. They will turn the pleasures of an old age to bitterest gall upon the lip. They will gnaw, as with viper fangs, about the heart, and change its hopes and dreams to dust and ashes. Oh ! then, in life's "morning march," let us wander through the flowery path unmindful of the vice and crime that lure to cheat and disappoint, and our existence, flowing from so clear a fount, will pass on to its far home in the heavens, without shadow and without coloring.

Armine thus could look back to the past without fear, for it was not of crime, but disappointment and mystery that haunted him. Notwithstanding the lateness of the hour, he resolved to wander forth. Again upon his horse, which he had taken noiselessly from its stable, he gave it the reins, and went he knew not whither.

The soft moonlight streamed upon Paris, as it was sinking away, and, with the light of the many stars, rendered it one of those bright nights which are so well calculated to wean us from the smoke and stir of day, to a dreamy forgetfulness of its troubles and trials, and

draw from the coldest worldling a wish that the days were merged into nights as clear, as bright, as still as was the present. The long, solemn, death-like streets, were unlit, save by the moon and stars, that hung above them like jewels on the bosom of the sky, and a few feeble lamps, that flickered and gradually expired away, shamed as it seemed by the glorious lights poured upon the sleeping earth, from the unexhausted urns of heaven. He had soon passed the streets and entered upon the open road that wound its serpentine path along the river shore. Away in the distance was stretched the dark forests, whose tall and noble trees, as they were stirred by the air, resembled ranks of armies, waving on high their dark green plumes. Beyond them could be seen the blue mountains bordering the distant view. No sound was forth, save the sighings of the southerly wind, rich with scent from the plains and vineyards over which it had passed, and the low and not unmusical murmur of the Seine, as its sky-mirroring waters moved along the thick grass or rippled among the pebbles on its shore.

Leaving Armine on the road, we would call the attention of the reader to others.

CHAPTER VI.

Alas ! alas !

Crime indeed hath mingled in your cup
Of life.

Henry Neale.

She was to him all else above :
The fountain in a desert land ;
The shade midst Afric's burning sand ;
The star that lends its glimmering ray
To light the traveller's lonely way :
She was that fount, that shade, that star ;
He loved—nay, but he worshipped her !

Ay—but who is it ?

As You Like It.

How very convenient it would be to take the reader from the task of perusing this history, and convey him to some arena on which each character would appear—deliver his thoughts—do his deeds and depart. And then how very pleasant would it be to the writer, who is now annoyed with shifting and changing, to keep a disjointed tale together—now chatting with a hero upon the street, and now whispering sweet words in a drawing room, in the ears of a heroine—now moving quietly down a stream, with the reader wistfully gazing after him—and again taking the self same reader, against the advice of all old women, into the damp night air, fearless of coughs and colds, to meet a character upon the gloomy midnight road. I have perused many beautiful definitions of that singular creature, an author. They were all interested as the writers well knew. He resembles a fellow whom I have seen at a cattle show, placed amid the dirt and flare and stench of oil behind the curtain, to raise and drop and shift some dirty canvass, misnamed scenery—or, if that resemblance is not striking, his occupation is much like that of the clown on stilts, whose duty in the ring is to tease the spectator by directing his already sated attention to the extraordinary performances of a goodly number of ferocious and well fed animals. With the reader's permission, I will mount the stilts again and turn to my narrative.

It was a long time before Montanvers recovered from the fearful and deathlike swoon. When he did so, his mind was heavy and depressed, and his whole frame tottering as if under the effects of some dreadful disease. Manifold thoughts served to weigh him down—thoughts of pain and misery and death—but with a powerful exertion, he threw them from him. Moving from the road, he wended down a narrow path, and stood before the Seine, a draught of whose cooling waters refreshed and invigorated him. On the green turf, which at that point stretches down to the water's edge, he sat, to reflect and scheme, where we will leave him to follow some persons not yet known to the reader.

Some two miles distant the road assumed a different appearance, becoming wider and more level ; and beyond it, for miles around, the view was uninterrupted by a single hill, or a rise or fall in the ground. The river wended in a crooked, serpentine path hard by, and the far off mountains hung upon the skylike palaces of snow upon battlemented clouds.

Along that road there was driven a small but neat carriage, drawn by two horses, which, from their appearance, had travelled without ceasing for the whole of the day that had passed. Its passengers consisted of a young clergyman, well known near Paris, and his lady. There was something in the countenance of the young man which seemed to denote his profession. His face was pale and heavy, and rather unprepossessing, had it not been for the brightness of the eye, and the gaiety which lingered in the curl of the mouth. There too was a plainness and neatness in his dress, a meekness and humility in his demeanor, and a gentleness in all of his actions, which at one glance bespoke the messenger of glad tidings sent to brighten man's pathway through the adamantine gates up to the golden pavilions of the New Jerusalem. Such was the reverend George Morton. His lady was, or rather had been, beautiful. Sorrows and tears had thrown their nun-like veil over her, and from the fair girl that Morton had wedded, she had passed to the stately and noble wife—not, however, without traces of her former beauty still lingering around her. She was a delightful companion for such a husband.

After riding for some distance in silence, he began a conversation which they seemed to have before commenced.

"But, my dear, there are afflictions deeper than those through which you have already gone. Afflictions that well might wither the mother's heart and scorch the husband's brain, were they not administered by Him in whom we trust ; afflictions too deep and overpowering, save to those who can behold in them the visitations of a high and holy power. And He who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, will still watch over and guard the meek and humble."

He spoke in a low and somewhat agitated voice, but continued in a clearer tone :

"What are the pomps and glories of the world, that in hankering after them we should forget their worthlessness? We are but wanderers upon a dreary wilderness—starting forth to-day and cut down to-morrow. Why then should we waste our days in sorrow and in grief? Why then should we repine, when the angel of death flaps his funeral wing over friends or kindred. The springs of existence, which

cease here, flow back to their original fountain. The beings who leave us now, will be joined to us hereafter in a brighter and a purer sphere, and we will then wander with them forever."

"To what do your words tend, dear George?" asked Mrs. Morton, as a suspicion of their meaning for the first time flashed upon her.

"Our child!" was the only reply.

"What of her? what of her?" exclaimed the now distracted mother.

"Calm yourself, my best, my dearest, or I cannot speak," said he. He hesitated—it was but a moment, for he noticed the calm resignation of his wife. "You may have noticed that a stranger handed me a letter whilst supping to-night. By that letter I learned that our child, while walking by its nurse's side, was accidentally trodden upon by the horse of a stranger who had just entered Paris—an Italian nobleman, from what I can gather. The letter is not minute; but our child is either suffering, or perhaps dead!"

She did not answer, for before the words were finished, the carriage had been stopped, and in the next moment the window was opened, and a masked form was before them. The intruder, noticing the lady, spoke to her companion in a softer voice than he had probably intended, or than would in all cases suit his occupation as a gentleman of the road—

"Ah! my dear sir—sorry to trouble at so late an hour, but my wants are urgent. Be so good as to loan me your purse and watch."

The traveller hesitated complying with even so polite a request, and the robber, withdrawing from a concealed belt a pair of pistols, pointed one at the breast of the lady, and the other at the head of the man, and shouted in a loud and angry tone—

"Deliver or you die!"

"Never!" replied the brave minister, dashing the pistol of the robber from his wife's bosom, and pointing one that he had in the mean time drawn from his carriage, full in the face of the robber. It flashed. Just at this moment the sound of an approaching horse was heard in the distance, and the robber maddened by the resistance and bravery of the man, and rendered desperate by the approach of others, suddenly fired upon the unfortunate minister. A loud shriek went forth from the wife's lips, as her husband's arm fell from the waist around which it had twined, and he dropped, steeped in his flowing blood, at her side.

"Oh! my own—my love—my life. You will not die! Speak, speak!" she cried.

That soft, sweet, musical voice, brought back the gem-like memories of the past, and stopped the spirit's wing ere it soared to the far off world. That voice! It had first weaved the golden chain of love around him: it had echoed in his ears like a spirit's whisper, amid the bloom and brightness of youth, and in the darker pathway of manhood, and now it came as sweet as ever when death's dread angel hovered around the fleeting soul like a stern and mysterious conqueror. He smiled as he looked for the last time upon her; as he heard for the last time the rich tones of her voice; and faintly whispered, "Bless thee, my wife; we will meet again—there—there"—

He lifted his eyes for a moment, and again they fell; the dull glazed film of death came upon them. He

pressed his cold lips upon her cheek, and then came the pang, the struggle, the agony, the convulsion, the silence. She stood, at that solemn hour, alone with the dead!

Ere that, the robber had rifled the unfortunate man of purse and watch, and had drawn from the finger of the lady its only ornament, a small plain ring. The approaching horseman came nearer; but ere he reached the spot, Montanvers, for he was the robber, had departed.

The horseman was Francis Armine. His horse suddenly started, from some object in the road, which the rider on noticing approached. It was the carriage of the unfortunate Morton. Opening the door, he beheld the murdered man and the lifeless woman. He entered; the blood was still oozing from the wound of the man—the limbs stiffened, and the body cold. But the woman—she moved, she breathed, and was not dead. A thought flashed upon him. In the darkness of the night, he rushed to the water's edge—he did not walk; the hope of saving the life of a fellow creature swiftened his pace—he almost flew. He reached the river's side, and with a handful of water flew back. The carriage had gone. A sound was heard in the distance; it was—oh no! it was not a human cry; he listened again, and through the deathlike stillness, was heard the shriek of the night-bird—dread omen!

We find a long lost treasure—and knowing it not, lose it!

SUMMER MURMURS,

HOW UNLIKE "SPRING JOYS."

BY HENRY J. BRENT,

Author of "Spring Joys," "Love at the Shrines," &c. &c.

I have sung of spring and its delicious joys—but alas! the blossom has fallen from the tree, and the rose-bud has withered on its stem. I am half dead with ennui. The sun gets slowly from his bed of molten lead, and angrily keeps up his journey through the day. We open the windows of a morning, and stretch out our hands among the honeysuckles that cluster around the sills. The smell of those flowers cheer us for awhile, and the buzz of the humming bird prolongs the decaying memory of active and sportive springtime. But the long-billed lilliputian is off, and he wanders about among the stern and irresponsible apple trees, hoping to find some bud that has been spared by the genius of ripening nature. What yawns and stretches occupy our time before the coming of the cool water from the pump. We see the drowsy servant, half full of dreams, lounging along and stumbling forth, pitcher in hand. The perspiration of impatience beads itself upon our brow, and the first power of heat is brought upon us, by our halloing to the valet to make haste. We sit at the open window in the meantime, with our sleeves rolled up, while the flies, mustering in dark groupings, dash like the armed Arabs at our neck and hands, and fly off laden with their tiny cargoes of blood. Anon comes the servant, with his pitcher half full of the limpid water—step by step we count his approach—we hear his lazy and heavy foot ascending the stairs—

we rush to meet him—we lift the pitcher high in the air—out flows the delicious stream—our head, ears and flowing locks are in the basin, and the beautiful emotion of morning freshness, of youth, speeds, fanning as it flies, through every vein and fibre of our body. To the heart—to the brain it goes, and we lift our crown reeking with pearly drops, and “Richard is himself again.”

The poorest hind on earth, with his head in a basin, or a tub it may be, of cold, sparkling water, is as happy, oh happier, than the proudest king who bathes in lavender and cologne. But it must be in the midday tide of the summer fires, when the dog-star rages hot.

Poetry, and eloquence, and music, and oh! thou richest, and dearest of all earthly thoughts, bright love, may come to us along the impalpable atmosphere of dreams and delusions, may wind themselves around us, until we fancy the earth a paradise, and ourselves gods; but how dull, how void are they all when the sun rises on the first limb of the heavens, and pours down his consuming rays upon the earth. We are no longer men, to feel the soft influences of those natural impulses that enlighten and elevate us. We are the torpid creatures of heat, the whole burnt offerings to fire.

The cook has done her best to drown, in the aromatic coffee, all ideas of the passionate sun that is mounting the fiery walls of heaven, with his hordes of satellites, all clothed in burnished gold. The black demons of summer, the flies, creep down the ends of my fingers, get upon the spoon, and with all the insolence of people out of debt, drink of the coffee. The servant, in driving them away, dips his peacock feathers in the cup, and lo! my white pants, the pride of the wash tub, and my delicate vest, (exultations of washerwomen,) are spattered with deep brown stains. The window shutter flies open, and the honeysuckle has crept down, that the sun-beam may fall upon my forehead with its full powers. The waiter, even now dosing over the back of one of the chairs, has forgotten to ice the butter, and it looks like a melted lake. The biscuits are burning hot, and the unmindful cook has made no toast. Even the refrigerator is out of sorts, and the thermometer, smiling in the coolest place about the house, luxuriates with its silver blood up to 90°. I'll plunge the measure of heat into the spring among the ice, and try and regulate the weather in that way.

It is singular, but true, that whenever there is a tremendous siege of hot, suffocating weather, without wind, or breeze, or infantile zephyr, or impotent breath of a zephyr, that the dust is sure to mount from its dry bed in the street, and make its appearance into your house. Just as my second cup was getting creamed, and my hand, gemmed with flies, was outstretched to receive it, a puff of dust took its position upon everything in the room. How it came in heaven only knows. How it mounted from the street no priest of the oracle of Delphos could tell; but there it was, sandy and choking. There is a mystery in dust that goes beyond my penetration, puzzles the will, and confounds the understanding. Shade of McAdam expound it to us!

Not a breath of air stirs among the trees—the chickens, with their wings outstretched, and beaks open, pursue their search for food no longer—the sun, like a magnetizer, has touched their nerves, and even they, more voracious than the slandered pig, are still at last.

The dog has scratched up the earth, and nestled him-

self upon the cooler mould—the pump, swayed to and fro by the hands of perspiration, creaks as if its very founts were boiling hot—the horse laps the surplus water from the stones, and with insane eye and ferocious teeth snaps at the tormenting fly. The cows look piteously to the skies, and their long tails flash through the air like scorched serpents. The distant brickkilns send up their tribute of hot air, and the corners of houses emit a thick and trembling body of heat. The universal nature, from the topmost zenith of the firmament to the shadiest nook of the thick woods, seems to pant and sink and die—a hush, like the silence of a burnt empire, glooms down upon the world, and despair and fire and fever, the triumvirate of the solstice, sway mankind with a rod of lighted lava. Oh how the head swims and the inmost recesses of the heart throb, as we look forth upon the immovable face of things. Books are thrown aside—the pen is only retained, lest the apathetic soul should flee away in the torture of this withering idleness; and even the loved breath of our youngest child, breathed so gently and so sweet upon our cheek, and that ought to be so cool, is burning now. The sun is on his march of desolation. Phaeton once more has robbed his sire of the reins and madly drives the chariot through the zodiac signs. The scorpion and the great bear, and orion, the belted knight of heaven, are writhing under the burning hoofs of the enraged steeds. He shoots, like the comet that consumeth worlds, through the palaces of the clouds; and as his axle revolves, we see the lightning and hear the crashing thunder bellowing over our heads. The ocean and the lakes—the rivers and the rivulets, from the broad Atlantic down to the gentle stream that creeps amid the flowers of a lady's garden, are cool no more. Gods, will round-jackets cure it? will summer clothes abate the evil? will getting shaved twice a day do aught to stem the tide of suffering? Are there no gentle showers in yonder brazen arch—no drops of dew to fall upon the wilderness—no tear of pity to moisten the parched fields, and bring back the dying lily to its beautiful existence?

There is a speck shading the western sky—a little cloud that inspires me with hope—with joy—with a delicious thirst. It rises gradually over the top of the horizon, and I now perceive that it stretches forth like an eagle who poises his wings amid the eternal mountains. From a speck of dust blown by the unfelt current of the upper air, upon the face of the skies, it boldly spreads forth its mantle to shadow the earth. It is a dusky cloud, not black like the monumental clouds of gloom that battle with the winds after a fierce tempest upon the seas. It is grayish, with an inky fringe, and it rolls upward with its highest point whitened like a billow crested with foam. Gently on my forehead flows an almost imperceptible breath, as if a spirit troop was passing through the air, and breathing on me as they passed—a motion is perceived among the trees—bands of flies crowd in at the windows—the sounds multiply in the streets, and I can almost imagine I hear a throb of joy coming from the dark bosom of the earth. I watch that cloud with a more abiding interest than ever lover gazed upon the rising planet that signalled him to the interview with his mistress. The whole people are watching it—they seem to cry aloud “there is rain in yonder cloud!”

Even while I write it has darkened the western heaven, and a glorious shadow has fallen from its pinions. The thunder is awake—I hear the muttering giant, and see that he has seized his spear, which already gleams around the universe. His banner is unfurled, and his mighty hosts are crowding up the sky-paths from every mountain pass and hoary sea. The drops are falling on the trembling trees—the rush of the tempest is on my ears—the thunder and the lightning are abroad, the heat reigns no more—there is music among the spheres, as if a thousand bards had struck their musical harps, and sang united around the footstool of the Most High. While the war of majesty and glory is in progress, I will turn me on yonder couch and sleep until the servant wakes me to cool air and comfortable tea and toast.

Washington, July 12, 1839.

THE MAGNOLIA.

Amidst the great variety of trees indigenous to the United States, there is, perhaps, none which more forcibly claims attention or commands admiration than the Magnolia. This beautiful genus or family of trees, consists of about fifteen species, and is almost equally divided betwixt the United States and China. The generic term Magnolia is derived from Magnol, a distinguished French botanist of the eighteenth century. The genus is arranged under the class, Polyandria, and order Polygynia, of the sexual system of Linnæus. The two most interesting and ornamental species are the *Magnolia Grandiflora*, and *Magnolia Macrophylla*. In Florida where the former flourishes in extreme luxuriance and grandeur, the forest, during the flowery season, is represented as being sublimely picturesque, and presenting one of the most enchanting views in nature. It not unfrequently presents a living column of eighty or ninety feet in elevation, almost unobstructed by branches, and terminating in a spreading top of the deepest perennial verdure. It has a pyramidal, or semi-elliptical head, when not injured by accident. From May to August, in favorable situations, it is generally covered with brilliant white flowers on the extremities of the young branches. Another species of Magnolia frequently met with in our forests, and which has been cultivated to some extent, is the cucumber tree (*Magnolia Acuminata*.) It derives its familiar name from a resemblance betwixt its cone, or seed-vessel, and the common garden cucumber. But it is the *Magnolia Macrophylla* which attracts the greatest share of attention, and on which it is chiefly intended to make a few desultory observations. The extent of this species in the United States is extremely limited, and its diffusions but partial wherever found. Nuttall observed it on the banks of the Cumberland river, Tennessee, but of very small size. He also points out its most noted locality in a "narrow tract of about two miles in length, twelve miles south-east of Lincolnton, Lincoln county, North Carolina." The limits, however, of this species are more extensive than those assigned by the above distinguished naturalist. In Lincoln county I have been enabled to discover several other localities in the section of country

bordering on the Catawba river. It has also been found in Florida and Kentucky. In all of its different situations it seems to prefer a light, virgin soil. It may be frequently seen growing very luxuriantly on some rugged and abrupt hill side, where it is protected from the sun by the surrounding growth. Indeed, a cool situation seems to be greatly conducive to its prosperity. Yet it is not exclusively restricted to this its native and favorite situation. It bears transplanting very well, provided some attention is paid in having it occasionally irrigated during dry seasons. To ensure its future growth, with some degree of certainty, after removal, I would recommend, as a precautionary measure, the planting of rose bushes, lilacs (*syringa vulgaris*) or other small undergrowth about its roots. These will keep up a coolness and moisture during the heat of summer. The Magnolia may also be raised from the seed; and this method is, perhaps, the most advisable when young plants cannot be easily procured. It is admitted by the most assiduous collectors in Botany, that this species of Magnolia has the largest leaves and flowers of any other tree in North America. It is in the vegetable kingdom that we behold the finest delineations of nature amply and richly portrayed. Her choicest pencilling, her most delicate tints, and brilliant hues, we find attractively displayed on the variegated flower. And with what pleasurable emotions do we recognize her beautiful finger-work as exhibited in the large and snow like blossoms of the Magnolia. The magnitude of the leaves is not a little remarkable, and naturally suggests to the inquisitive mind the idea of coolness, shade, and protection. They are frequently found measuring from eight to twelve inches, in breadth, and from twenty-five to thirty inches in length. These dimensions, it is true, are vastly inferior in size to the leaves of the Palm trees of Ceylon, which are said, by a distinguished writer, to be capable of sheltering whole families from the inclemency of the weather. But it may be observed, that in tropical climates all plants assume a more luxuriant growth, and the magnitude of the leaves seems to be the result of benevolent design by the author of the universe in consulting the health, the comforts, and the pleasures of the inhabitants destined to live beneath the scorching rays of a torrid sun. Even in a medical point of view, the Magnolia is worthy of attention. The bark of all the species are known to possess camphorated, aromatic, and tonic qualities. In intermittent fevers, chronic rheumatism, &c., several species have been advantageously used. But it would be foreign to this sketch to enter into detail. The preceding remarks are made with a view of pointing out the most desirable species of Magnolia, and presenting to the general reader a brief outline of its natural history. In Philadelphia and other northern cities, where the Magnolia has been successfully cultivated, a great value is attached to it as an ornamental tree; but in our own more favored clime, in this respect, it is too frequently doomed to realize the line of the poet,

"Born to blush unseen,"

and deck its secluded retreat in solitary grandeur. To the lovers of Flora, and particularly to the ladies, who delight to see dame nature attired in her inimitable drapery, from the purest white to

the most exquisite and variegated tints, is the appeal made to cultivate the Magnolia. Wherever known in the United States it has acquired the merited appellation of "beauty of the forest," and is justly deemed the most splendid and magnificent tree in North America.

A BACKWOODSMAN BOTANIST.

LIFE IS BUT A DREAM.*

Oh human life, thou mystery of mysteries the first,
Whose shadowy veil no mortal grasp can rend aside or burst,
Art thou, indeed, as some have deemed, a visionary dream,
Whose shifting scenes of light and shade, are not, but only seem?

And is it but a fairy world of fancy's gay domain,
This gorgeous globe of land and sea, of mountain and of plain,
And rivers bright that lave the walls of cities proud and fair,
Hoar forests, flowers of myriad dye, whose fragrance charms the air?

Yon sun, that like a golden shield, all glorious, hangs on high,
The crescent moon of silvery hue, that gems the liquid sky,
The host of heaven whose ancient fires of unconsuming light,
Illume like beacons far descried, the watches of the night?

Are these but phantoms of the mind, that doth itself delude
With dazzling shapes, the meteor forms of visionary brood,
Which mighty worlds we fondly deem, launched forth in infinite space
By God's almighty arm, to run a fixed, though trackless race?

Hark! 'tis the thunder's awful voice that, booming, peals on high,
While vivid lightnings flash their blaze athwart the lurid sky,
Is that dread sound of tempest birth, an echo of the soul,
And spirit-born those winged fires that flame from pole to pole?

Nought but the fiction of a dream, each animated form,
That cleaves, or ranges air, earth, sea, with life and motion warm,
And he who reigns with lofty brow, the monarch of them all,
The godlike creature whom with pride creation's lord we call?

Are they but shade, man's form divine, and woman's seraph face,
The venerable brow of eld, and childhood's sportive grace;
Aspiring youth, with beaming eye of rapture-kindled fire
Gazing on maiden loveliness, with fond and chaste desire?

* These lines were suggested by the common figurative expression "Life is but a Dream," which has been the actual belief of some.

Sad thought! to deem that all we prize and cherish, is but nought,
That all things precious to the soul, exist not, but in thought,
That she whom now with fond embrace unto my heart I clasp,
Is nought but unsubstantial form alone, that melts within the grasp!

The generations, that have passed forever more away,
Strewing time's shores with human wrecks, since nature's primal day,
With those who linger yet, the thronging multitudes of earth,
Are they, indeed, but ghostly forms of reeling fancy's birth?

Dread thought! from which with shuddering awe, the startled soul doth shrink
As from a fathomless abyss, beneath a dizzy brink,
A thought like that which chills the mind, when gazing on the tomb,
The darkness of that prison-house appals with spectral gloom.

Yet not without its charm for him, whose weary life hath been
A waste, where neither flowers nor fruits, adorn the dismal scene,
Who hath not reaped for all his toil, nor happiness nor fame,
Yet lives with disenchanted soul, cut off from hope or aim.

Nor yet to him, I ween, who oft a fearful look doth cast
With conscience-stricken spirit through the irrevocable past;
Whom shapes of guilt, unexorcised, assail with start-ling power,
When stretched upon the sleepless couch, or e'en at noontide hour.

Nor sad the thought to him, on whom existence bears, a load,
A burden weary to be borne, along a dreary road;
That all the crushing cares which weigh his spirit down to earth
Are empty as the shadowy forms of unsubstantial birth.

Life but a dream? what were we then, I ask with speechless dread
Ere fell upon our souls benumbed, this sleep as of the dead,
And when and where, as from a trance aroused, shall we awake,
And truth and light, at length upon our startled spirits break?

Was it when first we oped our eyes upon earth's varied show,
We fell into the sleep profound in which we slumber now,
Whose bonds the touch of death alone can sever and set free
The long bound prisoner waked at length, to life and liberty?

Shall we not then true substance grasp, not shadows dim, as here,
The veil then drawn aside, shall not the mystery be clear,
This world of gross, material form, a baseless fabric prove,
And spirit but survive the wreck, which nought can change or move?

J. L. M.

Washington, 28th July, 1838.